SHELTON OF TIBET

Flora Beal Shelton
(Mrs. A. L. Shelton)

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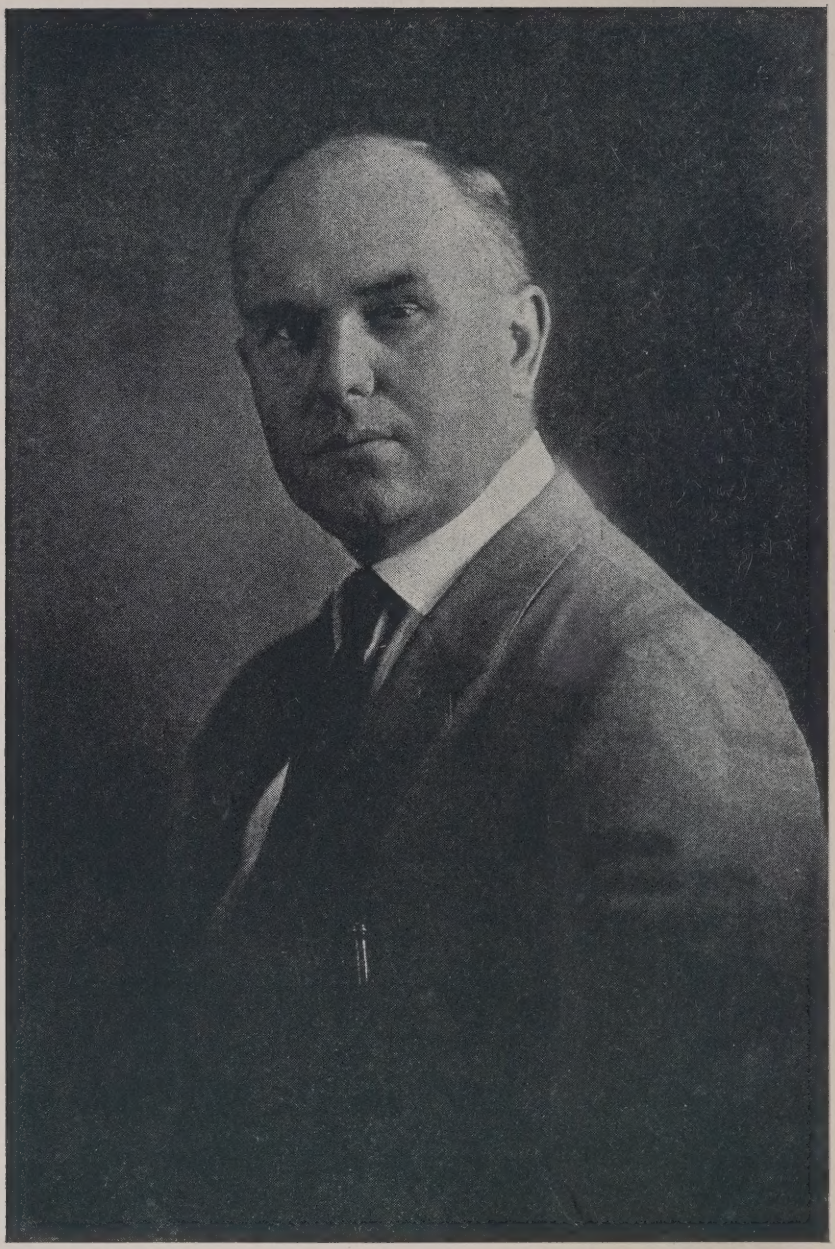
FLORA BEAL SHELTON



DR. ALBERT LEROY SHELTON

SHELTON OF TIBET

BY

FLORA BEAL SHELTON
(*Mrs. A. L. Shelton*)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
J. C. OGDEN
AND
The Afterglow
BY
EDGAR DEWITT JONES, D.D.

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
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DEDICATED TO THOSE
WHOSE PASSION FOR SOULS
HAS LED TO THE CRUCIFIXION OF SELF

INTRODUCTION

BY J. C. OGDEN

Dr. Albert Leroy Shelton. I loved him as my own life. He was chief, pal, brother, friend, big boy; Bert, Shelly, Doc. We argued, debated, and threshed out every point. We disagreed, agreed, quarreled, helped, and loved each other. For sixteen years we traveled and worked, together or separately as the circumstances demanded, but always together in spirit and purpose.

He was like any human being in his likes and dislikes, and like any big boy in his shortcomings and good qualities. He had no unnatural pretensions, but was open, frank, and free-hearted. He was a sinner like you and me, and made mistakes, and realized his failures and weaknesses. He was very human. His motives were sincere and genuine.

Tibetans, Chinese, Europeans, Americans, fellow-missionaries, and all children, dogs, and cats loved him. His faithful mule, Abe, loved him, too. His wife and daughters adored him. Why all this love for such an ordinary, everyday piece of human flesh?

The answer is that he had uppermost in his mind and deepest down in his heart the Christ as his ideal, and for Christ he lived and died. We all know this to be true. It was his daily life and hope to bring Christ to Tibet, fulfilling the desire of the Rijnharts,

Loftis, and the martyrs and workers of other missions around Tibet; and in this purpose God manifestly used him. He must have been raised up of God for a definite purpose in Eastern Tibet. He prayed, "Lord, lead us up to the foot of the cross, and make us go there whether we want to or not; and see that we ourselves do not hide the cross from the view of others."

He showed us in his dealings and experience with Tibetan and Chinese robbers how to "love our enemies" and make of them friends. In his ministry of love he went about doing good, preaching, teaching, and healing, after his ideal, the Christ. One of his favorite hymns was, "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross."

His sense of humor served him in all dangerous and impossible situations. He was "scared to death most of the time," but one of the bravest of men. He traveled over the main roads of a hundred thousand square miles in Eastern Tibet, and worked among the most savage tribes, making friends and opening the way. Making a name for himself did not seem to be in his mind. The idea of his being better than anybody else did not occur to him. His "Go to it, Ogden, you're doing fine," has helped turn my failure into success many times. I miss him, and have suffered an irreparable loss in his untimely and accidental death at the hands of irresponsible savage robbers looking for loot by the roadside.

"Over the top to the City of the Gods" was his aim. Backed by his fellow-missionaries, and holding a conditional permit from the secretary of the Dalai Lama, he was still careful and cautious, and intended to proceed only as full permission and passports were

granted. He tried, and did his best. His "Come on" and "Carry on" and his death as a martyr, have inspired us to reconsecrate our lives to this unfinished task, and to press on with undying zeal to fulfill our pledge to him and to Christ, for the sake of the coming of the Kingdom of God in this roof garden of the world known as Tibet. *"Om mani padme hum" must* come to mean "Our Father, which art in heaven." In the long-aged purpose of God through Jesus Christ our Lord, we proclaim in burning words that Tibet must be evangelized. A great price has been paid in time, money, service, and life. We must not fail; we cannot but go forward. We can and we will, no matter what the cost.

As a mission, working in Eastern Tibet, we owe a great debt of gratitude to all those who in any way have contributed toward unraveling the mysteries of this sealed land—to governments, statesmen, consuls, officials, soldiers, travelers, geographers, linguists, scientists, explorers; to missionaries—Nestorian, Catholic, or Protestant; to all who have given time, thought, money, tears, sorrow, suffering, blood, or life, in their striving to overcome the difficulties of prejudice, ignorance, hatred, travel, distance, altitude, temperature, language, religion, and superstition; to all those who have contributed to the relief of suffering, to the enlightenment and to the salvation of the Tibetan people, to the care and uplift of the sick, poor, orphan, or aged, through chapel, church, hospital, school, orphanage, or home; overcoming evil with good, loving enemies, and turning murderers into friends. For these all are the forerunners of the Christ to whom the doors of iron

and brass must open. All these have helped to usher in this day of the Lord for this closed land now bought with a price. In this day of preparedness, let us enter and possess the land for truth and righteousness! Then shall we turn this sad loss of our beloved Shelton into great spiritual gain for ourselves, for the Tibetans, and for the Kingdom of Heaven on the roof of the world—in the name of Christ!

J. C. O.

FOREWORD

To the many letters and telegrams that reached us and were waiting upon my return from India, where I had been busy putting three Tibetan translations on the press in Calcutta, I tried to answer by a line. From every corner of the globe they came—kindly, loving messages. If they only could just have cured the heartache! To you all in this little note I wish to send heartfelt thanks; to those in India especially who kept and loved me when the news came. It was then I understood well what the suttee meant to an Indian wife, and the pain of the burning would have felt comfortable compared with the pain within. Unto you all may the blessing of those who comfort come.

To the many who have helped with encouragement when courage was gone, who said, *Write,* when every nerve was numb, and the brain refused to obey, when the world was all awry and I felt shelterless and alone, wondering how I could keep the girls sweet and true to their father's ideal for them, in spite of the lightness and frolic and rush around them, I express deep gratitude. How hard it is to teach children to hold fast to prayer and forgiveness of sins and love to their fellows, when so many lose the best of life and see only self magnified, forgetting that only in losing self can be found the fullest usefulness. They said, *Write*—the world needs the book. I could not: the

heartache was too big. I could not see the lines, and my heart was bitter that he in his unselfishness had been taken out of the world when we needed him so.

On many of the things that Dr. Shelton has spoken and written of in his own book, "Pioneering in Tibet," I have not touched. He makes his life so very simple, and what anyone might do, did he but love enough. He loved and gave—himself, "losing himself that he might be found." He marked in his books always the line, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and verily he lived it, giving of himself in strength and love and service to those who demanded or needed it.

To write this book at this time seems utterly impossible. I am so near what appears to be the great thing, that the perspective is wrong, and I am entirely out of focus. That one thing, big and overwhelming, overshadows all else, so that I am unable to see any resulting good. So many lives are broken, so much of misery falls on the heads of the innocent, that men may prosper, and nations be powerful. The world seems a great machine, grinding out life for daily gain.

What blinds men of power, and those who hold governments in leash, that makes it easier to kill than to save, to torture than to soothe, to make of crushed bodies and destroyed homes a pawn in a diplomatic move? They have forgotten the Nazarene, and the fact that the nation which calls itself Christian, and acts pagan, casts the lie in the teeth of all Christendom. A nation can reap what it sows as well as a man. The eternal WHY stands prominently, arrogantly.

F. B. S.

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SHELTON OF TIBET

Someone has said, if you would have your work live, dip your pen in your heart's blood and write. This have I done, and though this work may not live may it help keep his life forever in the hearts of men.

SHELTON OF TIBET

Chapter I

THE MAKING OF THE MISSIONARY

CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION. APPOINTMENT TO THE MISSION FIELD

> *"Of doctors there are three classes: first, second, and third. A first-class doctor can absolutely cure; a second-class doctor can cure in a day or a month; if you take one dose of medicine from a third-class doctor, a hundred other diseases appear."*
>
> —Tibetan Proverb.

Who can say from what remote ancestry or line of ancestors comes the call for heroism, or the bent toward cowardice? Once in a hundred years comes a great, outstanding figure: great for his eloquence, great for his poetry, great for his service to his nation, or for his sacrifice for all men. Who can say what makes one man great, or another less great? It only is so. Who can say from whence comes the urge to go on and on, until victory is won, or life is forfeited? Who can say from what old line of heroes or pirates comes the brain cell of adventure or service in this mixture we call American? That the combination makes men

of heroic mold is true; men who are yet children in the world's development of nations, but upon whose shoulders in time to come will fall an adequate task. Upon one such man sometimes fall the sins of the world; on another, the making of a nation; on another, the salvation of a race; and on another the travail for souls.

A lad was born in the city of Indianapolis on June 9, 1875, whose father was a carpenter. The young mother of twenty, married some four years before, was busy all day about her tasks of housekeeping, caring for the new baby, perhaps dreaming dreams of his future, and of what he might do some day. When the boy grew a little bigger, always at his mother's heels he tagged, bringing a book, and saying, "Please read me a story." The mother read often, and told often, and soon he began to learn his letters wherever he saw them. The printing on the sacks of flour, headlines of newspapers, advertisements—all were grist as they came to the eyes of the boy, and the alphabet was learned by the time he was three.

Now the urge of the ancestors from the Old World in the blood of the father, whose progenitors were among the early settlers of Delaware, began to call for the West, and a wider range and adventure that must be undertaken. So into the West, that land of dreams and possibilities, goes the small lad, to the plains of Kansas.

Always and everywhere Nature builds into her people, to those who look and listen, strength, or love, or beauty; and always and everywhere do men learn from their native soil the lesson God meant them to

have. Dwellers near the sea know the call and comfort of its strength, feel the fear and love, realize the majesty of cruelty and the mercilessness of it, as well as the soothing peace which is ground into the lives of those who dwell near it or upon it.

To the forest dwellers come the love of the trees, and of wild life, the listening for bird calls, the soft rustling of leaves at night, the tender call of mating creatures; upon these people is the imprint of caution and boldness made, which is needed to cope with tame life and the wild creatures as well.

And the mountains—aye, "from the mountains cometh help." Those who dwell there are great in soul, and love and hate to the highest degree, giving life itself for love, but knowing not the feeling of forgiveness toward an enemy. These men are strong, vigorous—the survival of the fittest.

As the sands of the desert breed into its children romanticism and cruelty, wonderful dreams or the despair of utter desolation when they are alone in the endless, depthless sand, so the vastness of the western prairie gives to its children a strength, a vision, and a struggle that makes them or mars them always.

For out of the necessary everyday hardships of living comes either a character that fails, or one of iron and steel, ready to wrest from the placid land food or raiment whether it will or not, and as it calmly waits, unruffled, in the hottest sun or fiercest storm, with it battles the soul for what it must have for daily use, learning the lessons that are taught for future time.

Into this great, unknown West came the little dark-

eyed lad, and began his fight. There was no water, and water must be had. So the wagon was loaded with barrels, hauled by the slow oxen, and water was brought eight miles to the other starving animals and the no less thirsty household. Sometimes the boy must wait his turn, and would spend the night near the well, when he had brought no food with him. Perhaps he would catch a rabbit, roast it over a tiny fire, and eat it without salt. Under the wagon often slept the lad, and the coyotes sniffing around seemed like immense wolves to the small boy. The sleepy oxen snuffed and grunted and chewed their cuds the whole night through.

Sometimes the boy made snares of string, and caught the hungry little gophers as they stuck their noses out of the ground, hunting for food in their struggle to live. Sometimes a rattler shook his warning, and was killed by a crack of the long ox whip; then the rattles were cut off to make a hat band for the boy brave enough to kill him. A little later, as the lad's legs grew longer, he wanted to learn to shoot; the father taught him how to aim with an old squirrel rifle that he could not lift. Some time later a small "22" rifle was his. Then the coyotes suffered, as a bounty was given by the State for their scalps. Many snakes were killed, until a cigar box was full of rattles of all sizes, from the tiny button of a baby snake to the sixteen or eighteen rattles of a big one.

The gophers got killed, and were taken home to his pet cat that always came to meet him, sure of a big supper when he should come. When there was more than the cat wanted, they were dissected carefully by

this young embryo doctor, and when Tommy ate too much, and had the stomachache, he heated hot blocks and put them on him to ease his pain.

To any life friends count; but here and there one or two stand out who help us over the hard places, and cut the track for the next mile. Into the boy's life went camp meeting, ball games, country school, country church life, and stories of blood and thunder read by a camp fire, near a dug-out cave of "adventure" where the boys had their meeting place. Then one day came the story of "Ben Hur," and the boy awoke and dreamed of being a missionary to India; but that was a long road to go, as he was but fifteen.

Teaching was the next step with clerking in the summer time, and at twenty he went to the Kansas State Normal College—this wild-looking Western collarless lad. To wear a collar was to be "stuck-up" in Western Kansas. *Men* didn't do it, only preachers and "dudes." Many smiled as the rough-looking boy entered the Normal classes, striving in every way to remain and to get what he desired. Some silken skirts drew aside, and the stylish men refused to notice the janitor boy and newspaper carrier. Only the teacher of mathematics and those who saw America in the making waited for the raw material to shape itself and make a man worth while. Soon the clear-eyed lad was leading the classes in mathematics, and the silken skirts and high collars were failing to make good. And this same mathematics teacher, flinging erasers and chalk at them, and tearing his hair at their stupidity, sent them to the collarless lad to be tutored. Thus the way grew easier.

Now the Spanish-Cuban war came along, and the spirit of patriotism grew to fever heat in the schools of Kansas. A college company was formed, with one of the Normal instructors as captain, and the lad was one of the first volunteers. You know, all soldiers must have a sweetheart, or they couldn't fight. And he had one, but he found it out only a few days before he left—only six days, and all the courting was done by letters. About a year the company was in Camp Alger, in Virginia, and, much to the young man's disgust, saw no real fighting. They were mustered out in the fall, and he married the sweetheart in apple-blossom time in Kansas. The next year both were back in school again; but about New Year's time a scholarship from the Louisville Medical College came and it was given to the boy by the President of the Normal College.

Then followed four years of medical work, and at its close, the appointment to Nankin, China, by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society of Cincinnati, A. McLean, President. At this time Dr. Rijnhart was preparing to return to Tibet, where she had lost her husband and baby some time before, and was asking for a doctor and his wife to go with her to the Tibetan border. The young doctor was asked if he would go. He said "Yes," and went. Often he said, "I hoped to go to India, was appointed to China, and wound up in Tibet—perhaps the only field in which I would have been able to work, as I felt absolutely unfitted for the other fields as time went on and I knew more about them."

Chapter II

UP THE YANG-TSE TO TACHIENLU

BY STEAMER, HOUSE BOAT, AND SEDAN CHAIR TO THE FIRST HOME

"It is better to be a subject in your own country than a king in any other."
—Tibetan Proverb.

From the port of San Francisco out through the Golden Gate harbor on to the wide Pacific, went the small steamer *China* one fall day in 1903, bearing Dr. Shelton and his wife. The island of Hawaii was the first stopping place, and many new impressions came thick and fast to the country-bred folk from Kansas. Tropical sea birds and vegetation were seen. New and queer things were found to eat. The magic mountain with the wisps of smoke around the crater spoke of the Goddess Pelee, whom the natives used to worship each year by throwing the most beautiful maiden and her handsome lover into the burning top, to appease her wrath for another year, and keep the island safe. But on again the good ship sailed. Japan came next, looking like a perfect jewel in its setting of sea and sky that is seen in no other place in the world. Its military fortifications are of the finest, and the busy people live and serve their country with a devotion and patriotism that are unsurpassed. Out from the coast of Japan

into the Yellow Sea steamed the vessel toward the coast of China. It was very soon discovered why it was called "Yellow," for the great Yangtse through its length of travel from beyond the little Batang station brings down its loads of yellow dirt and pours them into the sea, making the blue a murky yellow; and on this muddy sea the boat sailed to the port of Shanghai.

The missionaries were expecting Dr. Shelton to stay in Nankin, and were filled with consternation when they found he was going on with Dr. Rijnhart to the Tibetan border. Nankin seemed very far from anywhere; what would farther on seem like? As to just where Tibet was, and how we were to get there was another question, but we were to find out all about it. Old China, the river, Tibet, and the people—what had the future in store?

Up as far as Ichang the trip was a simple matter. Around the city of Ichang were graves innumerable. Every place you looked you saw these little green mounds, thousands and thousands of them. One day as we passed the city wall we saw an old beggar sitting, blind and patient, and utterly silent, and as we dropped cash into his basket, the people said, "Don't do that. He owns half the city now!"

The small steamers were clean and pleasant, with good service and good food and no seasickness; and China is always fascinating. Its river banks look like green velvet, with here and there feathery bamboo like bunches of ostrich tips. Villages are tucked away amid century-old trees and flat-nosed junks go up and down, man-pushed and pulled as they have been since

time began or the Chinese race existed. Everything seems always to have been in China. All things are old, or should be. A new thing jars. You always expect the trees to be big and old and the cottages to be old and gray. Arches of crumbling stone commemorate some great deed or great man, and worn pagodas are here and there, where gods might dwell. Grain or rice is planted on every place where a seed could stick and multiply. Junks carry their old and weather-stained sails, patched until you cannot find a sign of the original one. A new sail makes a startling white blaze on the landscape. A new house stands out, and does not seem to belong to China.

Legends of the river were many. Here was the place where a steamer went down; all were saved except the captain, but he refused to leave his boat, and no trace was ever seen of either of them again. Two big rocks, called "The Two Orphans," stood out in the middle of the stream; a small temple built upon one made you wonder how they ever got the stones and material at that height to build it. But it was a grand place for meditation for Buddhist priests.

Nineteen years ago there were not so many small steamers on the upper Yangtse and going up the great river was rather a tedious affair. At Ichang, a thousand miles inland, we had to take a house boat and be pulled the rest of the way up the river. Square-nosed it was, like the rest of them, high in the back, somewhat resembling a duck, and in a little room at the rear the captain and his wife dwelt. The middle part was partitioned off into three or four rooms for the rest of the party, while the long deck in front was

where the coolies stretched at night. Some boards were laid for a bed, as there were no cots. The floor was bare and the flimsy walls felt as though a breath would blow them down. All the cargo was under the floor of the boat. Home food was not to be had—no coffee, no cheese, milk only out of a tin. The food was plenty, as pork and chickens and eggs could be bought, but it didn't taste like America.

The day of starting came, and the rooster who had been sitting on the prow, tied by a string, was killed. The blood and a few feathers which were stuck on the front of the boat were made an offering to the river gods, and the boat started up river, its big, clumsy oars pulled by its crew of thirty or forty men. But that did not last long, for when the swift water comes the men must be put on shore, the long bamboo ropes unrolled, and they must pull. With a short strap over the shoulder, and a "cash" at the end of it to give it weight, each man threw it around the long rope and pulled with his hand almost touching the ground, a taskmaster at his back to drive, and, if necessary, to whip if a man was found to be shirking. So, with a lot of noise and rhythmic song, they pulled slowly ahead. The boat passed a rock in a dangerous curve, and each man tried to toss a pebble in a water-worn cup upon it, to insure him the arrival of a son upon his return.

Some days were calm, with no wind. Sometimes there were places where the men could not pull, as the great cliffs of the gorges were perpendicular, and there was no foothold to be had. Then they sat on the prow and whistled for the wind devils to come and fill the sails and help the boat onward. These gorges form

some of the most magnificent scenery of the world, unequaled anywhere. The "wind-box" gorge is one where the wind seems to be bottled sure enough. Here they put up a sail, the men have a rest, and the boat goes with the wind. There the wind devils are usually kind.

It is well that travelers do not know the danger of the treacherous rocks and whirlpools. Sometimes as the coolies drag the ropes through great gashes in the rocks, made by ages of the same kind of travel, they clamber over paths that seem impossible, crossing first to one side of the river and then to the other, where even a goat would find it hard to get a foothold. Sometimes the ropes break, and back the boat crashes, turning round and round until a current of water hauls it in a lucky inlet or the "devils" lead it on a rock and it is smashed. Many wrecks can be seen along the river. From the banks one can see sugar dripping from tin cans, oil spilled, cargoes of cotton drying in the sun, and lamp-wicks, made of the weed-pith used by the Chinese, spread out to dry. Sometimes a man is knocked off the cliffs by the ropes, and falls into the river, but the boat never stops; they do not even attempt to save him—it is impossible. Sometimes the men are badly hurt, and there the Doctor had his first opportunity to help the people. Always and every day he was out among the men, some with crushed arms and broken bones and sore feet, following the boat all day for the pittance of cash that would be theirs at night. When he came back to the boat, he would say, "Oh, if I just had nine lives, that I might spend one going up and down among these thousands of river

coolies to help them and heal them and preach to them, for they have no chance at all!"

One month of this kind of travel brought us to the port of Chungking, a great, crowded, dirty city. Some very fine hospital and church work is located in this place. We saw the small boats plying the river in their traffic for slave girls, to be sold in Shanghai and other cities. Here we had the story of a girl who cut out a piece of her liver in a fit of filial piety, to feed her sick father. The Chinese doctor told her that was all that could save him, but she lived under a German doctor's care. Skin diseases were everywhere; blind and leprous beggars were at every turn, it seemed. The destitution and filth and sin were beyond belief. What the old river carries and knows about this city and could tell if it could talk, would be much. Up the steps and through the old city wall many feet thick, which has stood for centuries, are the water coolies, splashing water as they go, carrying the city's supply from the old river. Very necessary is that dirty water.

Here another house boat was taken, a little smaller than the first, as above this point the cliffs are not so steep, nor the rapids so fierce, and travel is easier. Along the banks men are using cormorants for fishing. On the small boat sits the forlorn black bird, with a band around his throat so that he cannot swallow the fish. He must always be hungry, or he will not fish. Another time one sees otters that are throttled and forced to go after the fish. Mercy seems to have gone from the earth; all things seem pitiless and men most of all. Always and always, wherever we went there were misery and pain and suffering, especially among the

CARGO BOAT ON THE UPPER YANG-TSE

A LITTLE ISLAND OF THE YANG-TSE, ONE OF THE "ORPHANS"

THE CHAIN BRIDGE AT LUTINGCHOW, WEST CHINA. THIS SWINGING BRIDGE IS FULLY FIFTY FEET ABOVE THE RIVER AND OVER THREE HUNDRED FEET LONG

A LAMASERY AT TACHIENLU

women and children, and there was just one thing to aid. That was opium, and it was everywhere. Perhaps it is a feast day and the Doctor has promised some pork if the men pull well, and so they joyfully and cheerfully sing away as they row, thinking of the meat to go with the rice and vegetables at night. Slowly the journey is made, and almost two months are gone before the end of the river journey is in sight. The muddy Yangtse has been left, and the boat enters the little river near Kiating, where the water is clear, and the stones can plainly be seen on the bottom of the stream.

It was with a great deal of rejoicing that we finished the water journey and could get upon earth again. We were glad indeed that the land looked and felt as it did in dear old Kansas, though most of it did not smell the same. A new order of travel must be arranged now. We were to be carried in sedan chairs, but as Dr. Shelton could not stand it to be carried by men, he put his coat and medicine bags in the chair and walked along the road.

Such a beautiful land it is! The little houses, the trim, neat little dooryards, a water buffalo nipping the grass along the banks of the rice fields, tended by a child sitting on his back. The tiny yard is as smooth and clean as it can be swept. The mud-beaten rice-threshing floor, flowering fields of mustard and beans —something on every inch of ground that can be used. There is only one thing to mar, and that is your sense of smell, or the horrible "cess-pools of iniquity," which are at the end of each house, or in a field, or in the backyard, filled with dissolved human filth and

all the animal filth they can pick up and swarming with maggots, and perhaps a man or woman is carrying a couple of bushels of this mixture in buckets, with a dipper decorating each tiny plant with a perfumed bath of the liquid.

Some of the Chinese women have never seen a foreigner before, and come near to investigate the queer shoes and clothes of the foreign women. Some of them think the white faces very strange, and the eyes and hair rather queer, especially if they were not black. But the plains are soon crossed, and the mountains come next. Leaving the tropical ferns and bamboos, we go on up the mountain road of stone steps, climbing slowly, the chair-men swinging the chair with a kind of rhythm. The bamboos grow smaller and smaller, the ferns disappear; it is cold, and snow is on the ground. It is the last big climb just before we reach the top. The Doctor has gone ahead of the chairs, and has some hot soup ready for us, and the men eat or smoke opium to prepare for the last hard pull.

Up and up we go, and to the Kansas bred the mountains seem very high. On the top the men grow very quiet, and fail to call to each other or to sing—the wind is roaring, the tops of the chairs blow loose, and we wonder if we will go over the side of the mountain and land on the tree-tops, or on the cloud banks, which look very soft out there. What is the matter with the men? They never do anything without noise, and now they are so still. Oh, they are afraid they will rouse the wind devils who live on the top of each pass if they speak—it is a good thing they did not rouse any

more than were already awake, or the chairs would surely have blown away.

Two of these high mountain passes were on the road between Yachow and Tachienlu, and several smaller passes were traversed during the eight days' journey. The lesser passes were not so cold, as they were not so high, but were about as dangerous. There were often landslides ahead or behind the chairs, and as we passed along and jarred the loose shale, the stones often rolled down the steep slopes of the mountain. It seemed often that we would never get anywhere, as the path ahead seemed to run into the mountain, and one would be sure there was an end of the trail; but somehow the sure-footed, patient men found the way through, or over, or around; and the chairs still went on and on.

It is over this trail in snow and cold, rain and sleet and burning sun, that coolies carry their tea for use in Tibet. Old men, young men, boys, and a few women, carry these loads of coarse tea of a very inferior quality. In preparing the tea, it is swept up with the sticks and trash and coarse tea leaves of all kinds, and then steamed and pressed into what is called "brick tea" for the Tibetans. The Chinese say it is good enough for the Tibetans and, strange to say, the latter prefer it to a better quality. It is put into splint bundles, weighing from twenty to forty pounds each, and carried on the back. Little boys, carrying three or four small bundles, trudge along by their father or adopted father, who carries from two hundred to two hundred fifty pounds on his back. A small stick, with a crosspiece at one end and an iron-shod point at the other, is used to place under the load, shifting it for a rest to get

the weight from the back for a few minutes. If one of these carriers gets a shove, or loses his balance in any way and falls over, he cannot lift the load or regain it, but must have help to get it on his back again. Their food often is only a slab of corn-bread. The meal for this is mixed with water and a little salt, and heated through, but the bread is solid enough to be stuck behind some of the bamboo splints of a load. Sometimes they use only opium to give the required strength, and require little food. One can sometimes see little brown opium lamps swinging from the load.

There is a long chain bridge just before reaching Tachienlu, with no support underneath, held only at the ends. Three or four chains make the floor of the bridge, with a few boards sprinkled on them. Over this the men go like sheep, one following the other. If one stops to rest, the others in line do the same thing. A story is told that one time a great line of coolies came to this bridge and started across. A chain gave way and into the water went the men and their loads. There was no opportunity to save them, as the loads would drag them under at once, and it is almost impossible to get the arms from the straps. For a chair this journey is eight days; for the tea carriers from fifteen to twenty days. Another story is told of a great landslide which came tumbling down the mountain and completely covered up alive some tea carriers who were resting. Often the chair-men step over a dead comrade as he lies in the road—his cross stick, his wooden saddle, and the ropes tied to his back. His load has been delivered, but he had died "in harness."

Legend, story, and tragedy are on every inch of the Chinese narrow-pathed highway. Across the chain bridge the travelers go, and Tachienlu is only two days away. We pass some queer round stone walls, which are like stone circles on the flat bed of the river valley, and look somewhat like the remains of old fortifications. Asking about them, we were told that Tibet reached down as far as Yachow at one time and as the Tibetans retreated against the aggressiveness of the Chinese, these were the remains of the old forts where fighting had been done.

One more day's journey and the stopping place is reached. The stop for the last night is at a small village nestling between huge mountains—the lowest place in altitude we were to see for some years, as the road goes higher and higher this last day. Here the Tachienlu River roars by, throwing its white spray into the air as it strikes bowlders weighing several tons which have fallen into the river bed. Another river is near, but more quiet, and here the fishing huts are, and the fishermen. This little village is one day from Tachienlu, and some years later was a refuge when the high altitude got too hard for us. Here we once tried to raise tomatoes, but the people pulled them green, and then said they were not fit to eat, and destroyed them. Here we heard the story of a man who, during the day, had begged some two hundred cash. He left the town in the evening, but was found dead the next morning on the hill path. Leopards had killed him, they said, but leopards do not kill for cash. A wedding was to take place in this little village, and the

poor bride had cried all day because she didn't want to leave her home—her father and mother and brothers and sisters. She couldn't be blamed, could she, when she had never seen the man who was to come for her? Here a funeral was held, and a pig was killed and the whole of it offered to the spirit of the dead man, while over the eyes of the hideous paper gods, mounted on the doors, they pasted paper, so that the man's soul would be allowed to go out and not remain in the house to haunt them.

One day there was an eclipse of the sun, and the noise outside was dreadful. Just what was happening we did not know, but looking out we saw a long line of Chinese marching up the street, each with a bell, a gong, a drum, or a pan, making all the racket possible, expecting the clamor to scare the heavenly dog so he would not swallow the sun. Soon he began to spit it out, and the noise ceased.

Tachienlu at last. Hearts beat fast as we near the city, the chair-men marching rapidly in the light snow. Here we got the first home mail and some rooms in a Tibetan inn, and we were in our first home in a foreign land. The Doctor was so tall that he bumped his head on all the door tops, and most of the roof, and stubbed his toes on all the big four-inch boards in the doorways. The floors must not be scrubbed because they never had been, but we were landed safely, and ready to begin work. This was March 15, 1904.

Language study and medical work began at once, and there was plenty to be done. Dr. Rijnhart opened a dispensary and left Dr. Shelton free to study the

language, except on the surgical cases, which she did not want to attempt. Study was his main work, however, and he put in five hours a day at it; but there was a bit of difference between the colloquial and the classical. The colloquial language was the language used on the street altogether, and the classical language was known mainly by the priests, so that when the Doctor studied the classical language and attempted to ask a man if he was ill, he could not make him understand. He had to learn the colloquial language in order to make himself understood. The language was not difficult to read, but he did not talk as fast as he wished, nor understand as clearly. He found he must go out among the people and talk to all of them, trying to understand what they said to him and to make them understand him.

In the meantime a native house had been rented, and Dr. Shelton had men working at it. They were very deliberate, so he decided to help them. He secured a knife, water, and soap, and proceeded to wash the several hundred layers of Chinese paper off the walls, meanwhile scrubbing and scraping the dirt of ages off the floor until the house began to smell sweet and clean. We could step out the back door on to the mountain, one wall of the lower story being the side of the hill. There was a court-yard so tiny that a cat would have been killed if you had tried to swing it by the tail—but it was home! Some furniture had to be made, as we had none. We were also without a stove. Strange chairs and strange beds and dressers were made by the Chinese carpenters, but with matting on the floor and curtains at the tiny windows, we felt clean and

ready for the new guest. On August 25, 1904, there came to us a dark-eyed baby girl, with her father for her doctor and Mrs. Rijnhart for her nurse. The first evening, as she smiled at her father, we named her Dorris Evangeline.

Chapter III

THE TRIP TO TYLIN

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN TACHIENLU. A VISIT TO A WOUNDED MAN IN TYLIN GOLD FIELD

"A man's lawsuit is like a rock, it never grows old; a woman's quarrel like a prayer-flagstaff, it never wears out."
—Tibetan Proverb.

The city of Tachienlu is situated at the head of a valley something over eight thousand feet in altitude, and is crowded in between mountains with a roaring river, which winds around and through it. The snow falls early, and stays late, and it rains almost every day in the summer time. A dreadful shut-in place it seemed to those who had seen only plains and broad fields. It is located on the extreme western border of the province of Szechuen, and separates Tibetan territory and Tibetan life from that of the Chinese. Beyond this city is Tibet, with its mountains and rivers and valleys almost unknown and unexplored, a different land and different customs entirely.

The first winter in the city was a severe one. Dr. Shelton had bought a little heating stove from a missionary family residing in Tachienlu, who kindly let us have it, but it would not warm the room which had cracks in the walls and floors. Many nights the Doctor

sat with his overcoat on, reading and keeping up the fire with wood, while Dorris and I were shivering in bed, for with all the covers we had, and then the rugs over us, we were still cold.

One day, in the midst of work, a blare of trumpets was heard, and the Chinese official came to pay a call of respect to Dr. Shelton, because he was an American, for the return of the indemnity money from America for the trouble during the Boxer Rebellion. He took Dorris in his arms, and she proceeded to pull his beard. He looked at her and said that for a lesser offense she might have lost her head in the olden times, for it was considered a great disgrace for a Chinaman to have his beard pulled.

Every day was filled with study and work and medical cases of all kinds. Sometimes an epidemic of suicide would strike the town and there would be from two to six cases in a single night, their friends coming post haste for the "water gun" (hypodermic) to save them. No man wants his enemy to sit on his doorstep and die. He would be haunted forever and have to pay the funeral expenses as well, which is no light matter in China.

Strange characters, these Chinese. They will be frightened at nothing, until they are of a ghostly green pallor, or take opium and jump into the river over the loss of a few "cash." We often wondered why they did not do more for the destitute or the sick that were near them, but when we learned that they might be blamed for the death of such a one and made to pay for a feast and burial should anyone care to accuse them, it did not seem so strange.

In the fall of 1904 we were looking for a couple of Tibetan boys to adopt and train as evangelists and doctors for future time. The little school was very good, and many were interested in coming to church, but they were mostly Chinese. The children everywhere were wild as partridges. If Dr. Shelton pointed his camera at them, they flew indeed to cover, and no pictures were to be had. Our old Tibetan teacher objected a long time before he would consent to have his photograph taken. We finally found out why. He said he thought the soul was taken out of the body and put upon the card. A long time afterward, when we saw Tibetans worship the many pictures of their gods and goddesses, believing them to be the real spirits, we understood his reason.

One day a lad, dirty, ragged, and forlorn, walked into the compound with a note from another missionary, a two days' journey away, who had sent him to us, knowing we were looking for a boy. We asked him of his home and life and family, and if he wanted to stay with us. His story was this: His father had been a small Chinese official, and his mother a Tibetan woman. They were both dead, and he and his little brother were starving. He had been given to the priesthood, but had run away to get work, in order to feed himself and his little brother. He had an older brother who was a gambler, but he did nothing for them. The lad was about thirteen years old. We took him in, had him shaved and washed, put clean clothes on him, and kept him. Then he brought his little brother, who was very small, about six years old, and covered with vermin

and filth. Him we also took into our house, and they were both placed in school.

One day a tea coolie came into the dispensary with his leg broken, the bone sticking out through the flesh. It took Dr. Shelton three hours to fix it, but it was done, and the man recovered. Another day they came for him to go and see a Tibetan woman who had a baby three days old. The afterbirth had failed to come, and she had not urinated for three days. An old shoe was tied to the cord, asking it to walk out of itself, as the Chinese custom is. She was in a filthy, dark house on some dirty rags on the ground, and the Doctor had to use a lamp to see at all. The little baby had not been washed, and was tied up in a dirty, half-rotten sheep-skin. Marvelous to relate, after his care they both lived.

Another day they came for him, and told him that a little girl had fallen into the river. The house was built jutting over the Tachienlu River, and the little girl of five had slipped, and fallen in beneath the house, the swift water carrying her away at once. The mother jumped in after her to save her, and was immediately washed away. The body of the child lodged on a small island in the middle of the river, and Dr. Shelton waded out to get the body, hoping there might be some chance to save the little life. The water was only waist deep, but the current was so swift and powerful that, strong man as he was, he came near being swept away before he reached the bank. The little child was dead. Its life had been beaten out on the stones by the swift water. The mother's body was found miles below.

About this time, the gold fields in Tylin were opened

by the Chinese, and they were mining the gold and taking it all. The Tibetans objected to this, as they said some should be left "for seed," so they fought. The Tibetans were victorious for the time being, and the Tachienlu official sent soldiers to quell the disturbance. Dr. Shelton asked to go to the scene of the trouble, as he was sure he would be needed; but the official refused to allow it.

The Tibetans sent this threat to the town: "We are coming to take the city, coming in sheepskin gowns, but will leave in silk and satin." Soon many of the wounded came in, and Dr. Shelton was busy. Wounded as they were in neck and back and arms, you would wonder how they had ever been able to walk the long distance and come to the dispensary for help. Many rumors were rife, and the Chinese were sending their wives and daughters out of the city, and hiding their valuables in safe places. But it was only a tempest in a teapot, and it was soon over.

Later, when the fighting was ended in Tylin, an official was sent there to take charge. One Sunday morning, while Dr. Shelton was still in bed, one of the schoolboys came in, sat down on the bed, and asked him to go to Tylin, as the official there had been shot accidentally through the neck. It was about a hundred miles to the northeast of Tachienlu, and considered a five days' journey. Dr. Shelton said that he would go at once, if they would make arrangements to carry his bed and provisions. He put his raincoat and instruments and medicines in his saddle bags and on the mule, and started about nine o'clock. In an hour or two the man carrying the bed, rifle, and ammunition

started, but the Doctor never saw them again until four days later. About ten o'clock Dr. Shelton and the guide stopped to eat and feed the horses. The man who had done the shooting had sent the big mule for the Doctor to ride, as it was his business to save the man he had shot if he could. About four o'clock it began to rain, and the Doctor put on his raincoat, but it poured and poured, with a strong wind blowing. Before dark he was soaked through and through.

They traveled until about half past eight at night, and came to the only habitation they had seen on the road after the first few miles from Tachienlu. It was a low, squat Tibetan house of one story. A man came out with a pitch-pine light to show them the way inside. As they stepped inside the door, their feet sank ankle deep in manure, for the horses and cattle were in the house as well as the people. In the same room were three big open fires of wood, and on the dirt floor about twelve Tibetans around each fire. The house was filled with smoke. The Doctor was supposed to stay there for the night. He unsaddled the mules and fed them, took off his wet clothes while the Tibetans helped him to dry them, had some supper, and tried to sleep on two or three boards on the ground. Sleep was out of the question, as fleas were there in quantities. After trying it for an hour, he arose, looked out, and seeing that it was not raining, told the guide they would go on.

They started some time after ten o'clock, but the road led through big trees dripping with water, and they were soon wet to the skin again. The moon shone brightly, but it was very cold. As they came to the foot of the pass, it began to rain once more. After

two hours' climb up a steep mountain, dismounting many times for fear of the holes and ruts full of water, they came to the top of the pass, which was fairly level. They saw the first of two lakes on the top of this pass about sixteen thousand feet high. The Doctor's mule here lay down, as he was pretty tired. After passing the second lake, the Doctor saw that they were fed by a glacier about two thousand feet above them, which could be dimly seen in the moonlight. The guide's mule was tired out, too, and refused to go farther. But they were going down now, and there was not so much danger of getting lost as on the top of the pass, so Dr. Shelton went on alone until about three o'clock in the morning, then stopped and waited fifteen or twenty minutes for the guide to come up. But he did not come, so he went on without him, and did not see him again until the next day at sundown.

About five o'clock daylight began to come. Both he and the mule were tired, and wet, and sore, and cold, and he was ready to sleep now, in any place—fleas or no fleas, or whatnot; but no more houses were to be found. Now two big Tibetan dogs came running from a camp, and as these dogs are about the size of bears, he rode with his pistol in his hand, so that they would not jump up at him and "eat him alive."

The sun was an hour high when the rain stopped and the Doctor began to get dry, and about eight o'clock he came to the village of Tylin, where the wounded man was, and where the gold camp was located. A lamasery was here, where three hundred lamas (priests) stayed, who were exceedingly hostile, because they had never seen a foreigner before, and they didn't know the

Doctor nor what he was doing there. He inquired where the camp could be found. Finally one lama pointed toward the north. The Doctor followed the road for a few miles, but could find no settlement or village. He finally came to a boy gathering brush for a fire, and offered him a rupee if he would guide him to the road. As he had no money with him, he gave the boy his pocket knife for security. The mule refused to carry him any longer, so he led him, and following the boy in half an hour came to camp. A number of soldiers were sent to meet him, and he was led at once to the man who was wounded. He had made the trip in twenty-three hours instead of five days, had twice gotten soaked with the rain and dry again, and was so tired he could hardly stand.

The Doctor's first care was to look after the wound. It was some four or five days old: an ugly hole in the neck where the bullet had gone in, laying bare the carotid artery, and coming out at the back of the neck. Both openings were sealed up tightly with plasters of pitch, as is the Chinese custom, and both were full of pus. He syringed the wound and drew gauze through it, then packed it with iodiform gauze and gave the man some medicine so he could sleep. The man who had done the shooting now took the Doctor and gave him a change of clothes and got him some breakfast. He rolled him into his own bed about noon, and he slept until after dark. Then he got up for some supper, saw the sick man, and went to bed again, sleeping until the next morning about nine o'clock.

The guide arrived that evening, though they did not expect him until the next morning. By that time the

OUR FIRST HOME AT TACHIENLU, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF DORRIS AND DOROTHY

A CHINESE INN ON THE MOUNTAIN PASS LEADING TO BATANG. WHEN WE STOP THE CHAIR PORTERS SQUAT DOWN TO REST

THE KING OF CHALA'S DAUGHTER, AT HER WEDDING

DR. SHELTON AND MANCHU OFFICIAL IN CHINESE DRESS

wound was doing well—draining properly—and the man felt better. The Doctor rested that night, and the next day gave medicine to a few sick people. He ran out of gauze and some necessary medicines, and the big man sent a soldier to Tachienlu for more supplies. The fourth day after starting, the man arrived with the Doctor's bed and the Winchester rifle. All but four of the cartridges were used up.

The Doctor explored the village and the gold camp, and gave medicine to many of the people. He also hunted for marmots and a few grouse, and kept the official in fresh meat, which was a scarce article there. He stayed for eleven days, and the people made his stay most pleasant, and gave him the best they had. The place was so high that no vegetables would grow, so all that were had must be carried from Tachienlu. The Doctor taught the man's secretary how to dress the wound, and got ready to return home. The wound was from a 44-caliber Winchester, which a man in another room had been handling carelessly when it went off accidentally. The owner had heard a man scream, and rushed in to find the victim on the floor, badly wounded.

As the Doctor left, the patient asked what the charge was. The Doctor explained that there were no charges, but that he could donate what he liked to the little dispensary. He gave two hundred rupees, and asked, "Do you get any of this?" Dr. Shelton told him No, that it was only to help pay for the medicines which he used for poor people who could not pay for themselves. But the man said, "I want you to have something for yourself." Just at this point a soldier came along

leading a mule, fine, black, and stout. "I am giving this to you," the official said, "to show my gratitude and thankfulness." So the Doctor rode home on his own mule, escorted by a guard of soldiers.

While at the gold mines, he studied the method of mining. The mines were only holes along the bank of the stream. The workmen took the dirt up in baskets, carried it to the water and washed it out in small pans. After the fighting, this official had been sent in to take charge of all the gold mined. All the gold had to be given to him. The miner was credited with sixty per cent, and a tax of four per cent went to the government, but in spite of all the watching and all the guards, a lot of the gold was never turned in. The best nuggets were stolen and hidden, so that about only half reached the official.

They occasionally found a thief, as was the case while the Doctor was there. One of the miners had been turning in nearly an ounce each day, but this day, when he came to have it weighed, he had only one fifth of an ounce. The big man at once ordered him taken into custody, called the inspectors, asked if he had found no gold that day, and ordered him to be beaten a thousand blows. The man was thrown down on his face and held by one man sitting on his shoulders and a man holding each leg. His trousers were turned down over his thighs ready for the beating. The bamboo used was light and very limber, and the blows were not heavy. It seemed at first that the beating would not amount to much. However, at the end of three hundred blows, the skin was slightly abraded; and the man was screaming and howling; at the end of five

hundred, the limbs were beginning to swell. At seven hundred blows they were black, and at the end of a thousand they were beaten into a mass of bruised flesh that shivered like jelly when struck. After the beating, the man was turned loose and helped to his tent. In a few minutes he returned, bringing the rest of the day's washing, something over an ounce of gold. He was then expelled from camp.

The Doctor, on his return from the mines, was tanned as brown as wind and sun could make him. He had had no fresh vegetables, but had eaten salted and dried turnip parings. Even the supply of these was scant, but he had had plenty of mutton, yak meat (which is like beef), and pork. He was glad to get home, and we were glad to have him.

During that spring, my arms were paralyzed, and I was rather helpless, so with the work inside and outside, and with the care of the baby, Dr. Shelton was pretty busy. As I got no better, Dr. Rijnhart, baby, and I were ordered out of the high altitude to the little village away where it was much lower and warmer. We lived in a Mohammedan inn, with dirt floors and a "pool of iniquity" at the back, and where the goats slept at night. We were lonely, but sometimes the Doctor came down for a day or two to see us, and we had a happy time. He and Dorris built forts out of stones, and shot them down with rocks. They watched the men fish in the Ütong River, putting the worms in their mouths and blowing them up for bait, and then holding them in their mouths until they were ready to use them. Dorris ate all the dirt she could find, and had great romps with her father, but these play-times

seemed very short, as the Doctor soon must return to work. When this time came, he would mount his horse, give the baby a ride, and then go on. As we came back, the sun still shone, but I think not so brightly.

The time came to return home to Tachienlu and go on once more. One morning the postmaster came running into the house with a face as gray as could be, telling us that the French priest who had lived among the Tibetans at Batang for thirty years had been killed. He also said that another one was missing, and the man sent by the Emperor to Batang had been cut into little pieces.

Just how much was true could not then be known, but it meant again another Chinese army to quell the Tibetans and conquer them, and they were still sending to the Doctor for medicines for those who were wounded in the last fighting, afraid to come themselves into the city for fear of the Chinese. It meant a new commander for the province and its border, and we soon heard of his coming. From the top of the mountain back of the house we could see them in their red coats come marching in, in single file, along the mountain road, about two hundred of them this time. People were waiting to see the commander, and after a three hours' wait, during which they said he had stopped to smoke his opium, he came in riding in a green-topped chair with elegant chair-bearers, who did not allow his chair to tip a bit, as it might cost them their heads.

This time the Tibetans were to be taught to yield to Chinese control. War was always around the edges, cases of all kinds coming every day to the dispensary.

Here were old wounds of many days' standing and amputations of frozen limbs, fingers, and toes to be looked after. The Doctor cut off in one day thirty-one of these from a group of Chinese soldiers who had come out of Tibet through the snow and the cold. Then there were soldiers who had deserted and been caught. These would come into the dispensary literally soaked with blood, as one punishment was to cut off both ears close to the head. Another form of punishment was pinning the top and the lobe of the ear together with an arrow, and making the men march through the streets, bearing a placard telling that they were deserters. Many soldiers came out of Tibet desolate and starving, begging a few cash to get them back home again. If, for any reason, they couldn't keep up with the army, through legs and arms being frozen, making them unfit to do their work, or if they became ill, they were shortly dismissed with no cash and no place to go.

One man came to the dispensary with both hands frozen. Doctor asked him how it had happened, and he told him that he had been forced to hold the officer's horse for hours in the cold, on a fifteen-thousand foot pass, while the officer went inside the rest house to smoke his opium.

Dr. Shelton helped many of these unfortunates to get back home into warm China, and they seemed very grateful indeed. Soon came rumors of more fighting, and the report was that the Chinese had been defeated. The officials would not admit it, for fear that if it was true a general exodus would take place, but the truth came out a little at a time as the wounded stragglers

reached Tachienlu. The telegraph line had been built to Batang, but it was very difficult to keep it repaired. The Chinese said that the Tibetans cut it, and they would capture a Tibetan, whether he was guilty or not, and hang his head up in a basket on a telegraph pole, as a warning to others. However, we heard that the Chinese cut the line about as often as the Tibetans did, so that the deserters could not be so easily caught. This hate between the Chinese and the Tibetans breaks out periodically in battles and rebellion.

Chapter IV

THE TIBETAN KING OF CHALA

A TIBETAN KING IN CAPTIVITY IN TACHIENLU. A PONY RACE AS A FORM OF WORSHIP

"At a great height, the sun, moon, and stars meet. At a great depth, the fish and hook meet. At a great speed, the horse's mouth and the bridle meet. At a great slowness, the stick and the back of the ox meet."—Tibetan Proverb.

Dorris was beginning to crawl by this time, and went sidewise like a little crab. We wanted a pet for her now, and we got an ugly, funny little beast, about the size of a big peanut, that had to be washed every day, but we fed him plenty, so he did not look quite like a starved Chinese dog.

The first baptisms occurred about this time—three people, two women and one man. Later in the summer, seven of the school boys were baptized. It was good to see them come so young, as they had a great chance for much usefulness in the future. Our big boy, Li Guay Guang, was one of them. He had been with us for two years now.

There are mountain sheep on the hills around, and one day Dr. Shelton went with a Catholic boy who was

a great hunter, to see if they could shoot some. They climbed and climbed, but could not get near enough for a shot. The climb down was rather strenuous, and they were tired. From the summit of the mountain down to the river were long, smooth places, where formerly there had been a landslide, but where now the wood cutters sent their wood down, to save carrying it, when they cut it on the tops of the mountains. The Doctor and his companion each tied a few sticks of wood together, sat down on them, and came down that slide of two or three thousand feet at a somewhat swifter pace than if they had walked, with dirt and stones flying about their ears and hitting them in the face.

What wouldn't Dorris do next? Down the steep Chinese stairs she rolled, and we thought she must be killed, but her father felt the little body in every place, and no bones were broken, nor were there any bruises that we could see; and in a few minutes she was ready for more worlds to conquer.

Mr. Moyes, who was a missionary of the China Inland Mission, took ill, and Doctor pronounced it typhus. Mrs. Rijnhart was now engaged to him, and they both worked hard to keep him. Finally the crisis was passed, and he lived. Doctor came home after the long night, and went to bed very tired after his long vigil, but he had realized his ideal of the doctor in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and Baby and I were glad to have him back again.

In Tachienlu lived a king, a real Tibetan king. That is, he had been a king, and still had the name and the

retinue and the semblance of authority—but in reality none at all. When the Chinese had conquered Tachienlu, he had been deposed by them, but had kept his palace and was allowed to do about as he liked, though he had to see that the surrounding Tibetans paid their taxes when the Chinese asked it, that they furnished horses and cattle to all Chinese who wished to go to the interior, and in numerous other ways served his conquerors. He had several wives, many servants, and a little girl whom he dressed as a boy because he wished very much that she were a son. She had a sheep to ride, and would go very fast upon it when she went out for a ride. Many years later this little girl was married in the city of Tachienlu, but just how happy or how miserable her life has been, we have not heard.

This king had been on a holy pilgrimage to Omei San, a sacred mountain of the Buddhas, near Kiating, when Dr. Shelton was on his way to Tachienlu for the first time. He came for some medicine, and thought he got much better. A friendship started then between the two men, and it was never broken. He showed kindness to us in many ways during the time we lived in Tachienlu, and even afterwards, when we left the city. His life was not an enviable one. He was spied upon, not allowed to go out of the city, forced to do as the Chinese commanded, and always had to make the Tibetans yield to every request of the Chinese, well knowing the hate on both sides.

Every year in Tachienlu worship was conducted on top of the "Run Horse Mountain." It is a legend of long ago that the god of this mountain got very angry

with the city of Tachienlu, which was located just at its base, and hurled stones and dirt and torrents of water upon it until the city was entirely destroyed, scarcely a piece of wall having been left standing. Of course it could not be built again in that place, but was rebuilt a few hundred yards below. So every year, in order that this god may not be angry again and destroy the city, a pony race takes place on the top of the mountain at sunrise, to pay homage to the god.

One morning about nine o'clock, we went to the courtyard of the king's palace to see the ponies that were to race that year. There were a hundred and thirty of them, and they came with their riders in single file past the king as he sat in his place on an upper balcony, each man dismounting from his steed as he came into the presence. The king's own were the prettiest and fattest, and his riders stayed on as his ponies went by. We wanted to see the race, so we took a small tent, Baby Dorris, and the orphan boys, and went up the mountain the evening before, so as not to be too late to see the ponies run, for the race was to take place as the sun came over the tops of the eastern peaks. Lovely it was: mountain and sky and stillness. The little boys sat in the tent door before we slept and sang "Jesus Loves Me." It is a wonder the god was not shocked to hear such a song as that instead of the Tibetan prayer. It was enough to make him want to roll some rocks on us! Prizes were given at the end of the race, and everybody went back down the mountain again.

The sequel to the life of this Tibetan king has just

come. The extract from the *North China Herald* is here given:

"Tachienlu, Szechuen, June 24, 1922.

"The King of Chala was found drowned in the Tachienlu River on the morning of June 2nd. It is reported that finding escape from the city impossible, he ended his miserable and hopeless existence by drowning himself in the river. There was a plot to effect his escape, and, had it proved successful, a very serious border situation would have been the result. That the scheme failed—and failed stupidly and disastrously—was largely due to the age and decrepitude of the poor, unfortunate king. This final effort to escape was the last kick of a man who has pined for his seal of office since Chao Er Feng took it from him in 1911.

"The King of Chala was kept a prisoner by the Chinese simply because he abused his freedom. The Commissioner would have released him long ago had he been sure that the king would have behaved himself. He was carefully caged up for the same reason that keepers at the zoo cage tigers and lions. On the night of May 31st, a well-laid scheme was planned to free the king. This night was especially chosen because it was the Dragon Festival. People generally would be enjoying Chinese festivities, and on such a night state prisoners would not be in the minds of happy, feasting Chinese officials. A more propitious evening certainly could not have been chosen: the Dragon Festival, the many feasts, the pleasant entertainments, the abundance of wine, the miserable prisoners would be forgotten. It was now or never.

"The plan of escape was simply this: at a given hour those inside were to commence digging toward the outside, and those outside were to begin digging toward the inside. The prison wall presented no very serious difficulty. The mistake, however, lay in for-

getting that the floor of the prison is several feet higher than the level of the ground outside. Those digging on the outside might have gone on digging till they reached the Tower of London, and found themselves in rather an awkward position. The King of Chala, finding no one coming to his rescue, gave up his boring; his friends on the outside, finding the wall much thicker than they anticipated, gave up in despair. The scheme failed entirely, and simply through miscalculation. It is indeed fortunate for Tachienlu and all in Eastern Tibet that the king did not escape.

"The following evening, June 1st, the king and his servant completed the boring, and finally crawled out of prison. Finding no horses and friends ready to hasten his escape, and knowing that Tachienlu was well guarded night and day, the king, after sending his servant round the hill, made for the riverside, burrowed a shallow hole, and there drowned himself. His body was found there on the morning of June 2nd, with his breast loaded up with idols, amulets, and Tibetan prayers. Thus died the King of Chala, who lost his seal in 1911, his palace in 1912, and his life in 1922. Since his death, the border situation has been quite uncertain, and the feeling in the city is that trouble may break out at any moment. Will the King of Chala's death make Tachienlu more secure, or will it be the cause for deeper hatred between the Chinese and Tibetans?"

Poor old King! It was a sad end for a man who had always hoped that some day he might find his kingdom in part restored, and escape for a little while from Chinese bondage. Because of the unsettled conditions in China and the freedom that the greater part of Tibet had won for herself by expelling all the Chinese from the country, the Tibetans hoped to govern themselves. Their plan was to release from captivity all

those rulers who had once been in authority over them, and who by them are worshiped as holy, place them in power once more, and be subject to no nation. The idea of freedom was going to all corners of the earth, and to these people also it had come.

Chapter V

NEW RECRUITS ARRIVE

THE TRIP TO MEET MR. AND MRS. OGDEN. ILLNESS AND OTHER INCIDENTS THAT FOLLOWED. DESCRIPTION OF A LAMASERY

"From the works of a former life and from heaven's law, there is no escape, they follow forever."

—Tibetan Proverb.

Word now reached us that new folks were coming—that Mr. and Mrs. Ogden had been appointed by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society to come to Tachienlu, that the Doctor must go to Shanghai to meet them, and that Dorris and I were to go to Chentu to wait for them. So bag and baggage, chairs and all, we started over the wild mountain road that leads along by the roaring Tachienlu River. As we went along, the Doctor saw a mountain goat across the river on the mountain side, and shot it, his first big game; it rolled to the water's edge, and the men went across after it. They would have fresh meat for supper, and plenty of it.

The days were about all the same as we wound slowly around the mountains and through the valleys, getting gradually lower every day. The only marked difference was in the inns at which we stopped, which were of

varying degrees of dirtiness, and the pits of filth sometimes not so near. The fields of corn looked very strange, after not seeing any for so long. As we reached the plains, the roads grew narrow between the rice fields, and when it rained, were slippery as lard. The men dropped the chair twice. It was well it was not a narrow mountain road, or we might have tumbled to nowhere. Dorris slept much, and wiggled the rest of the time. In the green, flat, rice fields the men were plowing in the mud. Fields and fields of water soaking the earth for the rice planting looked very strange and quite a contrast to the mountain fields that were so steep that nothing could stick to them but a coolie or a goat. Such a paradise for ducks are these valleys, with millions and millions of them for the use of the Chinese table. Dried duck is a great article of diet among the Chinese. They split the birds open in the back, salt them, and hang them up to dry. They can then carry them thousands of miles and have an excellent meal at any time.

Nothing but a water buffalo with no hair, and a Chinaman, could plow fields under water and knee-deep in mud. And such threshing machines! A wooden sled, with a piece of matting stood up in one end of it to keep the grain from flying out. The farmer takes the little shock of rice and beats it on the side of the sled until all the kernels fly out, saving every one in the bed of the sled. Then the straw is twisted into small bundles for winter feed for the animals, and to make sandals for the people.

As Dr. Shelton's road branched off from ours, he left us before we reached the city of Chentu, and went

on to Shanghai, while we proceeded to the capital of the province. It was very lonely, only Baby and I, without him, in this strange land where there were so many millions of people, but we hoped he would go safely and bring the new friends back all well and strong.

In the capital city we saw the people weaving beautiful silks in all colors—green and blue, cream and white, but in such filthy houses. It is a wonder we do not all catch some disease when we wear this silk. The world is such a lonesome place without the people near you that you love best. We just waited and counted the days until we should hear that the new folks had come. They surprised us and came back, to our astonishment, much sooner than we expected them; and we were glad they had returned safe and sound from the old river.

Packing and going home were the next things to do; so through the valleys and over the two big mountains again we all went. There were cold and snow, dirty inns, and rooms with paper windows, through which the Chinese poked their fingers and peeked, so that we had to undress in the dark. The new friends didn't sleep much, as they were not yet used to the barking of the dogs and the noises of an inn. But we were home again at last, with a heating stove and a cook stove, and we felt very grand indeed.

But a louse had gotten on my arm and *chewed* it to the shoulder, and in two weeks after getting home, a hard chill came on followed by typhus fever. Husband and Baby were forgotten, and the tiny tot ran wild, while the Doctor sat day and night by the bed for many

days and nights, finally, when the crisis came, putting a few drops of water at a time on my tongue through one night, thinking each time was the last. Through his care and devotion, life came back again, though just what for I do not quite see yet. After my recovery, work began again, for through these days of illness all things stopped.

When I was well again, the Doctor went out with the schoolboys to hunt and to bathe in the hot springs, to study among the people, and to see if there was a place to open a new station. We always missed him, Baby and I, but he always came back to us out of the fresh air with ducks or pigeons or pheasants he had shot, feeling that he had made great strides in the language, and gotten nearer the boys as they lay and talked at night around the camp fire, and nearer to the people in the country as he went to them with medicine. They were afraid to come to the crowded town, and afraid of the Chinese people in the streets, who consider the Tibetans something like dogs, since they are the ruling class.

Then Dorris had to be vaccinated again. I was holding her, and when the Doctor scratched her leg it hurt. She thought I had done the hurting, and looked most reprovingly at me, while loving the Doctor with her arms about his neck. This delighted him exceedingly. Typhus seemed to be rampant in the city during these two years; first Mr. Moyes took it, then I, then Johnny, Doctor's medical assistant, and last, Mr. Sorensen, a member of the China Inland Mission. The Doctor and Mr. Ogden stayed with him and nursed him, one staying from noon to midnight, and the other from mid-

night till noon. While he lay unconscious, his baby boy took the smallpox, and his mother cared for him. It seemed marvelous that we all lived. God's hand was surely in what the Doctor did, and his life was wonderfully guarded. I hoped he would never be ill, as there was no physician within a seven days' journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden were both busy with the language study. Mrs. Ogden was soon ready to talk and work with the women, and the work began to grow. Mr. Ogden was ready in a few months to preach his first sermon in Tibetan. Until then, Dr. Shelton had had to preach, take care of the day school and the medical work in the city, and itinerate whenever he could. The days were filled full, and we were glad when night came and we could rest. Our old Tibetan teacher had been coming for two years, and said he would like to put his name down and learn the doctrine but that he was bookkeeper at the monastery and was afraid of the lamas, who he said would be greatly displeased with him should he accept the foreign religion. Reading and studying the Bible in Tibetan with the Doctor, he would get very angry with the people who treated Christ so cruelly, and would say, "What do they mean, why should they kill him? He has done nothing."

I have many memory pictures of those days. Dorris takes another tumble down the stairs. She falls on her chin this time, making it black and blue. Now she is on the couch with her father, looking at some photographs, and they are chatting away like two children. She says, "Now then, play horse." Then, "Papa, go to sleep. Now then, Papa, wake up," and the big man

enjoys it, this bossing by the baby girl. She orders him to play bear sometimes, and growl like the baby bear she saw; then he must be a horse, down on all fours while she rides; next with a *tsamba* bowl she is a whining beggar, and her father is putting cash in the bowl.

Opium was plentiful in China then, and could be gotten very cheaply. Everybody used it; it was the universal panacea for all pain; the smoke blown in a baby's face could quiet a severe case of colic, and there was nothing else to be had.

The Doctor had patients of many sorts. Suicides were common. A second wife swallowed a lot of opium with wine, and they came for the Doctor too late. A baby whose mother gave too much milk for him vomited, and the mother wanted it stopped. The baby wasn't ill, it was only Nature's way of getting rid of the over-supply. The older sister said, "I'll stop it," and went to a Chinese doctor for a draft of scorpions, which she got and gave to the baby, who soon died.

The Chinese teacher had a small bag of musk tied to his gown, and when we asked him what it was for, he said, "Oh, so I won't smell the dirty streets." To clean the streets would be almost impossible. They are narrow and covered with rough cobble stones, plastered over with the filth of ages. When it rained, they were sticky, the water and the smear making something akin to plaster, and the sun making it warm raised a stench that cannot be described, but must be experienced to be appreciated. A toilet was an unheard of convenience; filth of all kinds abounded; pigs, yak, chickens, and children wandered at their own sweet will

anywhere and everywhere, using the streets for their playground.

A woman who died was one of the first who had been baptized, and was the first to have Christian burial services. She said she did not want either lamas or Chinese priests. We attended the little service, and wore white, the Chinese mourning color, upon our heads in her honor.

A Catholic father had died of typhus during the winter. Many of the natives went to see his face as he lay asleep, and as they looked at it, they said, "If to be a Christian means to look like that when you die, I want to be a Christian." This French father had served thirty years, and had never been away from Tachienlu very many days' journey.

When Dorris was three, the schoolboys bought firecrackers and shot them off, and her cake had three candles.

There was a big lamasery at Tachienlu where the people held their yearly festivities, milking the cow to see whether the barley crop would be good or not, baptizing the god's image in a mirror, as well as some rather comic buffoonery that was amusing to the crowd. Many of the lamas came for medicine, and one who had broken off a needle in his hand, and whom the Doctor had relieved, was always a friend of the mission, as nearly as they dared to be friends.

Once every month the devils were coaxed out of the lamasery by quite an elaborate ceremony. The priests blew long trumpets and rang bells, chanted prayers, and persuaded the devils all to collect in a great piece of *tsamba* (parched barley flour), molded in the shape

of a man, a *chorten,* or some animal. Then this was taken out and set down, straw was piled around it, and it was shot at with a gun or with arrows, eggs were thrown toward it, and lastly the straw was set on fire. But beggars always followed the procession, and when the lamas had about finished, they rushed through the fire and captured the *tsamba* and any egg that survived. It did not seem to matter to them how many devils they ate. This custom of taking the devils out every month was followed by most of the big Tibetan inns, or *gogewans.* Though they were coaxed out once a month, there was always a "batch" of new ones that got in somehow, and gave the lamas plenty of work.

Wonderful stories we heard about the priests in the lamaseries. There were tales of those who were killed in the dead of night because they had displeased the high priests, and thrown into the river in order to leave no trace. Some were killed by beating, some by strangling, and the treasurer stabbed himself because his money account was not what was expected of him.

There is not much to be seen in the faces of these men who are lamas. The children are much to be pitied, for they are taken at six or seven years of age—one from each family is the rule—and placed in the lamasery, with no care or love from the big coarse men residing there. They are taught to chant prayers from memory, or to read Tibetan meaninglessly, taught superstition to the highest degree, and given charms to keep away disease and evil. It is not much wonder their lives are foul, for pure thought has no soil in which to be born. A lama's power is limitless over the people, who come on every occasion asking how

they shall do things, and when and how, worshiping through fear, as they dread a curse from a lama, believing that he can bring to pass all he says. Even though they should go to hell, if they pay the priest enough cash, he will be enabled to get them out.

Chapter VI

ON INTO TIBET

DR. SHELTON AND MR. OGDEN SEEK A SUITABLE STATION FARTHER INLAND. VISITORS IN TACHIENLU. REMOVAL TO BATANG

> *"I took a horse clear to Lassa without making his back sore; while the cow downstairs lost the skin off her tail."*
>
> —Tibetan Proverb.

Letters from the Board at home made it almost necessary for the Doctor and Mr. Ogden to go to the interior and see if a station could be established farther inland among the Tibetans.

The situation at Tachienlu was very difficult. The Chinese were the rulers, and monopolized the services, and the Tibetans refused to come and mix with them at all, for several reasons. One was the position in which they were held by the Chinese, and the other, their hatred of them. Mrs. Ogden and I would be alone, and it was hard to see our husbands go. The days were busy ones, as the men were to start September 3, 1906. Boxes of food must be fixed, changes of clothing gotten ready, bedding and medicines prepared. The *ula* (pack animals), with Tibetan escort, were slow in coming, and on the day of departure they did not get started until about two o'clock. Dorris

clung to her father and cried and cried when he had to go; and the next morning she hunted for him everywhere.

Now we were alone, and worked just as hard as we could to keep from missing our husbands and feeling how lonely we were. We felt as if they had been gone months instead of a day. Always when the Doctor was away, and the first day was ended, I felt like saying, "It is the morning and evening of the first day"; and the next day, "It is the morning and evening of the second day"; and so on until his return. Ten days later the first letter got back to us; they were doing nicely, and we were glad. We expected a telegram from Li Tang, as the line had been extended that far, but it didn't come. We sent over to see what was the matter, and the lines were cut. It is a hard matter to keep them repaired; the Tibetans cut them because the Chinese put them in, and also because they have a superstitious fear of them. A telegram later said, "Friday, late, hungry." That meant they would be home on Friday, would probably make a two days' journey in one, and that all their food had given out on the way. But they hurried, and got in on Thursday, October 11th, instead of Friday. The Doctor had used one towel and two handkerchiefs on the whole trip, and never changed his pillow-case at all! It is no wonder he had to be "boiled" and everything with him, when he got back from one of his trips.

They were gone thirty-nine days, and surveyed the country all through, looking for a place to put the new station. They decided upon Batang as the best place

and the best valley they had seen in all their journeys, and looking over the land these two felt so powerless and so weak in that great expanse of country that, as they talked, they went on their knees under the big tree where they sat, and gave to that land their talents and their lives; and God took them and used them. Upon their report depended whether the mission was to go to Batang or remain in Tachienlu.

About this time, the report came out that the Chinese soldiers had rebelled and killed their major at Litang, and captured all the guns and ammunition. The Tibetans joined them, and they held the country now from Hokoe to Litang.

It is not much to be wondered at that Chinese soldiers rebel, when one knows how they must live in the interior. Their pay is very little. The officials keep most of their money, and let them live upon the country as best they can. Many are stationed on high mountain passes, which are cold and barren. The soldiers have little to eat, very few clothes, and absolutely nothing to do but carry a few messages and watch the telegraph lines to keep them from being cut. The rumor was that the king at Tachienlu had moved all his treasurers to Nim Ya; he must have thought that something was in the wind, or else was afraid there was. The big monastery at Litang, which contained about three thousand lamas, was helping the Chinese rebels. It meant safety for them and their gods, for here they printed one of the Tibetan Bibles in the lamasery, and much of the wealth of the country, consisting of butter, *tsamba,* gold, and silver, was stored in these great houses. Should they refuse to

aid the Chinese, they would loot and burn the lamasery, so it was to their advantage to feed the Chinese, to buy their red coats and their guns and ammunition, giving them enough money to get out home and leave them in peace once more. So, a few at a time, the soldiers straggled out through Tachienlu, with no uniforms and no guns; always saying, if captured and questioned, that they "had been robbed by the Tibetans."

At this time Mrs. Ogden went into the valley and a little girl was born, who only opened her eyes to close them again forever. Mr. Ogden kept the tiny coffin a few days, as he feared the mother would sleep beside her baby, but she grew better, and the little one was placed on the mountain side in the C. I. M. compound, but the father and mother could not be comforted.

Very, very slowly the natives came for help in cases of childbirth, for they were very much afraid of a foreign doctor. In one case the woman died with a child unborn, but it was taken from her, for she would be cursed forever if she should be left in that way. So many times the people would wait from three to five days when the mother was near death from exhaustion. Sometimes the Doctor could save both mother and child, sometimes only one, and sometimes neither.

On May 27, 1907, a new baby girl decided to open her eyes in this strange land. Dorothy Madelon came, with Mrs. Ogden for her nurse and her father for her physician. She was such a tiny thing, but hardly any trouble at all, for she would lie and coo and smile, just like the babies one reads about. Next to being sick in China, is being alone with no one else of kin

near you. If I could only just have taken my babies in my arms and run home for a few minutes to let my father see them! But I should want to run back again, of course.

Dorris's nose was stopped up one morning, and she said her papa had squeezed her so tight, he squeezed her nose all shut. One night I started to say her prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and she said in a very tired way, "Oh, pshaw, you say that too many times," and it never got said that night. But she always liked to say, "God bless papa, mamma, and baby. Amen," perhaps because she knew that was the end.

Mr. Amundsen was one who came through Tachienlu carrying Tibetan tracts and Bibles to sell in the interior. He had been on the Indian border for some years, and one of the so-called twelve apostles who went out with Annie Taylor.

A German, also, Herr Tafel, came through, making the city his headquarters, going into the surrounding mountains and valleys, making maps of the country and taking the altitude, etc., for governmental purposes. He said he had had ten battles with the Tibetans, but come off safely each time. On returning to Germany he took with him the son of our old teacher, to help him on the translation of the Tibetan books he had collected. His son had been bought by the teacher, "milk money" being paid to his family, consisting of an old gun, some butter, a sheep, and a few rupees, as he wanted him for a husband for his daughter. They lived next to our house, and often we could hear him beating the wife with a strap, and hear

through the wall the smack as it hit her shoulders. He went to Germany and married a German girl, and did not send any more money back to his wife, so the old teacher was very angry, and came to have the Doctor send him a letter telling him that he was going to pray to his gods every day to kill him, but the Doctor refused to write that kind of a letter. We have not heard of him since the big war, so do not know whether he is alive or not.

Another guest was the American Consul Mitchell, who came to Tachienlu to hunt the "wild cow" or *budorcas,* whose habitat is the mountains around Tachienlu. Dr. Shelton went with him, but stayed only one day. He came over that wild mountain road at night, where one misstep would have pitched both him and his mule into the roaring river, but the sure-footed animal carried him safely through the darkness. He reached home as quickly as possible, for Mr. Ogden had been taken ill.

The consul found his "wild cow," and when he went back home, the king gave him many gifts, including a pair of the big black and yellow Tibetan dogs. These are magnificent brutes. A good while afterwards, when they were grown, Mr. Mitchell said they never seemed to show any affection whatever, and neither do they in Tibet, but are fierce, and are kept as watch dogs, tied to guard. One of these dogs died in the heat of the plains. The other one lived longer, and in a most dignified way would walk up to the table for a piece of bread, and stand with his nose on the level of the table. But later the consul feared madness, and shot him.

There was so much misery in this land from opium smoking. There had to be an outlet for the quantities of opium raised in Burma and in India, so a great deal of it was shipped to the English port of Hongkong, and the international port of Shanghai. Traveling through China along the paths through the opium fields, the blossoms are very beautiful. Great fields of white and pink and red make the landscape one blaze of color. Such a great curse is opium, and yet a necessary panacea for pain. China was awake to her danger and the havoc the use of opium made among her best men. Some could use it moderately for years, and others went very quickly from wealth to beggardom. So a treaty was made, stipulating that if China would quit raising opium in ten years, part of the fields to be put out of cultivation each year, no more would be shipped in, and China went to work in dead earnest. Great bonfires were made of opium pipes and opium; men were arrested in dens, and imprisoned; inspectors went all over the land, ordering the plants rooted up, and beheading men in the fields when they offended the second time. Opium became more and more difficult to get, and higher and higher in price, until it was beyond the reach of the poor, and the young could not form the habit.

At the close of ten years, China said: "We have done our part. You have forced us to pay high prices for all you shipped to us. Now we will raise it everywhere, and make it cheap and easy to get, and not pay the exorbitant prices you have been asking us," and it was done. Opium has another start from Batang to the sea, and everybody smokes today, even the poor-

est, and the habit is more universal than it has ever been. Also great amounts are shipped in from Japan, in the shape of morphine tablets, which are used hypodermically.

About this time, the Da Kagi and the Ir Kagi passed through Tachienlu from Nepal, bearing tribute to the emperor of China. The story goes (and most of it is true) that long ago China conquered Nepal, and every twelve years this long caravan of perhaps two hundred men and many horses must travel from that little country across Tibet and through China to Pekin, carrying ivory, sugar, raisins, coral, silks, and all manner of wealth from India, to lay at the feet of the Most High. It would have been easier and saved much time to go around by sea, but that would not do. Time is of no value, and besides, the people must see this subject nation under the emperor's commands, bringing to him the best they have.

Now school and dispensary and itinerating trips into the country take the Doctor away most of the time. School takes all the morning, and dispensary and calls all the afternoon, so we see little of him until evening; but there are no entertainments nor picture shows, so we have our home life together then. He began to teach Dorris the Bible lessons and to have evening worship that she could understand. He told her the story of Adam and Eve, and that they had no clothes, and she asked, "Who stole them and ran away?" For if they had been in China and had no clothes, they would have been stolen. When the story of Cain and Abel came she said, "I want to cry about that, but who spanked him for killing his brother?" She knew what

happened to her when she did naughty things. She wanted to know if Jesus wouldn't fall down if his house was in the sky and what the angels had to play with.

Doctor Shelton and Mr. Ogden received a letter from the Mission Board at home, asking us to come down into China to the coast stations, as they couldn't get men to come as far as Tachienlu, and it was so difficult to get money and supplies; but the two men held a mission meeting and sent the request that we be allowed to go on to Batang, saying, "We will go in, but not out; forward, but not back." They also wrote asking for another doctor, and some three months later the answer came that one was coming.

I suppose the Lord is looking out for His people in this dark land, and the men and the money will come when they are needed. So the years come and go. Not much that you would call a big thing was accomplished in everyday work, but daily love and patience and sympathy, more felt than spoken, were slowly working, and the people felt the need of us, and missed us when we were gone. It was not so much the religion we represented, for China is full of religions: it was the mercy and helpfulness and love that belonged to ours and that did not go with theirs.

Such a wonderful land is China! Great and vast, with a marvelous people; a civilization so old that it seems perfect to them, and a change in any way is difficult to understand. So many beautiful things they say in their classics and believe in theory, and if they would live up to them their lives would be close to the

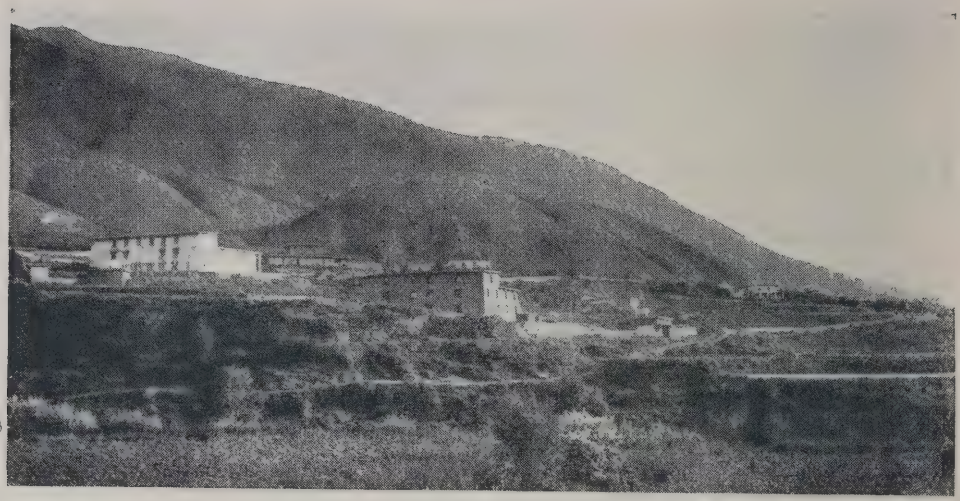
ideal; but in practice so many of their lives are vile, scheming, merciless.

At last permission came from the Board for us to go to Batang. That meant some preparation. The two men went to Chungking to purchase a two years' supply of soap, sugar, and candles, and the necessary saws and tools for the cutting of timber and building of houses, for they would have to become "hewers of wood and drawers of water," brickmakers, lumber cutters, tile makers, furniture builders, teaching the Chinese carpenters how to build even a wash-tub before a good bath could be taken. Boxes holding from seventy-five to eighty pounds must be made, in which to pack the household goods, medicine, instruments, books, bedding, pictures, and dishes. The boxes were covered with a wet skin which soon dries, and becomes very hard, keeping all dampness from the contents. This covering, being very strong, prevents the boxes from bursting to pieces if a yak gets on a stampede.

The Doctor, the two babies, and I left Tachienlu July 7, 1908, and reached Batang July 24th. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden prepared to go with us, but decided to wait for the new physician, Dr. Loftis, who was coming. Their plans were changed, however, and they arrived in Batang October 31st. The city was Oriental in everything that goes with that word. Dirt, heat, flies, mangy dogs, naked babies, half-clothed men and women, no rain for months, the chaff from the wheat-threshing flying everywhere. The first great event that happened at Batang was the birth of little Ruth Ogden, the first foreign baby born in that city. There are three babies now, Dorris, Dorothy, and Ruth. They

BUILDING THE MISSIONARY HOUSES AT BATANG. THE WORKMEN ARE CARRYING UP AND POURING INTO THE MOULDS THE MUD OF WHICH THE WALLS ARE BUILT

TIBETAN HOUSES OF YELLOW MUD, BUILT VERY MUCH LIKE MEXICAN ADOBE HOUSES



MISSION COMPOUND AT BATANG. THE HOSPITAL IS AT THE LEFT, WITH THE SCHOOL IN THE CENTER, BEHIND WHICH IS DR. SHELTON'S HOUSE AND MR. OGEN'S AT THE RIGHT

OUR HOME AT BATANG

don't at all mind the dirt or the heat, but are always happy, and keep us from being lonesome.

The houses in Batang are nearly all of two stories, and a third story a kind of shed over about half the roof. The four walls are built of the yellow mud, very much like the Mexican adobe houses. Glad, indeed, were we all when a mud palace for each family was procured, and it could be scraped clean of manure, whitewashed, cleaned, and scrubbed, and we could put glass in the windows and screen them. There was a diminishing of dirt and smells, and we could sit under our own walnut trees and have a clean place for the babies to play.

The school and Sunday school and medical work were opened at once. We worked away for two years, quite happy with the people, making friends wherever we could, and then our Dr. Loftis left us. Perhaps by his death he brought the mission work fifty years nearer completion in that raw land than otherwise it would have been.

Our furlough time was due, and after two years and four months in Batang we must say good-by to the little station, the Tibetan friends, the boys and the teacher, and leave for America. It is strange how sometimes a greater love than you know grasps you and holds you, and you love more abundantly; and we loved them even more than they loved us, though I think they felt such love as little children feel.

It isn't easy to live in that land, but you feel that you want to return, and the Master seems nearer over there. As we were preparing to return, news came that China had decided to be a republic, and all the

missionaries were leaving the stations in China. Those at Tachienlu fled to Batang, and the little party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, Ruth, Dr. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar and their children, started on the unknown road out through Yunnan. Whippings, executions, and punishments of all kinds were happening every day in the city. Little Ruth was carried on a faithful Tibetan's back in a basket. At Dalifu they received messages urging them to hurry. At last they reached Yunnanfu, and took the railway for Hong Kong, thence by steamer to Shanghai, and then home, exhausted and worn; and fifteen days later Walter Harold was born in the hospital at Los Angeles.

Chapter VII

FIRST FURLOUGH AND RETURN

THE UNITED STATES AGAIN AFTER SEVEN YEARS. INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY BACK TO BATANG

"Talk is like bubbles, work is like gold nuggets."—Tibetan Proverb.

It seemed strange to be home once more, home in America after more than seven years in that foreign land. The swiftness of the people, and the rate at which everything moved, the roar of the cars and trains, and the impatience of a man who had to wait two minutes for his street car were a revelation of a new order of things. We were not used to moving faster than a man could walk, and we had traveled through country where absolute stillness reigned, unless it was the roar of a river or the slide of an avalanche. Waiting one and two hours for things to get done, or to get started for some place had been our daily portion. To see a newspaper the same day it was printed was another strange experience, as most of those we had seen on the field were three months old before they reached us. To buy stockings and shoes and a dress that did not have to be selected from a catalogue by guesswork was a luxury. Sometimes when in China we ordered goods from the English firms in Shanghai

and said "calico," we got muslin, and an order for chewing gum brought a bottle of mucilage!

The styles in America were wonderful. Hair was dressed high and piled upon something, and most of the something had come from China's lepers, dead beggars, and criminals. When we went back to China, we saw great quantities of this hair piled on the ground in a dirty pen, and when we asked what was to be done with it, the reply was, "Send it to America; they use lots of it over there." When we made a dress in Tibet, we made it in the most convenient way, and wore it until it was worn out, then made it over for the children or the orphans.

There did not seem to be a quiet place anywhere in America. Everybody was rushing somewhere, and then rushing back again, for no particular reason that could be discerned. Moving picture shows had come in since we had gone away, and everybody went to see them. Home seemed a place to sleep, and to eat sometimes, but nothing more. To stay in one for any length of time seemed impossible. Everywhere homes were being mortgaged, and many of them lost, for an automobile. Where was everyone going? What did they want, and if they got it, were they happy? We often wondered.

Dr. Shelton was away most of the time, traveling and speaking all over the United States, and the quiet times together that we had had in Tibet could never be found here. In a little book which he carried in his pocket during some of the trips, I found this prayer: "Oh, God, keep me close to Thee this year." I wonder if he, too, found it much more difficult to live near the

Master in this land than on the other side of the world.

Our furlough time was just about over, and our boxes were packed and sent to be shipped. So many friends had been kind. We had sheets and bedding and gifts for the orphans; towels, playthings, and books, which they had given us to take with us. Then the news came that China had turned into a republic almost overnight, and our return must be postponed. Sun Yat Sen, the dreamer, had at last seen his ideal realized; but the coming of democracy meant revolution, and that meant war. For many years he had planned and worked to make China a republic, but being a dreamer, he knew he would not make a good executive, so Yuan Shih Kai, a man of remarkable ability, was chosen to control the new Republic.

But how about the others, our fellow-workers, out there in that far corner of the world? Two months passed, and we got a telegram from Mr. Ogden, saying they were safe in Hong Kong, and Dr. Hardy with them. Through difficult roads they had come, but were safe at last. The Ogdens were coming home to America, but Dr. Hardy was staying in East China, to help with the Red Cross work during the war.

We had to wait almost a year before we could start back. By that time the first President was established in power, and travel through the country was safe. It seemed very strange when we landed in China to see no queues. The "pig tail" had originally been a badge of servitude, put on the Chinese by their Manchu conquerors, but its original purpose had been forgotten, and it had grown to be a very necessary part of the

Chinese equipment. To pull a man's queue was a dire insult, and to be without one on entering the next life would have been shame unpardonable. But it seemed to us that under the new régime the Chinese coolies and laboring people, in trying to express their freedom, succeeded only in being impudent, and we much preferred the old-time courtesy that all the Chinese people possessed.

Again we must go up that old river, and though we realized its dangers more this time than before, it never lost its charm and attractiveness. We went on a small steamer to Chungking very quickly—leaving only about one month for the house-boat journey. As we waited in the port of Ichang, a steamer go-down (warehouse) caught fire, and we greatly feared that the house in which we were staying with all our goods would be burned, so we carried out our trunks and sat on them to keep them from being stolen. That is, the babies and I sat on them, while the men fought the fire. The queer, long lines of the Chinese making a bucket brigade from the river to the house, as they passed the water from hand to hand to put out the fire, were very interesting to see. One of Dr. and Mrs. Hardy's precious trunks was burned in the go-down. We were cold and frightened, but safe, and the invaluable flannel underwear for ourselves and the babies, which could not be bought for love nor money in the interior, was still with us.

Another long wait in Chungking for the freight was necessary, as the Doctor was taking back materials for the hospital and two dwelling houses, and the cargo boats were very slow. They finally came, and we

started for the west once more. We had a happy time together on the house boat. We had a bird dog, Jack, who kept things lively, and we threw him into the river every day to give him a bath. The Doctor had his camera to photograph the beautiful bits of scenery along the way, and with his shotgun he occasionally killed some wild ducks for us to eat. He treated all the sick who came.

The end of the water journey was finally reached, and now we must go over land again for twelve days to the border city of Tachienlu. It was like going back home. In every place all along the way we met people who knew us, and their welcome back was a joyous thing to hear. It was not like coming the first time, when all were strangers. Here, for the first time, the four families, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Dr. and Mrs. Hardy, the Ogdens, and ourselves, were to meet and go together to establish the new station at distant Batang. It seemed a great many people to be going to a station, when before there had been only two families. Eight grown folks and five babies! It was decided that one family at a time should go over the road, because of the number of men and the size of the caravan, and the smallness of the rest houses. So we were the ones to start first. We went by the northern route, which was a much longer way than the route by Litang, but we were not allowed to go by the direct and shorter road because of the unsettled condition of the country. The freight caravan, containing the corrugated iron for the roofs of the buildings, the door knobs, hinges, nails, glass, paint, many tools, and the heavy household materials, were sent the shorter way.

The only thing lost was my new cookstove, which robbers captured. I presume they thought it was ammunition, and strewed it over the mountains. All that reached Batang were the lids, legs, and lifter.

With the babies and food for thirty days, bedding, cots, and the more precious baggage, we started. In Dorothy's chair went "Annie," a big black hen, which, decorated with red ribbons, had been given to her on her sixth birthday, and had decided to set just before we started. Her father asked her what she was going to do with "Annie." "Why," she answered, "I am going to take her." "But you can't do that; she is setting on eggs, and the eggs will spoil." But that made no difference to Dorothy. So "Annie," eggs and all, was slipped into the chair the morning we started. She didn't seem to mind, and traveled easily with the rest of us, sitting in the corners of the rest rooms at night, keeping the eggs warm.

Some of the places on the road were as lonely as could be, but we never got away from the grandeur of the scenery. On the tops of the passes we would find a marvelous lake, clear and still, where in safety hid the duck with the golden breast, sacred to the Tibetans. Once when the Doctor was going to shoot one, they pleaded with him not to do it, as they said it was the reincarnation of some of their holy men. This was because of the yellow breast—the golden yellow being the color of the sacred gowns of the priests.

Sometimes we found flowers, magnificently beautiful, of all colors, and of many varieties. The edelweiss grew everywhere. This, when dried, the Tibetans use in their little leather boxes of flint and steel for start-

ing a fire, in lieu of paper, which is very scarce in Tibet. On the passes we found snow and cold and lonesomeness everywhere, but withal, grandeur indescribable.

As we came along the road and met caravans coming out of Tibet, we asked for reports of affairs. Did we have anything left in our homes, or in the dispensary? Were the boys alive? What could they tell us? But we could get nothing definite, and could only go on and find out the truth when we arrived. We had heard this prophecy—that China would become a republic, and that Batang was to be noted for the great men she would furnish for the ruling of China. There were to be governors and presidents born there.

On the top of Jedo Pass we camped, and saw skeletons of yak and horses. We were told that men had fallen over the Pass, and had been frozen to death, and their skeletons were below. There was nothing for fires but small green trees, which grew to about a foot in height. Snow fell which looked like tapioca. The girls found fairy graves and dolly graves. The big mountain in the distance covered with snow, Dorris called the "Snow Princess," sleeping, to be wakened by the kisses of the sun in the morning.

One night we came to a queer old Tibetan house of mud and logs where "Annie's" eggs began to hatch. We saw gold mining along the streams, and entered a great forest, which was quite a relief from the four days' travel over treeless windswept mountains.

At one village we saw a French Catholic priest who had been caught by the Tibetans and tied up for eighteen days at the gate of the monastery. As the lamas

had passed by him, in and out of the gate, they had pulled out one hair at a time from his head and face as a punishment and a simple form of torture.

The distances were very deceptive. We chased a village around a mountain all the afternoon, before we were able to catch it and stop for rest. We came to another village where every door was shut and barred. The villagers were afraid of the soldiers, but we finally found one man who let us in for the night. We stayed one night in a lamasery, filled with beautiful Tibetan books. We saw a man with the end of his nose cut off. If it had been a woman, we would not have been surprised, as that is the Tibetan punishment for adultery, a custom perhaps taken over from India.

The next day we traveled over the worst roads that could be imagined, and as there were no houses, we stopped in the black tents of the nomads for the night. There is a queer little fireplace in the middle of the tent with a hole in the top to let out the smoke, and the sides banked with dirt. With sheep-skins for beds it was cosy and warm.

By this time "Annie" and her family were doing finely. She had eight chickens, and they had meals whenever we stopped. When they got out of the chair to scratch for a little fresh food, it took the united forces of the family and the caravan to get them back again.

One evening we came to a big lamasery, where there seemed to be hundreds and hundreds of lamas. The Doctor usually rode in front of the chairs, but this time he had stopped behind them in order to shoot marmots, and I was truly frightened, for hundreds of lamas

came around the doors and gateways, staring at the queer white people.

The next day we spent thirteen and one half hours in the chair, a long, hard day, down, down, down into a village to remain for the night. Just a few days now until we should reach home. Every place was hot, dry, and dusty, with the locusts singing all the while, until one's ears seemed to split with the noise. There had been no rain for over a year on this part of the road. The crops on the mountain sides were drying up, and the cattle were so thin and weak they could hardly stand. Everywhere people came for medicine, saying how glad they were to see the Doctor back again.

Toward the last, we stopped one night in a small lamasery which had paintings on the walls, some good and some obscene. We were now almost at the end of the journey, after almost a year's travel. The boys and friends met us two or three miles out, among them Li Guay Guang, who had grown to be a man since we took him long ago, in Tachienlu. With tears running down his cheeks he told us that his wife, Candro, was dead, because, he said, the Doctor was away, and there was no one to care for her. Poor little child wife, she left one wee baby.

We were home once more, but there was dust and dirt everywhere. There had been fighting around the city, and thieves had entered the house and taken everything but the books and pictures. All the rugs, dishes, bedding, silverware, tablecloths, towels, and clothing had been stolen. The dispensary had been robbed of the microscope, a good many instruments, and all the

bottles of medicine the thieves wanted, and our work was to begin all over again—with this difference, that now we were wanted and not feared.

One evening as "Annie" and her family were having supper along with us, a big cat grabbed two of the chickens. As the rest of us cried out, the Doctor got his gun, and soon there was no more cat. "Annie" arrived safely at Batang with six chickens, and, well knowing her aristocratic ancestry, was always the boss of the henyard, and lorded it over the small Tibetan chickens in a great way. Her descendants populate the Batang valley and beyond.

There were only very small potatoes in the Batang valley when we came. Larger ones were brought in over the mountains from China, and now the valley is full of potatoes—big ones. There were wild strawberries, but no cultivated ones. Mr. Ogden and Mr. Baker brought in nine plants, and now we have plenty for all. The English walnuts are native, and we find in the mountains wild gooseberries, red raspberries, and wild rhubarb. Apricots, grapes, and peaches are there also, but no apples. It is rather a mystery how the peaches and apricots got started, and we wondered if the seeds had not been scattered through the valleys by the early Jesuit fathers, who had traveled over this road on missionary journeys seventy-five or a hundred years ago.

Chapter VIII

SHANGCHEN AND DERGÈ

TROUBLE BETWEEN CHINESE AND TIBETANS IN SHANGCHEN. THE DOCTOR'S TRIP TO DERGÈ. VARIOUS INCIDENTS

"The hard place to climb is at the top of the ladder; a poor place to sit down at its foot."—Tibetan Proverb.

The four families reached Batang in due time, and the work was divided among them all, Dr. Shelton's share being to build the hospital and two dwelling houses, to itinerate, and to look after the dispensary. Early in the year 1915, he went to Atuntze on a trip, about nine days from Batang, returning in about three weeks. He had to go to see about money for the mission, but between times he also doctored and preached as he went, although he always said he was no preacher. He brought back some sour oranges, some Chinese pears, and some rice—all very acceptable, as fruit was not plentiful in the valley, and the altitude was too high for rice to grow.

While he was away, we awakened one night, and looking out of the window, saw that the sky was one brilliant glare of light from a fire. It was the Catholic headquarters. It had been the old palace of the Iryinguan, or the second in command in the city of

Batang, and when he had been deposed by the Chinese, the old palace had been handed over to the Catholics as part of indemnity money claimed by the French fathers for the death of several of their priests during different rebellions by the Tibetans. It was the most quiet fire I have ever witnessed. The city seemed to be absolutely still. Dr. Hardy and Mr. Ogden went over. The poor distracted old priest was being held by the Chinese soldiers so that he could not throw himself in the flames and be destroyed. He declared wildly that it had been set on fire in order to kill him, and that the water in the irrigation ditch which ran by the door had been cut off purposely; but I think in the end it was decided that it was due to the carelessness of some of the school children who seemed to be the only caretakers in the place. The water had not been cut off, but the river is very low in December, and it was covered with ice as well. The military commander at Batang, knowing the Doctor was away, sent eight men down to see if I was afraid while the fire was going on. They could not get into the compound, as the gate was barred, so they broke the gate down and asked if I was afraid. With my teeth chattering, I assured them that I was not, but the truth of the matter was that I was a good deal more afraid of them than of the Tibetans or of the fire either. However, I appreciated the courtesy and thanked them, even if they did break the gate down to protect us.

Every day we heard reports of the trouble in Shangchen, and any stranger who seemed a bit suspicious, or was reported to be from Shangchen, was shot at once. About ten were shot in one day, and two were

left lying in the streets, as a lesson to any stranger who might go by.

A story is connected with Shangchen which runs something like this: When General Chao was taking the country and himself occupying the larger town, he decided to send one of his majors to take Shangchen, as it was only a village. The major came within sight of the town, and not a soul was to be seen. The soldiers marched over the place, quartering themselves in the homes, killing what cattle they could find which the people had not driven away, and having a good time generally. They soon discovered that all the inhabitants and the priests had barred themselves inside the monastery, where they had plenty of grain and butter and dried meat. The Chinese commander aimed his guns against the doors and walls, but he might as well have thrown so many marbles, for he could make no impression on the solidly built mud walls, as hard as iron.

So he said, "All right, we will just wait a little; they will soon be starved out." But they did not starve out. He waited and waited, and the siege grew to six weeks. The soldiers' food was running low, and there was nothing to be had. He offered a reward and promotion to the man who would find the source of the stream of living water which flowed into the monastery through an underground passage. After a few days, a man found it, and cut off the water supply. Then the Tibetans knew they would have to surrender. They took their flag of truce to the top of the wall, and asked if the women and children might go out in safety. The general said, "Yes, open the gates." When the gates

were opened, every man, woman, and child that could be caught was killed. Some six hundred were put to the sword, while the lamasery was looted and destroyed, and to this day every Shangchen Tibetan hates a Chinaman.

About this time, the news came to us of the war in Europe, and the vast proportions it was assuming. We could hardly realize that such a war could occur in the world again. Then we heard that America was taking part, and Dr. Shelton offered his services through our consul at Chungking. He told him that if he ever was needed, he would send for him. It seemed to me that the only difference between war in China and war in Europe was that China was a bit more humane, and that there were fewer widows and orphans left. The spirit of anarchy was reaching us, and our mails were robbed. The Chinese attacked the Tibetans three times in one year, leaving them with scarcely anything to eat but dried turnip tops, roots, and various seeds. The Tibetans then argued that they would turn robber, as the Chinese had caught only one robber that year, and hung his head by the Yamen. The Tibetans thought that if they could get away with the goods, their families could live and perhaps only one out of twenty would be caught.

Almost every day there were two or three beggars at the door, and you felt ashamed that you had bread to eat, even if it was not white, when you saw these miserable beings, and especially their children. Almost every day, also, we heard more of the Shangchen rebel, a Chinese in command who rebelled against the government, and played havoc, indeed. A fine bridge over

A CARAVAN PREPARING TO CAMP FOR THE NIGHT

THE HOSPITAL AT BATANG

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DERGE. SHE IS A LHASSA WOMAN—NOTICE THE HEAD DRESS

PALACE OF DERGE, HOME OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DERGE

the Hokoe River had been built at General Chao's order by a German mining engineer, and we heard that this was entirely destroyed. The Doctor asked to be allowed to take another trip out in the country, but the official would not allow him to go, as there were too many robbers on every side, and nearly every day brought a report of someone being either killed or robbed. The spirit of unrest struck the women as well, and a Tibetan woman decided to run off with a Chinese. Her husband chased her, caught her, and bit off her nose.

During these days, Dr. Shelton got ready for a trip to Dergè. Bags and baggage and medicine boxes all had to be gotten ready, and an official escort asked for. Dergè is a province north of Batang valley, some five or six days' journey distant. It is noted for its beautiful inlaid work in gold and silver and steel and for its exquisite teapots of copper, brass, and white metal, all hand hammered. In it is the city of Beyü, where there is a large lamasery containing many hundreds of monks.

On reaching this city, the Doctor and his companions stopped to preach. The Doctor was always welcome, and always gladly received. One day, near this city, he shot a marmot. Now the Tibetans believe that these are lamas who for some reason or other have to be reborn as animals. When the marmots go into winter quarters, the Tibetans say they are meditating, and they never eat them. But the Doctor had his marmot made into a stew, and as one of the head men was making him a visit, he invited him to eat with him. He gave him some bread with the marmot meat on it,

which he ate with a great deal of relish, and then asked for more. Finally he said, "What is this?" The Tibetan teacher made all kinds of signs to Dr. Shelton, trying to tell him that he should not reveal what kind of meat it was, as he knew the superstition concerning it. But the Doctor frankly said, "It is marmot." The man looked a little queer, and then said, "Well, I have eaten some; I think I will have some more; it is pretty good," and held out his bowl, which was promptly filled.

While the Doctor was gone, our finest cow went mad, or at least seemed to. She nearly tore our house down, being in the lower, or stable part of the Tibetan house in which we lived. I had her taken and put in a barn somewhere else, but she plunged and fell, and no one could get near her. Finally I asked Mr. Ogden to shoot her. She was so nice and fat, and gave such good milk, it seemed a very great loss. But the Tibetans had no fear of what was the matter with her, and carried her home joyfully to eat. The Tibetan has no fear of ptomaine poisoning, for even when cattle die of the rinder-pest, they eat them. Sometimes the people suffer with great sores on their bodies from eating bad meat, but it never seems to keep them from doing it.

A few days later, the wife of one of our men came in and brought me a long darning needle which she said had been found in the stomach of the cow. She said it was the custom that when people wanted meat badly and could not afford to buy it, to take one of these long Chinese darning needles, put it in a ball of *tsamba,* and feed it to the cow. The cow does not

always die, as we found needles later in other cows that had not seemed to be in pain. But this poor old cow suffered intensely, and there was nothing else to do, even had I known what was the matter with her.

When the Doctor returned, he told at prayer meeting of his trip among the people, and how much he loved them. He also told how eager they were to come to him, and have him come to them, and how much he wished to do for them.

The city of Dergè was famous because it was the chief city in the province, and had been the residence of the Prince of Dergè and his wife. They had been deposed when General Chao conquered the land, and had been brought to Batang as prisoners of war, residing there for some years. They were great friends to us all, and we liked to see the wife of the Prince dressed in her Lassa head-dress of corals and strings of pearls, with gold and silver and jade bracelets on her arms. She wore charm boxes set with sapphires, turquoises, emeralds, and topaz, and her great earrings, held up in the head-dress, were almost too heavy to be worn in the ears. The Prince had no children, so his wife sent for a relative of hers to be the second wife, and raise him sons.

The Dergè prince and his wife were given a home by the Chinese in the city of Batang, and were allowed a certain amount of freedom. He was often invited to Chinese feasts, and the mission men went along, too. He hated the wine, which was always served in tiny cups, as much as the mission men did, so he usually carried a large handkerchief into which he emptied the wine, to keep from getting drunk. Later they went

back to Dergè—the prince, his two wives, and their two babies. But after the Tibetans took the country again from the Chinese, they were sent to Lassa for fear they would play again into the hands of the Chinese and surrender Dergè.

About this time, the first three full-blooded Tibetans were baptized. Two of them were Mr. Ogden's Tibetan teacher and his wife. The poor old man had made a hard fight over wine, his great temptation, but came off victor, and it was good to see his face. When he attended divine service, he always wore his hat, according to Tibetan custom, but when he prayed he removed it, a great token of courtesy.

In August of this year, Dr. Weigold, a German, came through Batang in search of insects, snakes, birds, and the like. He seemed to be much interested in all kinds of insects, worms, and skins, though he did not seem to know how to cure them very well. The Doctor had been up on the mountain and shot a deer, which we divided with the other missionary families. He and Dr. Weigold had seen many deer, and some bears, but up to this time had shot none. The builders were busy at the house, and the Doctor invited them all to a meal: the head carpenters, the head wall builder, and the head lumber man.

After a few years' residence in the high altitude of something over nine thousand feet, one is affected with sleeplessness. All the mission at times have suffered in this way. Dr. Shelton had also been troubled with sleeplessness at different times, so he took a trip to the mountains to get worn out physically as well as men-

tally and see if he could find rest. He shot two blue sheep on this trip.

Next we heard that four hundred of the Shangchen Tibetans were out as robbers, taking cattle and grain from the villagers, who were poor enough already, killing any Chinese they could find for their clothes or their guns, and robbing all the mail carriers and caravans. It has long been a custom with the Chinese merchants to pay the head robbers so much a year to let their caravans travel in safety. For some two hundred years the Chinese caravans have been going into Tibet, taking the brick tea, the blue cotton cloth, iron pans, silks and brocades, thread, matches, needles, and other commodities desired by the Tibetans and taking in exchange musk, wool, deer horns, and gold, which they took down into China. Here and there a Chinese married into a Tibetan home, and the Doctor found two or three who had even forgotten the Chinese language. Some had gone so far as to become priests, and had adopted Tibet as their very own, strange to say.

In spite of the superiority of the Chinese race so far as learning and touch with the world is concerned, they fail to impress any Chinese idea that is worth while on the Tibetan race. If they remain long in Tibet, they are absolutely swallowed up by Tibetan customs. They soon learn to eat the native food, even to their butter-tea, and become like the Tibetans. The Tibetan race Tibetanizes the Chinaman who makes Tibet his home. He learns to think, and feel, and act, and live as a Tibetan. This is a tribute to the persistence and individuality of the Tibetan. It is not so

with the transient Chinese visitors or officials. They refuse to learn the language, they scorn the Tibetans as something like dogs, drive them, beat them, oppress them, and when they can leave, they are glad to get away. All this adds to the Tibetan hatred of the Chinese. However, if China would send to Tibet good men, who were just, and who would help the people, the Tibetans would welcome the Chinese rule. But it took over one thousand years to bring the race of buccaneers who were our ancestors to something like the semblance of Christianity which today rules in England. With only one hundred years of teaching to her credit, China is making rapid strides, and in one thousand years from now may dominate the universe.

Chapter IX

TIBET AS A DOCTOR SAW IT

TIBETAN TREATMENT OF DISEASE. PATIENTS THAT WERE BROUGHT TO DR. SHELTON

If there is hard work, he is there; if there is worship, he must be there. Happy is the place where resides the man who is not afraid of his share.

—Tibetan Proverb.

Perhaps there is no people on the globe who know so much about the construction of the human body as the Tibetans, and yet who have so little medical knowledge or so few remedies. The facts about anatomy are learned from one of their modes of burial, the body being dissected and fed to the birds. In Tibet illness of all kinds is believed to be the work of devils, or demons, and to exorcise them it is necessary to have a holy man, so at the first symptom of approaching sickness those who can afford it send for a lama to read prayers over them.

A firm belief in the fact that his enemy can pray him to death is inherent in every Tibetan, and often all a man has to do who has a grudge against another is to send his enemy word that he is praying daily for his special guardian idol to kill him; and this fact, coupled with the fear of the idol, usually accomplishes his purpose.

Butter is a universal remedy and is used for everything. Another favorite medicine is pills made of the prayer, "Om mani padme hum," written on tiny pieces of paper and rolled up to be swallowed. They also use pills made from a holy man's urine mixed with clay. Of course, when a man is ill he sends for the lamas, and with chanting, with the holy books, the ringing of bells, and the blowing of horns, with plenty to eat, and a rupee a day for the lama, the devils are supposed to be driven out. It is not supposed to be good for a sick man to sleep, so someone sits by the bedside and with cold water, or pinching, or blows, he is kept awake. A cross made of charcoal on the outside of the throat was supposed to be a cure for being sick at the stomach. Hair combings were tied around the ankle to cure a blistered heel. A holy book was placed on the head to cure a headache or on the stomach to relieve pain there.

Many of the cases that came to the Doctor lived, because he worked with a knife in his hand and a prayer in his heart, and among ourselves, when he had done all he could, we knew that prayer had done the rest.

The Chinese medicine, too, is very wonderful in many things. The following is a prescription given to the Doctor by a Chinese doctor. Just what it is supposed to do, I do not know. These are the ingredients which went to make up the prescription, in varying proportions: (1) Deer's horns. (2) Ginseng. (3) Armadillo. (4) Red mushroom. (5) Digitalis boiled in human urine. (6) Digitalis leaves, raw. (7) Sweet root. (8) A long root of grass. (9) Bleeding heart. (10) Mushroom. (11) Slippery elm bark. (12)

Keel. (13) Cloves. (14) Aconite. (15) Black rocks, a pair, one male, one female. (16) Sea horses, one pair. (17) Pepper grains. (18) Red dragon flies. (19) Sparrow brains. (20) Silkworm flies. (21) Yellow poppy seeds. (22) Mustard seed. (23) Copperas. (24) Persimmon bark. (25) Asafœtida. (26) Licorice.

Perhaps the sacredness in which the Chinese hold the human body has limited their power in medicine to a great degree. A story is told that one day a general who was shot in the stomach with an arrow, the barb being inside of the skin; he called a physician, and told him to take it away. The man proceeded carefully to saw off the shaft next the skin on the outside, to tie up the wound, and say he was finished. The general protested, saying, "I want the arrow taken out." The doctor politely answered, "I work only on the outside, and not on the inside of a man."

Another case we knew about was a woman with indigestion. She said her rice wouldn't go down, that it stuck in her throat. The Chinese doctor said, "I will fix that." He got a short piece of bamboo, and proceeded to jam the rice down, but in so doing the bamboo broke, and a sharp splinter went through the neck of the woman and killed her.

Another case was one of worms. All the natives in China are troubled with these pests, and in a little village where we were, a child was so full, he threw them up, so the mother proceeded to catch one, and fry it and feed it to him, as a warning to the rest of them to hurry and get out, or the same thing would happen to them!

A Tibetan girl of thirteen was on the mountain watching the cows. The robbers came, and she refused to run away, so they gave her leg a gash with a sword. Her people found her and, to stop the bleeding, plastered the cut full of cowdung. She was brought to the dispensary. If she had been brought in the first place the healing would have been a simple matter, with clean washing and bandages; but it was quite another question to cleanse the wound then and heal it without inflammation.

On one of the little mountain trips the Doctor was called in to see an old woman of seventy. He found her in a barn, sitting in the filth of ages which just cannot be described. She had been upon the mountain after wood, and had fallen and broken her thigh. The leg lay at an angle of thirty degrees, the bone sticking entirely out through the flesh. As the leg had been like this for several days, it was horribly swollen, and the smell frightful. It was impossible to effect a cure; the Doctor could only wash and cleanse it, leave a bit of salve for alleviating pain, and go on.

One morning about ten o'clock a man came to the dispensary saying his two-year-old baby had fallen into the fire the evening before and his limbs were burned badly, and would the Doctor go; the child was hurt so they could not carry him on their backs down the mountain. Medicine and bandages and necessary instruments were thrown into saddle-bags, some food gotten together quickly, a bed strapped behind the far saddle, and the men were off up the steep mountain to remain the night and relieve that tiny baby's suffering. It had been burned now almost twenty-four hours, with

no help at all, and nothing whatever to help ease the pain; and even a little burn hurts so badly. They found the baby burned down the front of both little legs and a bit across the abdomen. He was soon well enough to be carried down the mountain to the dispensary to have the burns dressed.

One morning a lama, called a living Buddha, came and asked the foreign doctor to ride to a village a day's journey away, over a near-by mountain, where a mud house had fallen and some people were hurt. No white man or Chinese had been in that wild place before, and going seemed hazardous. They asked that only one foreigner come, and perforce the Doctor was the one to go. A native evangelist, two soldiers, and the lama made the rest of the crowd; and when they came to the first village they stopped for breakfast. At first the people were frightened nearly out of their wits, but when they found nothing was going to harm them they brought the best they had for the travelers, setting butter, tea, *tsamba,* and a kind of sour milk-cheese before them. Poor as these people were, they gave the big lama a *catta* (a scarf of loosely-woven silk) and three rupees for his blessing. Soon they were in the saddle and traveling onward again, and arrived about five o'clock at the village. They found six had been killed and three hurt by the falling of the heavy mud walls. When Dr. Shelton started to see the man who was hurt so badly, they wouldn't allow him to be seen, but made excuses of all kinds and were afraid, even after sending a day's journey for help. The foreign doctor turned away and said, all right; he didn't

want to visit anybody unless he was wanted. Then they begged him to wait until the next day.

He agreed and went to the shed on top of the house to sleep, and was awakened by mud and water falling on the bed, as it was raining. The big lama was awakened, too, and the two began talking. He asked Dr. Shelton why he did such things for people and got no money for it, and why he left America, and what he wanted to come to their country for, anyway. That was the opportunity, and he was told why and for what reason and for whose sake, and how it was made possible by the followers of the Nazarene at home, who for His dear sake gave that the Tibetans might know. The lama listened and said, "That is just like our religion, only we don't do it."

The next morning in a thick fog the people came for the foreigner to see the man. He found him lying on a pile of filthy sheep-skins, both legs and arms broken. They had been broken for eight days before his coming. An effort had been made to set the bones by putting on very small splints and wrapping them as tightly as could be, pulled around and around with a narrow rawhide string of yak hide, with some of the hair still clinging to it. Some of the bones had been replaced fairly well, and one arm was tied to the ceiling. All were compound fractures. Chloroform was given and the wrappings removed. The swelling was fearful, and the pus flew in every direction. The stench was dreadful. After the man had recovered from the effects of the chloroform, he said he felt better. Then Dr. Shelton asked why he would not see him as soon as he arrived. "Oh," he said, "I had heard that for-

eigners slit the flesh with knives and rub the medicine into the cut." They also believe that a stranger coming off the road is covered with devils, and if he came at once into the presence of a sick person the devils would all pounce upon him and kill him.

The next morning the hands and feet were better and the swelling had gone down some, but the poor fellow was covered with lice and had rheumatism, and there was little hope that he could recover. They asked the foreign man to come again, and he replied he would return whenever he was wanted; but in three or four days a messenger came, saying the man was dead and returning the medicine that had not been used.

Perhaps for pure, concentrated suffering the following incident will suffice:

There was a Tibetan woman who brought milk to the mission every day. True, it had a layer of dirt in the bottom and was never guilty of any cream on top, and had always to be boiled. Perhaps it was diluted with water and bean curd, and was a mixture of goat and yak milk. It was rather white; but it was called cream and used as such. For two mornings the woman failed to come. About noon of the second day her sister came and said her house had fallen down and they had all been burned. The place was two or three miles distant, so we took a sedan-chair for the baby and me, while Mr. Ogden and Dr. Shelton walked, carrying their guns, thinking they might shoot a pheasant for supper. It was a beautiful day and quite a rest to get away from the filth and stench of the city. When we came near the house the chair was put down, and we all walked up the mountain a little way to

where the people lived. It is impossible to find words to picture the awful misery and suffering that we saw.

The house was built on the hillside, of stone with mud mortar. The floor was made of round poles about the size of a man's arm, laid on some kind of cross-pieces. On these poles a few skins were laid, and this was the bed of the family, for they slept on that corduroy floor. In one corner was a pile of dirt and three or four stones, and on these had been placed a big, flat, iron pan of boiling water. In some way the floor had fallen in, taking all of them with it, as well as the hot water. The goats and yak were kept in the basement of the building. Filth had accumulated for years, for the idea of cleaning a barn had not yet occurred to these Tibetans. For forty-eight hours those burned people had been sitting on the ground in agony which cannot be told. They had no relief whatever—no vaseline, no oil, not even a clean rag with which to bind the burns. Beside the woman on the ground was the iron pan with water and cornmeal, and some kind of a green vegetable stirred in it. This was all the food they had. Mr. Ogden had brought some bread and meat, which we laid down by them, and Dr. Shelton began to look at their burns.

A boy of ten was burned from the knee halfway to the thigh, the great blisters standing out on his legs. A little boy of seven or eight had escaped entirely; the baby, a little girl of four, had been burned to death. The poor mother cried and said how pretty she was. The man was able to walk, but his leg was badly burned, and he had a great gash in his head. The woman was burned from below her knee to her thigh.

There were great blisters as big as the palm of her hand on her leg, and the flesh seemed almost ready to drop off. She sat on the ground moaning and almost helpless. The men forgot their guns and began to work.

The little boy was frightened when the Doctor took his instruments to open the blisters, being very much afraid of the glistening lances. As the Doctor had taken only a small box of vaseline, he could do nothing for the boy or the woman there. So she was sent on in the chair to the dispensary, while Baby and I walked home. Mr. Ogden with a few dried leaves and stems had made a fire and got some hot water. There was just enough vaseline and bandages to dress the man's leg and head, and he and the little unburned boy were left. But how to get the other boy to town was a question. He could not be carried on anyone's back, so Mr. Ogden and Dr. Shelton made a stretcher of sheepskins and two poles, set him upon that and, one in front and one behind, they carried him in. These poor people were taken care of, fed, and treated until they were able to take care of themselves.

One day a woman came to the dispensary saying her stomach was full of pus, and that a Tibetan had made a hole in it with an iron rod to let it out. She had the hole over the stomach, and the odor was frightful. It had been done about one month before, but when she was told a knife or probe must be used to see where the opening went, and how deep it was, she refused to have it done, left the dispensary, and invited a lot of lamas to read prayers for her.

A little child ten or eleven years old who had been

begging on the streets for some days was found lying on the stones and in a dying condition. Dozens of men and women passing and repassing never seemed even to pity, let alone aid. The child was taken to the dispensary, cleaned, and fed, but died that night. Next day it was buried by the mission. "Unto one of these little ones." How people can be born, live, suffer, and die with no medical help to ease pain is a difficult thing for one to understand in such a country as this, where the ground is kept clean, the water is looked after, the food is carefully examined, teeth are cared for, and all pain is stopped as soon as may be by the latest scientific methods and the keenest brains to use them. Try to imagine a land and people where these things are all lacking. The Chinese have many drugs which they use in a somewhat skillful way, and many physicians with a sort of medical skill, who demand high prices for their services, very few doing charity work among the poor. And heretofore the Chinese have always had the solace of opium in severe pain. The Tibetans have no medical science at all, and only a blind trust in their holy men to help them in and through all ills.

There is no nation perhaps so full of religion as Tibet. It is everywhere: strung on prayer flags, across and across the mountains from tree to tree, on top of the passes, on long poles, in great skin cylinders turned by water-power, in metal prayer-wheels whirled in the hand, or carved on miles and miles of stones along the roads. Religion is everywhere, on everything, in everything. It is in the people as they make their pilgrimage to Lassa and home again; as they wall themselves in stone huts, away from the sunlight, for years

and years to meditate and pray; going over snow mountains, through valleys, in cold and in heat on their stomachs to the holy city, taking years to accomplish their pilgrimage, to be holy men in the end. The land is full of lamas, hundreds, thousands of them; praying always, but leading obscene lives—religion-surfeited.

It is a religion of self, for self, enduring pain and hardship, solitary confinement, muttering millions of prayers for the exaltation of self, while those who must serve these holy ones live in hopeless poverty. These priests pitilessly demand money and food when they must have help. It is a religion of husks. Ours is, too, sometimes—isn't it?—when we forget the compassionate heart of the great Master and dream of self and rest, self-satisfied in our own goodness as we compare ourselves to our fellows. But look once, just once, at Him when He was tired, weary, dust-stained, and with a heart aching over a world that would not see, and stand one moment before the bar of self and with bowed head and humbled heart ask if we are many times less selfish or more compassionate than these "holy" priests of Tibet.

Religion cannot be thrust upon a Tibetan. If he thought that was what was happening when he comes for medicine and sympathy, he would certainly turn and have some very important affairs to see to at once. The Chinese are reached more easily, perhaps, than the Tibetans; at least they usually come first for medicine.

Someone is pounding on the mission gate, is in a desperate hurry and wants help at once. Two men have had a quarrel and the one worsted has rushed home, taken a drink of opium mixed with wine and

come back to die on his enemy's doorstep. In despair, as he believes if the man dies on his step the soul will return to haunt him, besides his having to pay the funeral expenses, he runs to the foreign doctor for help. The missionary goes, but has used only a small hypodermic syringe, or "water-gun," while the patient is being held, and the man desperately cries, "Is that all you are going to do?" "Wait and see," is the answer, and soon that isn't all that is being done by any means. The man quickly recovers and the foreigner has gained a victory and his reputation is started.

Perhaps the first thing of any importance that brought a knowledge of the use of foreign medicine to the Tibetans was the slight operation on the hand of a big lama belonging to one of the lamaseries in Tachienlu. The big fellow and two or three of his followers came one morning to the house, saying he had thrust a needle into his hand and broken it off in the fleshy part just below the thumb and couldn't get it out. He was told that the flesh would have to be cut and small tweezers used to draw the broken piece out. "Yes, but it will hurt," the big fat lama objected. "No," the doctor said, "it will not. I'll put some medicine on with this needle and that will hurt a little, but you can stand that, can't you?" He thought he could, so the hand was deadened with cocaine, the knife thrust in and the needle quickly extracted. While the lama's eyes grew bigger and bigger and those standing around groaned and asked if it didn't hurt, he said, "No, it didn't, but just look at the blood." This simple operation drove another small missionary wedge into this land in the shape of a needle.

One morning a man came into the little courtyard in Tachienlu asking for medicine or the use of a knife for his master, who was with him and who was ill. He was invited to bring his master and come to the house. Upon examination it was found that there were some scrofulous glands that needed the surgeon's knife. But the instruments were gone; Johnny had taken the boxes of drugs and instruments and gone on ahead of the missionaries to Batang. The operation was impossible, and the man had come one month's journey from the south for help. What was to be done? The man decided for himself to follow the missionary for eighteen days more on to Batang to have those glands removed.

A few days after reaching Batang the man was there, too, and wanted his work done. The chloroform and necessary instruments and medicines were unpacked; a door taken down and used as a table was placed in the upstairs courtyard. The man was placed upon it where everyone could see, so they would know that the foreigner had no secret magical power, no dreadful medicine to conjure with or devils to aid him, and the operation was done. Then twenty-five days to his home the man had still to go, but he returned happy. This was the first operation in Batang and the entering wedge had grown a bit larger.

Not so many days after getting to Batang and opening the little mud dispensary and putting the beds up in the inn, a big red card came from the Chinese official asking Dr. Shelton to come to the yamen, as he wished to see him about a small affair. Seizing his hat, with some uneasiness he went to the house of the

official. The official received him most graciously, gave him the chair of honor, and insisted on filling his teacup several times. Then he asked after the health of both families for several generations back, until finally, squirming around, Dr. Shelton said, "You sent for me; what was it you wanted me to do?" "Oh," said the official, "there's a Tibetan down here that's hurt a little. A rock fell and struck his head. I'd like to have you go down and fix him up." "All right," replied the Doctor; and after another siege of Oriental bowing and scraping he went to find the injured man. Going by the dispensary, he got a washpan, hot water, bandages, and instruments for fixing a scalp wound. He went to the Tibetan house and found the poor fellow on a pile of straw and manure, where he had been carried and laid about two hours before.

The Doctor found that, instead of it being a scalp wound, the skull was crushed and the brains were oozing from the wound. He dropped the instrument on the ground and went back to the official faster than he went the first time. After gaining admittance he marched up to him and said: "I can't operate on that man. I dare not. He will die if I do, and I'm not going to touch him." "Well, but you must do something. Can't you do anything for him?" objected the official. "Yes, I can; but I don't want to, for if he died under the foreigner's knife it might mean the lives of us all." "Well," replied the mandarin, "you go on, and I'll stand back of you, whatever the result may be." So back went the Doctor in great fear, to do what he knew he ought to do to save the life of this man.

It seemed that so much depended on the success of the first surgical work, perhaps the lives of the foreigners there, the stability and possibility of a Tibetan mission. It seemed a pity to destroy all the work and hope of years that had gone before with a stroke or two of the surgeon's knife; but it must be done, and with shut teeth and a passionate prayer for help he went to work. The poor fellow was lifted and placed on a door and carried into a Tibetan house. A sheet was taken and stretched up to keep the dirt from falling on him as the doctor worked. He began washing and shaving dirty, lousy, tangled, buttered hair. Then twelve pieces of bone were taken out, and the wound was closed over and bandaged. The poor fellow was just about used up when he came out from under the anæsthetic.

Dr. Shelton came home with a set face and said, "The man will be dead in the morning. I did the best I could, but I don't see how he can possibly live." We felt pretty downhearted that night and fearful of what the morrow would bring. After breakfast he went to see his patient, and the chap tried to raise up off his straw bed to thank him! With a face perfectly blank with surprise, and yet in which awe and thankfulness were mingled, he returned and said: "Well, I did the best I could; but by all the knowledge of medicine I possess, that man should have been dead this morning. The Lord has healed him." There was no other explanation for it. In a month the fellow was ready to walk home, one hundred miles, and he left the city.

One day some three or four months later, as Dr. Shelton was coming to dinner from the dispensary,

he saw two old people—about fifty or sixty years of age, perhaps—coming towards him; and as they approached, down both went on their knees, bumping their heads on the ground. He asked: "What is the matter? What do you want? Get up; we don't allow that." They arose and took a few steps, and down they went once more, kotowing and pounding the ground with their foreheads. Again he told them to get up, and asked again what it was they wanted. Then they said: "Do you remember that man whose head was caved in? Well, he is our son, and we have come to thank you for saving his life." They did not know that the foreign doctor had had little to do with that; but as they had never heard the name of Jesus, they could only think it was the foreigner.

Being too poor to hire a horse, those two old people had come about one hundred miles on foot, about five or six days' journey, to thank this man for saving their son. Out of his dirty sheepskin gown the man pulled a chicken, a wad of butter, and some eggs as pay for this medical service. The money value wasn't much, but the heartfelt gratitude couldn't be measured in silver and gold. Lives wasted among these people? Ah, no; for in the Master's service there is always compensation that is infinitely more of value than gold or precious stones.

Chapter X

MISSIONARIES TURN BUILDERS

SUITABLE HOSPITAL AND DWELLING HOUSES ERECTED. CHARACTER SKETCHES

"Happiness is like rabbits' horns, scarce and hard to find. Sorrow, like the rings of an antelope's horns, can be found without hunting."

—Tibetan Proverb.

Building is rather a difficult proposition in the land of Tibet. There is no finished material, and one must get the raw material and patiently prepare it. The first decision of the mission was to build brick houses and hospitals. During our first stay in Batang, Chinese brickmakers were employed, several thousand brick burned, and a little lumber bought and laid aside to season for the inside work.

Then Dr. Shelton went home on furlough, and in the meantime, China decided to become a republic, war came on, and all the missionaries had to leave the station. On their return, they found some of the brick had been stolen, and after further study, decided that it would be best to use mud for the walls, as the Tibetans did, because the houses were to be examples and models for better homes. If they were put up with some impossible and expensive material which the

natives knew nothing about, or could not buy, they would furnish no incentive for better native building. Besides, the use of mud was a more economical proposition.

The Doctor had never built anything before, but it had to be done. The brick he had burned was on hand and would do for walks, chimneys, porch posts, and other purposes whenever needed. The first task was to get the lumber. The mountains around Batang were at one time covered with beautiful timber, but in order to get the wood for fuel, without the labor of cutting it, the wood choppers set the mountains on fire, and they burned for days. Then they picked up the charred and broken timber without having to chop it down, and carried it home. So no timber fit for building purposes could be had nearer than about fifteen miles from home. Men had to be hired, their food purchased, wages settled, and then these workmen taken to a camp in the forest. They cut the upright trees, then peeled them, and after enough were cut, slid them into the river to be carried to Batang. There the men, barefooted in the ice-cold water, watched for the logs, fished them out on shore, and carried them over on the hill to the carpenters.

One funny old Chinese was the head carpenter, and had with him his two half-caste sons. He had learned his trade as a youth in China, but had dwelt many years in Batang, and had taught the Tibetans how to build. Sometimes he did more harm than good, for he was very slow and deliberate, and the sons could not do anything unless they asked him, although they knew as much about the work as he did. But he was

old, and after the Chinese custom, they gave the old man the preference every time, in every way. He was always forgiven for his scoldings and his sons never lost patience with him. They took such good care of him that every day he had a bowl of melted butter and honey to drink.

Many times Doctor took his bed on his mule, his food in his saddle bags, and his medicine boxes, and went to spend the night in camp, to see how the work was progressing. It would have been slow enough at best, for these people always have plenty of time. There is always a to-morrow, and hurry seems to have been left out of the Oriental when he was created.

We were much excited over the prospect of new houses, for when it rained, the yellow mud from the roofs of the native houses melted and ran down the walls and through the ceilings on to the beds and tables and floors. We disliked the rats that ran around at night and bit the babies' toes and nibbled the Doctor's hair. One night we borrowed a cat, though it is very difficult to get a tame one in that country, and next morning we found the tail of the chief rat under the bed, so he was finished, if his entire family wasn't.

One night Doctor was among the lumbermen, and as he sat talking with them, they said: "To-morrow we will show you the tree for your 'God's house.' It is the tallest, and biggest, and most perfect in all the forest." Strange they thought of giving the best tree to the temple; and, sure enough, the next day they showed it to him. It was tall, straight, and majestic, a fitting part of a house of God. It was full fifty feet without a flaw, and almost of uniform size to

that height. For two long years the men cut and measured and hammered and sawed, building the inside frame and the doors and window frames, while the wall builders built their scaffold of boards and ropes and poles, carrying the dirt and water on the women's backs. This they poured between the boards, while the beaters pounded it, singing always to the rhythm of "Om mani," the universal prayer of Tibet. Lime had to be burned and cement made, as the lower story of each building was floored with cement. All the roofing, glass, paint, door-knobs, hinges, putty, screws, and whatever else goes to make a house which could not been found in China, had been taken out from America.

There are just a very few signs of civilization which have preceded the missionaries to Batang. One is the Standard Oil tin; another is the cigarette; and once in a while there is brought over the mountains a sardine tin, or a can of pork and beans.

The houses were all finished at last, and we moved in. How clean and sweet they did smell, the first houses to be occupied by us in which hundreds of people had not lived before us! Then into the hospital went the new beds, with covers and pillows and springs. This was the first hospital in all Tibet! We felt that the sick would all be delighted to lie on springs instead of a hard board, but often the Doctor would find the patient on the floor instead of on the bed. He had always slept on a board with a stone for a pillow, and he felt that because the bed wiggled it was not solid!

But what a relief to have a place to take sick folks

and care for them properly! Now that the building was done, the Doctor was not tied so tightly at home, and went traveling more. He was always looking for a place where a new station might be started when we had men to place there. Cases sometimes came in "showers," as they used to do in Tachienlu, only here there were more often knife cases. At one time there were three thus injured at the same time. One was wounded in the back, and the knife thrust clear into the lungs. This man, as he got better, took walks among the Chinese graves, and looked like the man in the New Testament, who "wandered among the tombs." One, wounded in the knee, was the most serious case—a direct thrust just above the knee cap. The third was wounded in the abdomen. This man was brought in in the evening, and had to be attended to at once, so our teacher went to hold the lamp. He came back in about an hour with the sweat rolling off his face, and said, "The Doctor has unraveled that man and put him all back together again." He got well, in spite of the "unraveling."

The teacher's baby girl died, and we wished to have a funeral and put her body in a little coffin. He was willing, but his wife and mother were not. "No," they said, "she must be thrown into the river, that she may be quickly and utterly destroyed, and quickly reborn"; and it was done.

A few years later, this man's grandson died, and when he came back to work again, he said, "We put him in a coffin and all his best clothes were on him, and he looked very nice, as if he was asleep, just as you foreigners do." So the leaven worketh.

Every year at Christmas time, it has been the custom of the mission and the native church to give a meal to the poor and to the beggars, after preaching and singing in a short service, and something over two hundred hear a sermon and get filled up. Many days before they would come, asking, "Isn't it about the birthday of your Jesus, when you feed the poor and hungry in His name?"

There was one old beggar woman in Batang who didn't have a tooth. Her hair was in gray, twisted mats, she wore a few wisps of clothing, and carried her beggar staff. She always met the Doctor with a broad smile. He asked her one day how old she was, and she said, "A hundred and twenty." After that he always called her "Jädä Nēhü," which is a hundred and twenty in Tibetan. This greatly amused her, and after she received her coin, she folded her hands in thanks, and called him her "precious jewel." There is love even in a beggar's greeting, if you have love with which to awaken it.

Another interesting character was a queer old man whose face looked like a moon. He lived at one of the mills, and always came to the Christmas dinner. He had a rim of whiskers around his chin, reaching from ear to ear. He had a smile for everybody, and we were all grieved when we heard that the old man was dead. A strange thing happened in connection with his death. A superstition often repeated becomes a custom which dare not be broken. There is one that during the buckwheat harvest no corpse shall be thrown into the river, because the gods will be angry and open the heavens and throw out the hail. They would

have to open the heavens to let the spirit in, so of course the hail would fall out, and the buckwheat would all be shattered and lost. Because of this strange superstition, the old man's body was buried under the dirt floor of his little hut until the harvest should be completed. What had been done was discovered by one of the missionaries who made a call in the house and asked what the stench could be. However, no one dared do anything with the corpse until every grain of the buckwheat was harvested.

A leper came to church many Sundays. He had heard that Jesus healed such as he. After a time he could come no longer, but the little church tenderly cared for him until he died—and then I wonder if he found why men could not heal him, and if all was made plain.

"No-legged Joe" was another Christian belonging to the Church militant—both legs had been frozen, and were amputated by the Doctor halfway between the knee and the ankle. He walked on his knees, and was one of the trusted rug makers. Everywhere he preached, and did not understand why everyone shouldn't believe so good a thing as the story of Christ.

A blind man and his Tibetan wife came into the church. One night he dreamed that their old rock stove-place fell down, and was built up new. He interpreted it to mean that the old religion would be destroyed and a new one put in its place.

The Tibetans have many pretty songs, and to the tunes they improvise many of their own words. The gamut of the scale is usually about five notes, but the

music sounds very well indeed. One of their songs has this meaning:

"Over the mountains from the east
Has the foreigner come.
Whether for good or ill,
We must wait and see."

Chapter XI

TRAVELING AMONG ROBBER TRIBES

UPRISING OF CHINESE SOLDIERS. DR. SHELTON MAKES TWO JOURNEYS INTO THE LAND OF ROBBERS

"Man's ability either great or small comes not by worry; his life, whether long or short, is not measured by a rule."
—Tibetan Proverb.

The Batang valley is probably the best valley and the most fertile between Tachienlu and Lassa. Every year two crops are raised in the fields. There is very little rain, and nine months are usually absolutely dry. Everything is grown by irrigation. All through the year manure and tramped straw are piled in the lower part of the two-story Tibetan houses, ready for the planting of the wheat. The fields are plowed and sowed with wheat or barley about in January. Long ago, the sowing of the wheat could not be done until the master of the ruling house had first planted his field. Before the seed is put in, this manure and filth are dug from the houses, carried in baskets on the women's backs, and dumped on the fields. This seems to be a great "cleaning up" time. At least a great deal of filth is carried from the homes.

The wheat and barley are usually harvested in July. They are cut with a hand sickle, and carried in on the

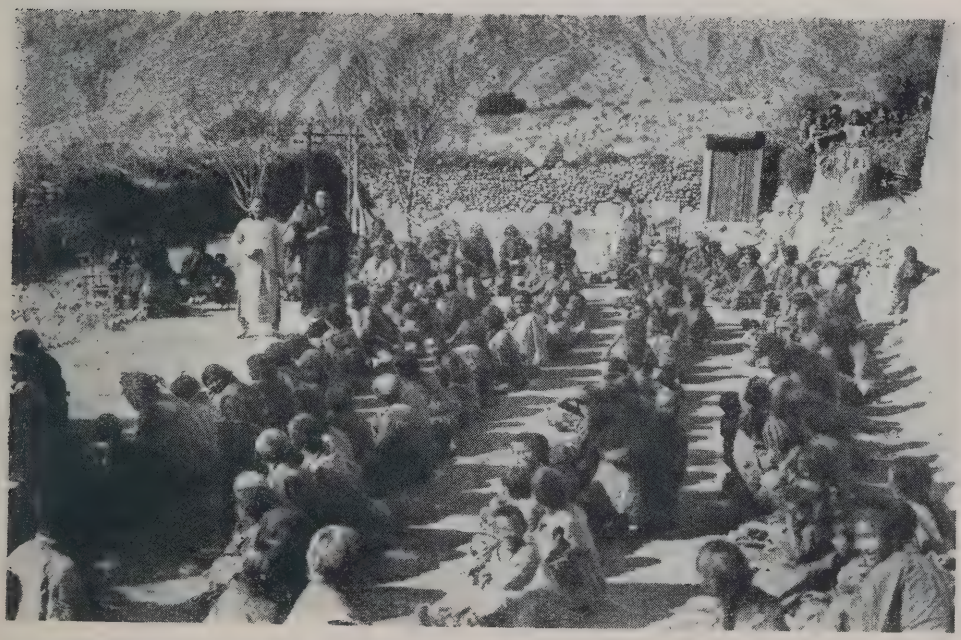
women's backs or by donkeys. The grain is put on the tops of the houses, and the flat mud roof is used for the threshing floor. It sounds very pretty in the afternoons as all over the city the people are beating with the flails, and singing, "O, Mani, Padme Ore."

The buckwheat harvest comes in October, and the valley is very attractive with the flowers of pink or green, as the lamas happened to have cast lots and told the people which kind to plant, whether the sweet or the bitter. The sweet were all pink fields, and the bitter were yellowish green. A certain amount must be paid to the Chinese official for taxes; another share is due the priests, and some must go for debt before the people have their store for the winter. They often have little left, but manage to live through.

At New Year's time the Tibetans keep the celebration much after the Chinese order, with feasting and drinking and gambling, while the children play with the paper dragon. The people bring a *catta,* and wish you many happy returns of the day. This is a long, white scarf. The short ones are about a foot long, of thin silk, stiffened with starch. The longer ones, five or six feet long, come from the higher officials. They bring the *catta* to you and place it around your neck as they wish you a happy New Year. The Chinese children, or the half-castes, come in to "worship the year" with you, and to get a copper coin.

As time went on, conditions grew worse and worse. The poor mail carriers between Batang and Litang had to travel at night, and it took the caravans months to get through. At this time we had rather an exciting experience, though the excitement did not last long,

DR. SHELTON AND THE HIGH PRIEST IN BATANG



MISSIONARIES FEEDING THE BEGGARS OF BATANG
AT CHRISTMAS

DR. SHELTON ON THE ROAD. HIS CARAVAN IN A HIMALAYAN PASS

and we knew nothing about it until it was all over, for we had slept peacefully through it all! The soldiers had had no pay for over a year, and the General being absent in Tachienlu for some months, they planned to kill the city official, have the military man in charge take possession of the yamen (Chinese city official residence), loot and burn as they pleased, take the town, rob the shops of the merchants, and also rob the foreigners if they felt so disposed. As we were so far from the center of authority, no help could have come that would have been of any avail. It had all been planned to happen at three o'clock in the morning, but the official found it out at nine o'clock the evening before and got busy. Six of the plotters were arrested, two shot, four flogged, and some held as prisoners. From all the country round came the news that in every station where there was a garrison of soldiers, they were rebelling against the Government because they had had no pay for so long a time.

It is harder to keep the Chinese soldiers under control than it is to govern the Tibetans. A few days later, two more Chinese soldiers were killed at Batang, and fourteen beheaded at Litang. The city official finally went out and collected all the money he could from the merchants and from the Tibetans, and paid it to the soldiers. He told them that the General was coming, bringing loads of rice, clothing, and money.

General Lu came in from Tachienlu bringing a Chinese wife whom he had bought. His Tibetan wife, who had been the wife of another official, and whom he had forced to marry him, had heard he was coming with a Chinese wife, and in great anger had moved

out of the yamen. She declared she would never live with him again, but, poor thing, she found herself helpless. As the General came, bringing his Chinese wife, a little girl of about fourteen, everybody went to meet them except the Tibetan wife. This General Lu of course had a wife in his ancestral home, beside this Tibetan wife, and now had bought him another Chinese wife. He and Dr. Shelton were great friends. He often came to our house for meals, and I would chide him for having three wives. The Doctor would tell him that one was all he could stand, but the General declared he was a perfectly good American—that he was a Mormon!

The political unrest was not all on the Tibetan border. The unrest was all over China, and it still continues. The North wants one thing, the South another, and the province of Yunnan has just made herself into a state, coining her own money and stamps. A legend is told of an old temple in China in whose courtyard grows an old tree, perhaps two thousand years old. In the olden times, when a new emperor was to rule, a branch sprang from the tree and proceeded to grow, beginning to wither as his power decreased and the end of his reign grew near. When the Empress Dowager and her son (so-called) ruled, two branches sprang from this tree, withering when they died. When the Little Emperor was dethroned, and could not rule, the little branch on the tree, representing him, ceased to grow. Now the priests say there are two great limbs beginning to grow, meaning that China is to be divided into two parts, with a great ruler over each.

The Doctor soon prepared for another trip. He and

the teacher decided to travel up in the mountains among the robber tribes. The teacher's wife came from one of the robber tribes, for it was the custom that when one member of a Tibetan family was a merchant and his wife could be taken from the robber tribes, they would not rob his caravan as he went about Tibet, since they were kin. The two men went over roads so narrow that the mule could hardly keep her footing. In one place, the loads all had to be removed and carried by men and women, while they assisted the mule by one holding the bridle and another the tail to keep her from rolling over the precipice.

They returned from their fine journey as brown as could be. Usually when the Doctor came back from a journey, his face would be burned with the sun, and his lips cracked with the cold, so on one journey, a little fiercer than the others, his men told him to stop washing—that they never washed, but just used butter, which keeps the skin smooth. On this journey among the robbers, the people had seen no foreign man before, and were afraid of him and the pictures and the tracts, but were soon reassured when they found he had medicine, and could speak their language. He found one woman living with five husbands, and another with eight. As these robbers had been making trouble for the Chinese, they asked Dr. Shelton to act as middleman between the Chinese official and the robbers of Sä-gnen. It is rather difficult for the Chinese to deal with the people, as they know nothing of the language, and an interpreter must always be employed, who translates as he likes.

Through one of these interpreters our teacher came

near losing his life. They called him up to the yamen and the official asked him to pay his taxes in advance. Through an interpreter of course he said he would do so, but asked for a few days to get the money, as they have little ready cash. For some reason the interpreter told the official that he refused to pay. The official grabbed a gun, pointed it at him, and pulled the trigger. Some of his men threw up the barrel and the bullet went through the roof, but the teacher was beaten and thrown into prison for some days.

The Doctor was home only a few days when he was off on another journey. He took Li Guay Guang with him this time. This was the little boy we had taken in Tachienlu. He had developed into a fine evangelist, and did some splendid preaching on this journey to Jangka. The Doctor found that his middleman affair between the Batang official and Sä-gnen robbers was about to be settled, and the official told him he might go into the district again.

There is a strange thing about the Tibetans' thought of religion. They do not want a religion that is mild and gentle and loving; they want a gospel so big with power that they can demand justice from the Chinese and control them in every way. This time of the year was the Chinese Moon Cake Festival, and the children said it was safe to go out of doors to play at night, for there were no ghosts on earth, Heaven was opened wide, and they had all gone up to drink tea!

We wondered how the men were getting along in the robber land. The soldiers did not come back and bring us a letter, and we had had no word, but in a day or two they arrived. The Doctor had had a won-

derful trip, for it was on this journey that he had shot the superstitious lama's charm box all to pieces, and with it the poor little goat which was supposed to be protected by its wonderful power, but that story readers of "Pioneering in Tibet" already know. It must be a difficult thing to have all your faith knocked out of you by a bullet, and no new faith to which you can cling.

Missionary work is the doing of little things all the time. There is no one big thing in everyday service among needy people. All anyone can do is to leave a "thumb print," which stands for his work among his people. The time it endures depends upon the amount of love used in the making.

In early October the mountains all around had already become white with snow, and the first frost of the season was at hand. The Tibetans "smudge" as do the orange growers of Southern California, for they build fires all around the fields of buckwheat which is yet too green for harvest, trying to keep it warm.

The backbone of the lamas' power is broken here in the city. The people still follow them, still ask for charms, and still worship the priests, but only because they are afraid not to. In former days, no priest dared marry. Should they find one guilty, they caught him, stripped him, painted one half of him red and the other half white, set him astride a yak, and drove him into the wilderness. To-day the priest who is supposed to be the reincarnation of Buddha is married and lives with his wife openly. Several more are married and live with their wives secretly. It came to the ears of the chief priest that another priest had

a wife. He called him up, and said, "You must put this woman away; you are ruining our religion and our authority." "All right," replied the priest, "if you will make this lama and this lama and this lama put their wives away, I am quite willing to obey." So we know that though the people obey outwardly, inwardly they are beginning to see that the priests are only as other men.

Again Christmas time came, and the poor were fed. All the school children, all the servants and their families had a bit of Christmas. Then came our own Christmas, with as near turkey as we could get, which was chicken, and a Christmas tree and Santa Claus for the little folks. In the midst of it all, men came for Dr. Shelton, for the Chinese General had sent for him. He stayed from noon until one o'clock, and went back at half-past one and stayed until six, for General Lu was expecting his first son, and he was born of his Chinese concubine that evening.

Truly the customs of this barren land are much the same as in the days of Abraham. Men may marry their father's relations, and often do so, but it is not allowable on the mother's side, and the lineage is traced through the woman of the house.

Chapter XII

SOME NATURE STUDIES IN TIBET

A SEARCH FOR GOLD. "THE GRASS-WORM." DISTINCTIVE TIBETAN CUSTOMS

"It is as difficult for two men to agree
as it is to shoot two does with one shot."
—Tibetan Proverb.

Knowing the language as the Doctor did, there was much which he might have discovered and given to the world about Tibet and its people, its customs, laws, and places of interest. Tibet is a virgin soil for any field of science or scientific investigation, all practically untouched. Explorers and travelers have only touched the edges, and leaders, such as Roy Chapman Andrews, could give to the world a marvelous amount of new knowledge about Tibet. In fact, one might find the Garden of Eden or the "Missing Link," as the Tibetan story of their own origin is that a monkey mated with a demon, and from them sprang the Tibetan race!

To one who knows the language, it is far easier to gain knowledge of the people and from the people than it is for one who does not know it. With this knowledge of the language, with love in his heart and healing in his hands, Dr. Shelton was wanted and needed everywhere. When General Chao took over Tibet, he

decided to establish schools throughout the country, abolishing the Tibetan customs, and establishing Chinese everywhere. He believed in killing off the Tibetan men and marrying the women to Chinese, so that the next generation would be of the race of Han. He imported cotton, started shoe and leather manufacturing, and made great strides toward making the land of Tibet a province of China.

But he decided gold should be found. He had imported some gardeners and farmers, the Chinese walking the long way over the mountains from the plains of China. A few women, too, with small bound feet had made that long journey. Gold was needed in order to bring an influx of Chinese, so a young Chinese mining engineer, educated in America, came in at the invitation of General Chao to discover gold. It was not to be found in the Batang valley, a little lead being all he could discover. The great General was very angry, and threatened to take off the engineer's head. He started for America post haste, and was hidden by missionaries at every stop, so the "big man" could not find him. He escaped with his life, and was glad to get back again to his wife and baby in America.

The flora of Tibet has been barely touched by the botanist, Wilson, near and around Tachienlu. He gathered the seeds, and many of the plants were sent to Kew Gardens in England. I think later he gathered some for America, among them being rhododendrons and primroses of the most exquisite variety. On the mountains between Tachienlu and Batang grows what the Chinese call "the grass-worm." This is a queer anomaly, that looks like half worm and half grass. It

is gathered, tied into bundles, dried, and eaten by the people. Dr. Shelton happened to mention this in his article in the *National Geographic Society Magazine* for September, 1921, and later the following letter from Mr. Blackborn of the Royal Asiatic Society came to me:

"Dear Dr. Shelton:

"One of our local members was very much interested in reading your article on 'Life Among the People in Eastern Tibet' in the September number of the *National Geographic Magazine,* and see that you spoke of the 'grass worm,' a seeming combination of animal and vegetable life.

"He says in his letter to me: 'To me this is a matter of great interest, and calls for something more than a passing note in a magazine. Early in 1889 I was traveling through New Zealand, and found myself at a small hotel in the Thermol District. After dinner a dish of caterpillars was put on the table, and we were invited to eat; many were broken, but I picked out a dozen sound ones for further investigation, and after cautiously tasting some of the others, asked the landlord where they came from. He said the natives brought them in from Mount Tarawere close by. The next day I went and had the pleasure of digging up a few; they were from two to four inches long, were soft, but quickly hardened to the consistency of a hazel nut. In every case, growing from some part of the caterpillar's body was a stem, from three to six inches long, ending in a tuft like a bulrush. On reaching Auckland, I commenced to search and found that it was the Aweto caterpillar, and it was believed not to exist in any other part of the world. The theory is that the caterpillar pursuing its course under ground, comes in contact with the seed of the Rata, which works into the caterpillar's body, thrives by its mois-

ture, and then dies, leaving the caterpillar a decided member of the vegetable kingdom, although defunct. I took my specimens to England, and distributed them to various museums. Unfortunately, I have only one specimen left, and that has the stem broken, but I shall be pleased to show it to any one interested, and to know if the note in the magazine is the only information we possess as to this wonderful occurrence in China.'

"I thought it might be interesting to try and ascertain if the worm referred to by you is identical with that referred to by my correspondent. Have you any information on the subject in addition to that given in your article? Perhaps it might be possible for you to send us a specimen for our museum with any available data.

"With many apologies for troubling you, and abusing your kindness,

"Yours sincerely,
(S) "A. D. BLACKBORN,
"Honorable Secretary."

These worms seem to be rather smooth, with rings or corrugations around them, this part being in the ground. It seems that the grass sprouts from the head of the insect and the roots seem to fill the body of the worm. However, I am not a scientist, and this slight information may be of little value except to a man who, knowing these worms are found in Tibet, can go there and give the information correctly to the world.

The Tibetans are classed by all wise scholars as belonging to the yellow race, but they are not at all like that race either in disposition, customs, or manners. They somewhat resemble Mr. Pollard's description of the people in Nosu Land, who perhaps belong

to the aboriginal race of China. It seems a probable theory that, as nationalities spread from one continent to another, they usually follow the lines of latitude in their migrations. That is, people from the North of Europe, as a rule, settle in the North of America, and those from the southern part of Europe seek a milder latitude in the same country. It seems to me possible that the Aryan Race, perhaps from Persia, or the Kurds with their black tents, might have gone toward the east and settled on the mountains and plains of Tibet. In their tents of black yak hair, their nomadic life, and their personal characteristics they resemble the Arabs much more than they do the Mongolians. A full-blooded Tibetan looks like an Arab with his tall, lithe body, coarse black hair, small beard, light brown skin (lighter when not exposed to wind and weather), and dark brown eyes that are almond shaped and not slant. He rides a horse as if he were part of one, and the customs of revenge and daily life are much like those of the Arab. Hospitality is one of their characteristics. They give the best they have to the stranger within their gates, sometimes even to the loan of a wife. A sheep or a goat is often killed upon the arrival of a guest.

Rancid butter is one of the delicacies. This they lay away in a prepared sheep's stomach, and keep as long as possible. The older it is the better. I read the other day of a tribe in India, along the Peshawar River, which also kept butter stored and preferred it to be nearly one hundred years old before using!

Polyandry is practiced, the daughter in a home having from one to six husbands, who are usually

brothers. They usually seem very happy together, the children calling the elder brother "father," and the others "uncle." Although the Chinese custom of having more than one wife has come in with them, we rarely find a Tibetan with two wives. One of the friends in Batang took a son-in-law for his two daughters, to keep the home intact. Another friend took a bride for her two sons, but the elder son was very unhappy, and went outside and got him a wife of his own. By his so doing his connection with his ancestral home was in a measure severed, and the other son became the head of the house.

Throughout Oriental countries, custom is stronger than law. Feuds are no small part of a Tibetan's life. All the boys of one family and many of the other boys who came to school said they had to revenge someone of their line of family who had been killed many years before. Remonstrating against such a custom did no good, and reasoning was worse. It had to be done; it was the custom. They would say, "We would be considered cowards, and scorned by everybody, if we did not kill those who have at some time or other killed some of our people." Their quarrels were very bitter, and they usually handled a knife quickly, and to the best advantage. Dr. Shelton was often middleman in many of their quarrels. He would say, "Why do you not speak the truth at once and settle it, instead of talking for days and days and never getting anywhere?" They would reply, "Oh, that is the foreigners' way, but it is not our way; we have to talk and talk and talk many days before our quarrels can be settled."

The customs of the ages oppose all progress, new thinking, a new religion, cleanliness, or hygiene. They have a saying that when a new religion comes in, their own is doomed. It is the custom to be dirty; therefore why should they take a bath? They have always been dirty, and therefore must continue to be dirty. Custom is law in the Orient, unwritten, but powerful just the same.

A prophecy waiting to be fulfilled is that Tibet shall be governed by thirteen Dalai Lamas, and the present one is the thirteenth. The Governor of Kham often fasted for the health of the Dalai Lama. It was forbidden to fish and kill all animals while the fast lasted. He could give his wife away and get a new one when he liked, but he fasted just the same.

NOTE: Dr. Shelton was a member of the Royal Geographic Society, of the Royal Asiatic Society, Doctor of Laws from Gotner University, and an M.D. from the Louisville Medical College.

Chapter XIII

DAILY RECORD OF ONE TRIP

DR. SHELTON'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE PEOPLE. HIS DIARY OF HIS TRIP TO SHANGCHEN

"If he eats too much, a tiger will choke even on man's meat. If he flies too far, even the vulture will fall."
—Tibetan Proverb.

Dr. Shelton would not keep a diary. He always said, "There is nothing to put in it." I have found just two small ones, the one of the trip he took to Shangchen, and the other while he was a captive among the robbers. A great number of interesting experiences, sad, laughable, or tragic, came to him as he went in and out among the people. For the Tibetan people he lived, and he was always ready, day or night, to go and stay with them, doctor them, or help to settle their quarrels. In one of his letters after he got back, he wrote, "I would start for home in the morning if it were not for these people we love so much."

His understanding sympathy with the people, which they felt, made him very near them. Through centuries of judging a man by instinct, the Tibetans have developed a sort of sixth sense, and judge a man by that. Their trust and faith is dog-like in its complete and simple devotion to those to whom they choose to

give it. It takes years of love and service to awaken a Tibetan's trust, and then he is not a transient friend, but ready to serve to the uttermost. A Tibetan hates to be laughed at as an object of sport, but a laugh in the right place at the right time may sometimes work wonders.

The Doctor's teacher lost his six mules, and the Chinese official who was in power at the time ordered the lamasery to return them, as many of these lamaseries among the mountains are simply robber fastnesses. They returned four, but the official insisted that they return the rest. So they were returned with this message, "I sent four mules; you should have been satisfied. Now I shall pray to my god to kill you for demanding the other two," and he very nearly succeeded. The teacher sat down to die. The Doctor went to see him, and on examination could find nothing the matter. He finally found out that the teacher was expecting to die, that the family was expecting it and waiting on him, seeing no way out of this difficulty. The Doctor scolded, but it did no good. He would say, "I must die; he is praying his god to kill me; there is no escape." Finally the Doctor made fun of him, telling him he was no baby, and he knew that his god had no power, and for him to get up and behave himself and he would soon be all right. Strange to say, this had the desired effect. He arose, took a bath in a hot spring, and came back to work.

NOTES ON TRIP TO SHANGCHEN

5 July. Leaving Batang at nine o'clock we came steadily till twelve o'clock, when we stopped for dinner

in the place Ogden and I had picked for a summer camp. Then after an hour's rest, from twelve o'clock on to night we came steadily up all the way through forests and many flowers. It started to rain, but only a few drops fell. But as we came on higher, we found that there had been snow and rather small hail, and the ground was covered to the depth of an inch in places.

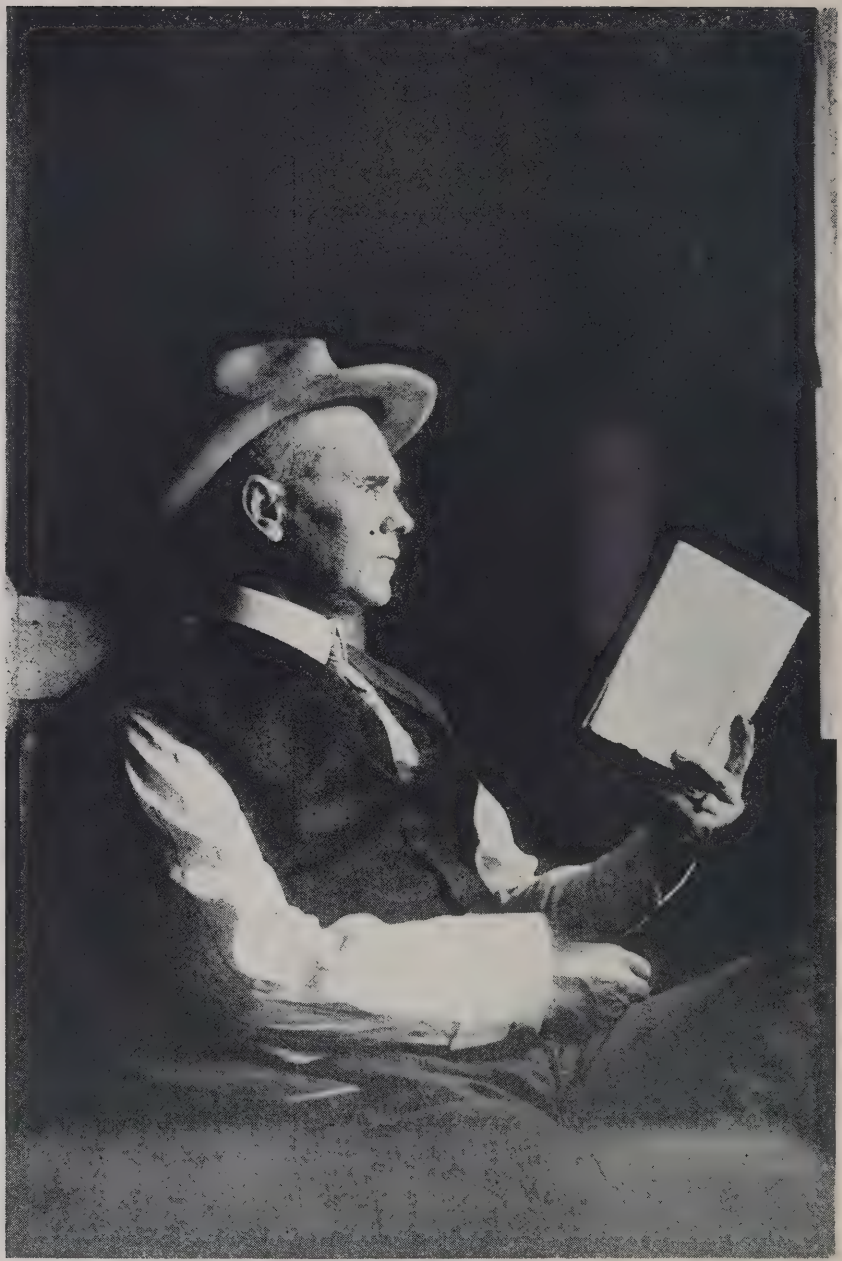
We put on all our clothes when we finally stopped, at about 13,000 feet, for the night, pitching our tents just at the last edge of the timber line. I slept under two blankets and an eiderdown, and they did feel fine. You would hardly believe that in so short a time you could go from hot summer to winter temperature, but we were so well pleased with our tents that we decided to use them all the way.

6 July. This morning we were on the road by six o'clock, still coming up a very gradual ascent, and finally crossing the pass at nine-thirty. The scenery surpasses anything I have ever seen in desolation, the mountains rising for 5,000 feet of bare stone. But a little down from the pass, the flowers again began to appear, and during the whole afternoon the scenery surpassed anything I ever saw in flowers, all colors. I sat down and picked ten varieties without getting up.

Near the top of the pass, we killed a big duck. Ogden is having the time of his life trying to preserve the skin.

We stopped to-night at Dongbudo, and our *ula* goes back to-morrow. Bought a particolored bear skin, and had one patient. Passed cattle and sheep ranch early in morning.

GENERAL LU, OF BATANG, AND HIS TIBETAN AND CHINESE WIVES



DR. SHELTON WAS EVER THE STUDENT

7 July. They told us this morning that it was only a little way, so we did not stop for dinner, but found that the Tibetans' "little ways" were about sixty or seventy li. [A *li* is about a third of a mile.]

Arrived at Yaragong. The first thing Jamsen bought was a dog's leg. Got dinner and put Gwa Guang to cooking beans, and then went to see an old woman seventy years old. She had fallen on the mountain and broken her thigh, running the bone clear through, ten days ago, and when we found her—such a sight! She was in a stable, setting up her thigh at an angle of about thirty degrees. The bone was sticking out, and was all swollen. And the smell!

All the misery these people suffer! Then we went to the lamasery, which will be described separately. Suffice it to say, we find it of sufficient interest to stop to-morrow for full inspection. Coming back had five or six patients, and a lot of fun out of a rubber tube—a thing the Tibetans had never seen before. Catholics own much land and have seven families.

8 July. The Lamasery: (1) Idol room—Buddha gone. Bön Pictures. (2) Library—120 cases. Cement floors, 145 volumes. (3) Printing room—hundreds of printing blocks for books and wheel of life. (4) Tanka room—Idols and Tankas. (5) Dressing room—false faces, etc. (6) Lama's private room—beautiful. (7) Outer hall—150 paintings, half vile. (8) Buddha hall—200 paintings, set in work most beautiful.

After staying at the lamasery till one o'clock, came back to camp and had a lot more patients. Then start for Ditsagong, twenty li away. Then change *ula* after

supplying a woman with medicine. Then to Dotsa ten li away. Arrived, and it took three hours. Got lost on way. Arrived at nearly dark. Had no patients, but people supplied grass and wood in plenty, for which we paid them well. Ogden found his coolie had been running needles in his horse's back.

9 July. Started about eight A. M., and changed *ula* at Tsongtsa at ten-thirty. Had a climb for about an hour. Had fifteen or twenty patients. They come very freely. Fine country and has about one hundred houses.

Coming on to Ringbu up branch of Donglando River. Arrived at quarter past twelve, and stopped for the night. Met by most of the population. Ringbu has lamasery of three hundred lamas, which we are going to see at about three o'clock. Waiting for dinner.

Went to lamasery and found Ho Tongsi and a few other Batang people playing cards. We could not get inside the big hall, because they said the lamas had killed one of their own men, and some of them had put all the things in the big hall, locked it, and left only about three hundred idols.

The *pusas* we saw there were the thousand-handed *Chenezik*. We found no obscene pictures here. Yellow sect. Coming back to tents they brought some eggs, and the people brought enough grass for ten horses. Also eggs. Doctored a few sick, among them a deaf mute boy of ten. (Caused from fever when a baby.) Had to give him a rupee to let us syringe his ears.

Rain and wind.

Saturday, 10 July. Came up mountain for two hours, then for an hour across a big plain till we got to some black tents. Ate dinner in one. People fine. I gave them all cards. Bought pound of butter. Then for two hours went across wonderful big plateau. Then down valley to Dongdo. Fine valley, with nine villages. Took bath and helped Ogden wash clothes. Finest week I ever had—travelling and making friends with many, many people. Met Dayinguan's daughter, Omo, husband's name Atring. Mother in Tachienlu. Niece of Lao Po Po at dispensary. Very nice. Doctored several people, but they did not bring much grass. Got twenty-three eggs. Two people blind from smallpox.

11 July. Went to see patient before we started from Dongdo. Got one rupee. Crossed two mountain passes. Ate dinner at Daso River at Yaragong. Came on to Rata. Send letter from here. Want us to stop one day for *ula*. Will arrive Shangchen to-morrow. Went swimming. First [Chinese] school—no good.

12 July. Few more patients. Left at ten minutes past eight. Killed five pigeons. Nothing of note. Ate on top of mountain. Very little water. Fine valley running into Shangchen. Several villages just below road. Long hard day. *Gwan* [official] sent ten soldiers to guard tent after we declined to go to lamasery. Rained hard at night.

13 July. Day in Shangchen. Call and return calls of official. Ate supper with *Fu* [official]. He gave me holy water vase. School. Can talk little Chinese. Everything in lamasery. Ditch ten feet deep. Holes

dug by Chinese to blow up lamasery. Forts all around, with fine *chorten* in each.

14 July. Started from Shangchen at nine o'clock, and had gone but about a mile when they suddenly came to a halt and said we must change *ula.* Took about half an hour, but after that it took only ten or fifteen minutes, as they sent word on ahead. Had to change eight times during the day. Fun with Gwa Guang because a girl had to lead his horses. Doctored people, who are friendly.

At two stopped along road. Also doctored a girl and a man before starting. Finding some difficulty with talk here, as pronunciation is different. Only on this road have we seen arches with paintings of Buddha on ceiling. About twelve or fifteen of them to-day. Saw big *chorten* with hundreds of idols in one place. When we stopped for the night, one woman was awfully scared, and nearly cried. They all know *"La way ni"* [thank you] on this road. After a while I gave her baby a rupee and talked to her a little. She said, "My, but I was scared when you came in." The husband came about dark, and came in to talk a while. I showed him my watch. He did not know what it was, and was afraid to listen to it for a while. Ogden and I ate about four catties [Chinese pound] fish for supper. Fifteen villages in this one day's journey, aggregating about three hundred families. Go back to Shangchen to-morrow.

15 July. Came back over road went up yesterday. Had lots of patients—about twenty-five. If I should come through here again, patients would be doubled. Many came to-day who would not come yesterday.

Three cataract patients who ought to come to Batang to be operated on. Whether they will come or not I do not know. They seem to have recovered from the war very quickly here, for all along they are building new houses where old ones were burned. Sore eyes and rheumatism prevailing trouble. Got invitation to breakfast to-morrow morning with Lu DaRen [Chinese official]. Tibetans will not come around where Chinese are. Have had only three or four patients right here in Shangchen, but in the road where we are alone, they come quite freely. Start for lower Shangchen to-morrow.

16 July. Went to eat with Lu Da Ren at eight A. M. Left at nine forty-five. Fine valley. Changed *ula* at one o'clock. Then doctored eight patients. Then had bad horses and got only about a mile farther and came back to dinner place. People awfully scared when we came back, and brought horses and begged us to go on. May go on to-morrow. Found out how hair is fixed. Plaited fifty-seven braids on one side. Found use of hair ornaments. Boys and girls ten years old perfectly naked. Sleeping to-night surrounded by Buddhist hell and lords of the east, west, north, and south heavens in lamasery. All kinds of punishment in Buddhist hell for adultery and bad carpenters. Woman in childbirth, blind snakebird and cow swallowing each other in center. Thousand handed and eyed *pusa.* One obscene, first since Yaragong.

17 July. Started out at a quarter past six, aiming to go till noon and come back to Jara for the night. Went about a mile and had to change *ula.* Went about

three or four miles farther and had to change again. Decided to come back to Shangchen. Had great time with *ula* at Jara. Couldn't get horses, and started to walk. Finally had to ride a little way on rack of bones to satisfy the Tibetans. Bought a bracelet and bowl. Five of the Chinese ran off last night, and the men hunting them came into the lamasery about two o'clock. We did not know what was up to see so many men coming into the lamasery. Got back to Shangchen about night. Ting Da Ren [Chinese official] came and stayed till bedtime. Quite an entertaining talker. Will stay here to-morrow, Sunday, and start back Monday by way of Romi. All headmen came. Gave us grass, wood, and *waer tang* [brown sugar cakes]. Saw several sick.

18 July. Went to take bath and found pond empty. Came back by brass-smiths' to buy a *go* [iron pan], and Ting Da Ren found us there. Just before going to take bath, had dispensary and saw fifty-five patients. Cut off two moles, opened abscesses, etc. Had dinner with Ting Da Ren. Came back, saw thirteen more sick. Opened big abscess on man's jaw. Biggest day's dispensary work I ever did outside of operations. All in all, a fine day, ending up by a fight between Jamsen and Nossulun, cutting latter's head open and spraining Jamsen's leg. *Ula* is coming and we will start on return trip, with all of most important medicines gone.

19 July. Left Shangchen at eight A. M. Dinner at top of Madala at twelve. Rain nearly all day. *Pooki* [bed] wet. Will sleep cold to-night, but full of potatoes and pigeon, bread and butter, so does not matter. Old Jamsen cries, and does not want to go to Batang.

20 July. Left Rata about eight A. M. Came over very bad, wet road. Raining all day. Population scarce. Live in huts like Indians. Ran naked into grass and trees when they saw us. Nothing of note till we reached Rah Zhi in heavy rain. Didn't put up our tents, but slept in small lamasery with Chenrizig looking down on us. Also pictures of obscene idols. People scared for a while, but soon came for medicine. I have my man announce as soon as we arrive at a place that I will treat the sick if they will bring them. They are a little chary at first, but when one or two have come, they go out, and it isn't long before there are plenty. Treated about fifteen or twenty at the feet of Chenrizig.

21 July. Left early this morning. Down Rata River for two hours. Several small villages. Had dinner at beginning of pass at ten o'clock. Not many houses till we reach Guo Dup at two forty-five, which is end of stage. People all locked doors and hid for an hour or so till they found we did not do anything, then gradually began to come. Five idiots here. Also old lama I had treated in Batang brought some eggs. Treated about ten persons. Say it will be windy in morning. Two surgical cases for Batang. People very kind and friendly just as soon as they find how we treat them. We will have a royal reception if we ever travel this road again. People not nearly so well fixed as in Shangchen. This is first place in Romï. Bought two chickens. Had a fine mess for supper, chicken, dumplings, gravy and fried potatoes, with hot biscuits and butter and cocoa.

22 July. I am getting awfully tired of keeping a

diary. Got up at eight o'clock, as it had rained all night, and was still raining. Finally got off at nine in the rain, and had to change *ula* six times during the day. Very fine valley. Nearly all day in Daso River valley. Met a lot of people I knew. Had to drink a lot of "butter tea." Most of the people never saw foreigners. Some ran and hid in a ditch. Stopping in lamasery again to-night, as our *ula* did not get in till after dark. Still twelve days to Batang. (Found the old Pusa again to-night.) Ziöo is a fine valley—full of villages and extra rank crops. Saw first rice to-day at Drong. Bought charm box from lama to-day for twelve rupees. *Pooki* [bed] soaked again by the rain.

23 July. Raining again. Finally left Ziöo lamasery at half past eight. *Ula* had not all come. They were rushing great preparations, for the fast begins to-morrow, and for two days they eat nothing. One hundred people were to come to-day, and they were making about fifty gallons of tea and cooking one hundred *goqua* [Chinese bread] of one catty each. Each man was to eat one to-day in preparation for fast to-morrow. Arrived at Anyuda at twelve, and did not want to stay, but had to for *ula.* One man came with bad tooth. Finally got him to let me pull it. Then three more came. First tooth cases I have had, and to-night came a mother with double cataract. Blind for three years. Says she will come to Batang. Asked if she could bring her baby of ten months. Hope she will come. Just now, as ready to go to bed, another woman came, sick for three years. Gave her a note to Batang.

24 July. Started early. Ate dinner at head of valley. No population. See mountains over by Adensi. Came to Yangtse valley. Hard road down. People very nice. Sleeping in *hla kong* [idol room] again. Long, long day. Tired to death. Saturday night, but too tired to bathe. Few sick, doctored. Bees everywhere. Eighteen swarms in one cliff.

25 July. Sunday. Lot more patients before breakfast. Came right up Yangtse River all day. About half a mile away and two thousand feet up. Ziöo at ten o'clock. No one in sight for about half an hour, then a few came. At end of an hour was having patients as fast as I could attend to them. About thirty came. Very hot all day. Candles would bend like wax to-night. Arrived at Bong Chin at two thirty. Aki Putso met us. He is head man here. Says forty-eight families have to give fifteen hundred *kā* of barley tax this year. How they do it I do not know. Yangtse valley awfully broken. Took bath and shaved to-night. Go to Tsongtsa to-morrow.

26 July. Very eventful day here. Aki Putso stayed all night at the place so as to see us off. Held a clinic for about twenty-five people before starting. Got to the top of the mountain at eleven. Could see all over the country. Stopped at black tents for dinner. Old man wanted tooth pulled. Although we waited till two o'clock our loads had not come, so could not pull it. Very steep descent. Rained hard and on arriving at Tsongtsa at four o'clock everybody was drunk. A sort of feast-day. Finally put us in temple. Purely Buddhist. Our loads did not come till half past seven. Got supper and am going to bed. Rained hard.

27 July. Twenty patients this morning. One with syphilis in sixth month with child. Finally got off at half past eight. *Ula* hard to get. Our loads could not keep up. Terrible bridges and bad road. Right down Mō Chü till three o'clock when we arrived at Yitti Gong. Found remains of Dayinguan's and Iryinguan's mules. Only twenty left of fifty. An old man is taking care of them for Chao Er Feng. Says Litang's have all died. Three patients there. Rested two hours. Changed *ula* and came on to stopping place. *Ula* did not get in till after dark, but we had our food. Ate two cans oysters, one can pork and beans, one half gallon of milk, and we are ready to go to bed. Bought old Dick to-day.

28 July. Rode old Dick to-day. Hard climb to begin with, then an awful steep come down. Ogden forgot his pistol at first place. Change *ula.* Up Yangtse all day after first hour over the mountain. Arrived at Andano at eleven thirty. Ogden sent man back after pistol, but has not got in yet to-night. Ate dinner and then had clinic. About thirty people. Three more cataracts. Fine clinic. Bought three sheep-skins. Came on to Tsongtsa. Staying in temple again. First idol not sitting cross-legged. Had peaches for the first time. Old Jamsen says he is going to thrash Nossulun when his leg gets well again. Five more days to Batang.

29 July. Treated few patients this morning at Tsongtsa. Came on to Namgo after changing *ula* twice. Gezong Hlashi's home. They treated us royally, giving us two chickens, about thirty eggs, lot of pepper, and five squashes. We took only pepper

and squashes, but they also brought the eggs to the next place, so we had to take them. The men had a fine mess to-night. We are living off the country now, as all our stores are gone. Bought rupee's worth of peaches on starting from Tsongtsa. This morning acetanilid all gone. Salol soap, cathartic, vaseline, boric acid, eye salve, dusting power—in fact, all things I need most are all gone, but cannot keep them. Never expected one tenth of the patients I have had all this trip. The horses are tired and footsore, and we are tired, too. Thirty days' trip is a little too long. Two weeks to three weeks is about right.

30 July. Watched people have night meal last night, and stayed till bedtime. Left this morning, going over bad roads till ten. Stopped one hour to let horses eat. Changed *ula* at two o'clock, and had dinner. Had pigeon for supper. Man with cancer of stomach. Bought short Tibetan gun for fifteen rupees. Jamsen and soldiers rode Yak to-day. I rode a litter. Giving quinine for everything. All other medicine about gone. Just a little cough medicine and calomel left. Threshing here. Twenty-six *kā* of unhulled barley for one rupee.

31 July. Down very steep road this morning to Yangtse. Awfully hot. Three or four patients this morning before leaving. Soldier lost his bowl. Awful road up river. Dangerous. Hoped to stop at Tzē to-night, but it is away up in the mountain, so camped at riverside and *ula* came down. All our eatables gone. Stop at Leh to-morrow night. Bathed in Yangtse this morning.

1 August. Very poor country all day. Few fam-

ilies at Drubalong and below at Tubulong. Two men carried skin boots up to Leh. Stopped two hours for dinner. Awfully hot. Met Guzong Ong Dü about three o'clock going to Jü to buy rice. Told Jamsen he was not coming on account of trouble at home. Stopped at Leh. (Kam Dro's wife sent mother and brother. Said Li Si was dead. Atsi and girl and Drashi's wife were dead.) Home to-morrow.

Chapter XIV

PICTURES FROM THE DISPENSARY

STORIES OF VARIOUS PATIENTS. THE DOCTOR IS PRESENT AT THE TRIAL OF A LAWSUIT

"If you haven't eaten the sour, you do not appreciate the sweet; if you haven't suffered, you do not appreciate freedom from pain."

—Tibetan Proverb.

The following little sketches, like some of the stories in Chapter IX, tell of incidents that happened daily; not all like these, but all just as pitiful and just as needy.

Life in Tibet is precarious at best, and for the babies it is a survival of the fittest, and only the strongest, huskiest little ones have any chance at all. The Doctor had been used to seeing given to babies all the love and care that kind hearts could give, and it broke his heart to see the little ones filthy, covered with vermin, and sick unto death from many preventable causes. They were born in filth, and given no more attention than to be greased with butter and laid out in the sun.

One day the Doctor was busy in the dispensary when a woman came in with her baby in her arms and said: "Will you please give me some medicine for my baby's hand? I have put hot butter on it, I have wrapped it in cow dung, and I have done everything I know

how to do, but it will not get well no matter what I do for it." "Let me see the baby's hand," he said.

The mother unwrapped a filthy rag from around the baby's arm, and showed the hand gone at the wrist and the two bones of the forearm sticking out about an inch past the retracted flesh. After doing the necessary slight operation of cutting the bones off below the level of the flesh, he asked, "How in the world did a baby no older than this—it cannot be more than six months old—get its hand off?"

"Well," replied the woman, "I was digging in my garden one day, and had left the baby lying by the door on the ground. I heard her crying, but thought nothing of it, but when I went to the house I found the pig had eaten her hand off."

We used our old clothes and the clothes of our two little girls to make garments for the naked little ones, who suffered keenly when winter came on. The Doctor used to take some of these made-over clothes on his daily afternoon trips to the villages, where he doctored the people free of charge. He had several of these villages to which he went, usually going to each one afternoon a week.

One morning when he was to go down the river, he said, "I want some baby clothes to-day."

"For how big a baby?" we asked.

"About three years old," he replied.

He tied them on his saddle and after his morning's work was done for his forty or fifty patients at the dispensary, he started off on his mule for his work in the village. Now, he always stayed with a certain family in that village, and the other villagers who

needed medicine always came there to find him every Tuesday afternoon. This family consisted of a grandfather and grandmother, their daughter, her husband and a little grandchild, a bright little fellow of about three years, for whom he was taking the clothes. He tied his mule, went in, climbed the stairs, and was greeted by the grandfather, who made him welcome, gave him a seat on a goat-skin on the floor in front of the fire, and got him some tea.

The Doctor looked around for the little boy, who usually came up to feel in his pockets, and not seeing him, looked up at the grandfather, who appeared rather melancholy, and asked, "Where is little Tseden?"

"Oh, we threw him into the river just before you came."

"What in the world do you mean?" cried the Doctor, jumping up, for he loved the little fellow.

"Oh," he sobbed, "he fell downstairs this morning and killed himself."

"Where is his mother?"

"She went up on the mountain for a load of wood."

These people do not have time to nurse their sorrows, but must keep going if they would have anything to eat.

Doctor sat there, realizing the hard lot of these primitive people. The mother came in, with a heavy load of wood on her back. She dropped it on the floor, and tried to smile, for the Tibetans hate to show emotion. He knew what was in her heart, and rising from the floor, put his hand on her shoulder, and said, "Do not worry about little Tseden."

At the first touch of kindness, the first word of

sympathy, she broke down and cried as if her heart would break. They love their babies as well as we do, in spite of the cruel customs which sometimes make us think differently of them.

We made over all the clothes for the little folks during the summer, and put them in a large box at the head of the stairs, against the time of cold weather, and our own little girl about five years old delegated to herself and little sister, aged three, the task of giving these clothes to the little naked babies when the cold came. Late one November day, the wind was cold and cutting when a woman came into the yard downstairs, where the older of the two little girls was playing, sheltered behind the high stone wall, and opening her large sheepskin gown, drew out a little fellow about a year old without a stitch of clothes on him.

The five-year-old looked him over and asked her mother, "Haven't you got any clothes for him at all?"

"None at all, and he is awfully cold. I have to keep him in here to keep him warm."

The five-year-old went upstairs and straight to the box in which the clothes to be given away were kept, and raising the lid, found it empty. She stood looking at it for a while, not seeming to comprehend, for this was the first time she had found this condition. Then she went into the kitchen to her mother.

"Mamma, there is a little baby downstairs, and he hasn't a thing on, and there aren't any clothes in the box."

"Well, Baby," replied the mother, "you and little sister haven't a thing but what you must have for this

winter. We have given away everything we can this year."

She went back downstairs and looked the baby all over again, and asked the mother a second time,

"Haven't you anything at all? Haven't you a goat-skin you could make him a coat of?"

When the mother said she had not, the five-year-old studied a little while, then came inside the door, pulled up her own clothes, and began taking an invoice. She finally got hold of a little shirt, and, coming upstairs with her clothes held high and with a tight hold on the little shirt, she went to her mother and, looking up pleadingly, said, "Mamma, this is pert near worn out." The mother took it off and let her give it to the little fellow.

As the days came and went, and the people got to know the Doctor better, and came to know that he would not, as the grown-ups had at first told their children, "cut their livers out and make medicine of them," they brought their sick to him more and more.

The winter had been long, and the snow had been deep in the passes, and the consequent suffering from frost-bite had been great. Many minor operations of cutting off fingers and toes had been done. As the snow went out of the passes, and people could travel, the cases that had been neglected began to come in. It was thus that one afternoon four men came into the dispensary, and sticking out their tongues in their politest salutation, and bowing profoundly, asked the Doctor,

"Is this the great man?"

"I am the doctor," he replied, also bowing graciously. "What can I do for you?"

"We have a friend outside. Won't you fix him?"

"Bring him in and we will see."

They went out and came in, bringing a man with sunken eyes and emaciated form. His legs had been frozen up to the knees. The flesh had all dropped off, leaving the bare bones. The feet had dried, and looked like a pair of old rubbers, and at the knees were great festering masses. They set him down on the floor and, bowing again, said, "We would like to have you make the meat grow back on these bones."

"I can't do that. The only thing I can do is to cut them off."

"But he could not walk with his legs off."

They talked long, and the Doctor finally persuaded them that that was the only thing he could do. He fed the man up for a few days. He was starving, too, and then one day the Doctor cut one leg off and the next day the other, for the man was too weak to stand both operations in one day.

Now, when the Doctor operated here, he could not take his patient into a private room and do what was necessary, for the people on the outside would become suspicious right away, and would say to each other, "You see! I expect he is doing something to that fellow now. Maybe he is cutting his liver out to make medicine out of it."

So when the Doctor did his operations, he did them in public and let everyone see them who wanted to come. When he went to operate on this man, he had perhaps fifty people crowding around, watching his

every move, bound to see what he was going to do.

Of course they had never seen chloroform, and when the Doctor started giving it, he pinched the man every few minutes to see whether or not he was getting under the influence of it. Every time he did this, the man would flinch until finally, when he was entirely under and ready for the operation to begin, no matter how hard he would pinch, the man would not budge.

One fellow looking on and almost breathless from interest, exclaimed, "I guess he is dead now all right."

"Oh, no, he is not dead," said another, who was watching more closely. "He is still breathing."

The Doctor went on with his work. A good many of the women ran when he began to saw, but most of them stayed to see it through. Just as soon as possible, the chloroform was stopped, because the man was terribly weak, and came very near dying on the table. Then the Doctor did the bandaging and dressing afterward, so that by the time he was through, the fumes had gone out of the man's brain, and he was ready to wake up. He just tickled him a little, the man opened his eyes and looked around, and asked one of his friends, "Why don't you hurry up and cut it off?"

"Why," said his friend, "it is already off."

But he would not believe till the stump was raised so that he could see the bandaged end.

A little later the Doctor heard one of the men who had looked on telling another about it. He said:

"Yes, sir, I was right there. I saw the whole thing from beginning to end. When he started in, he just poured a little medicine on a rag, then he let the fel-

low smell, and as soon as he was asleep, the doctor took a saw and sawed his leg right off. Then he just tickled him a little bit in the ribs, and that is all there was to it."

These things made a great reputation for the Doctor, and people came from far and near. Now, it is a good thing to have a good reputation if you can do people good and be a blessing to them, but the Doctor's reputation got altogether too big. It outgrew his ability by a great deal, and the very next serious thing that came along almost ruined him, for the man was a leper. Of course he could do nothing for him, and told them so.

"Why, of course you can," said his friends. "You cut that man's legs off, and you have done many other hard things, but there is nothing much the matter with this man. He has just got a few sores on him. He's easy. Of course you can cure him."

"There never has been anyone on earth who could cure a leper but Jesus," he told them.

"Who was he?"

And he did his best to explain to them who and what Jesus was, and what he could do for them now, but they did not believe a word of it. They went away and reasoned among themselves thus:

"Yes, we see now! This fellow has his reputation up and knows very well that we know he can do it. Heretofore he has not charged for curing these poor people, but he has his reputation up now, and is going to stick it to us. We will have to pay now all right."

They brought the man back, and it made the Doctor sick as he saw them coming, for he knew he could do

nothing for the poor fellow. The leper came up and got down on his knees before him. "Get up from there," the Doctor said sharply, to hide his emotion, and taking hold of the man's arm said, "We do not allow anyone to get down on their knees to us. Before God, one man is no more and no less than another, whether he is a beggar or leper or no matter who he is."

But the man would not get up, and looking up at the Doctor with the most pitiful face he had ever seen, and with tears running down his cheeks, begged the Doctor to cure him. He said, "I am a poor man. I make about seven cents a day, but by being strictly economical I believe I can live on three cents, and I will give you the other four as long as I live if you will only cure me." The Doctor cried, too, and perhaps the hardest thing he ever had to do was to tell the poor fellow he could do nothing for him. But the hardest part of it for him was to have the man believe it was because he could not give him a big fee.

When he could be a blessing to the people and do them good, he was happy. He had a good time, and his work was a joy, but when human power was limited, when a mother would come to him with a baby in her arms that was dying, and get down on her knees and plead, believing that he had the power of life and death right in his hand and would not use it because she did not have a big fee, it made his heart ache. These were the things that hurt. And yet, these failures were absolutely necessary to make these people know that he was simply their brother man, that he had no supernatural power, and that what he could do

he would do because he loved them, and not because he expected any large fee.

"What in the world did this?" asked the Doctor one day as a man came groaning into the dispensary, helped along by two other men. They laid the man face downward on the floor, showing his mutilated thighs.

"Why, he got spanked yesterday," replied his companions.

The Doctor attended to the man, and the following afternoon had the opportunity of seeing his first spanking in a yamen.

The official or mayor of the place had some trifling ailment, and had sent for him to come and see him. He went, and as they sat talking, some of the official's underlings or soldiers came in with a man they had arrested.

The "Big Man," as the official is called, turned to the Doctor, and asked, "Will you please excuse me for a few minutes till I try this case?"

"Surely," said the Doctor, "go ahead. Glad of the opportunity to see a trial."

Now the "Big Man" is mayor not only of the town, but of the whole county as well, and is grand jury, jury, prosecuting attorney, judge, sheriff, and other arms of the law in one, and justice is meted out at short notice when the offender is caught.

After excusing himself to the Doctor, the mayor climbed up on the raised platform where he sat to transact business, the accused man, with the witness kneeling in front on the floor, while the soldiers arranged themselves on either side.

"Now, what is the trouble here?" asked the mayor—now judge.

"This fellow broke my donkey's leg," replied one of the witnesses.

"Yes, but his old donkey was in my wheat and tramping it all down," retorted the defendant.

"Here, here! One at a time now," commanded the judge. "You go on. Let's hear your side," indicating the complaining owner of the donkey.

"Well, my donkey got out this morning and I could not find him. I went hunting for him and finally I found him coming home on three legs, the other one broken. Then Lozong came over and we fought. I pounded him up with a rock as he had hit my donkey with a rock."

The sentence pronounced was that the man should pay for the donkey, and the other for the damage done to the fields and the doctor bill. In case the hurt man died, his life should pay the price. Happily, he did not die, and the affair was peaceably settled.

It is truly in the time of Abraham in those mountains, and who knows but among them, as they are the "dwellers who live in tents," are not those of the line of Jacob!

Chapter XV

TIBET, POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS

RELATIONS WITH OTHER COUNTRIES. RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS AND CUSTOMS

"A first-class man dies on the top of the pass, his armor all on, he is eaten by vultures and received by gods and goddesses. His own heart leads the way. The second-class man dies in his bed, surrounded by friends and relatives, his body is burned and he is received by lamas and his spirit led to happiness. The third-class man dies at home in the street, his mouth filled with dust, and he is eaten by dogs, led into the other life by a crow, and lives in endless misery."

—Tibetan Proverb.

Tibet the unknown, fascinating because unknown; Tibet the unexplored, the goal of travelers and missionaries for a hundred years; Tibet in isolation because kept so. Tibet, of the "barbarous shepherds," conquered China at one time, forcing a most humiliating peace upon that country, and the king demanded a Chinese princess for his wife, and got her. The Tibetans give this in their historical plays, setting forth the choosing of the bride from among the court women, and how they tried to fool the king's messengers by

the painted women of the court; but he was not to be hoaxed. He chose the pretty, modest, little princess to be the wife of the king, but she was loath to go to a strange land and be a wife to so wild a thing as the King of Tibet. She took more than two years for the journey, but finally arrived, and from that time forth the king wore silks and brocades instead of felt and sheepskin.

Under this same king came the scholars and priests from India. The alphabet was made from the Sanskrit, and no Japanese or Chinese scholar, however proficient in those languages, will be able to read any word of Tibetan scriptures, for all books are written in the Tibetan language, which is a modification of the Sanskrit.

Tibet, as naturally located, is difficult of approach: surrounded on the south by great mountain chains of the highest mountains in the world, and bordering for a thousand miles on English possessions on the south, while at the north are the great northern plains, high and cold and barren, and very difficult for travelers to traverse. By her position she is a good buffer state. She is not wealthy at present, because absolutely undeveloped. Nobody wants to bother with her, consequently China, with her caravans going back and forth for some two hundred years, and by right of conquest, held the suzerainty, with the chief Amban at Lassa. Nominally, she has had the control of Tibet as far as other nations are concerned, but really has governed only when the Tibetans chose to be governed. Tibet has not been allowed to develop or grow because of the cupidity of the nations sur-

rounding her. She lies, a convenient football, between Russia, China, and India.

Tibet is fourteen hundred miles from east to west and nine hundred and fifty miles from north to south, a great part of the country averaging fifteen thousand feet in altitude. Access into Tibet can be gained only by travel over mountain passes which, were they well guarded, would hold the land. The Moravian missionaries, who have done some of the finest Tibetan translation work, have camped on the western border for more than sixty years, awaiting permission to go into the interior. During the World War, they were all deported. On the southern side of Tibet, around and in Darjeeling, are the Scotch missions; on the northeast the Christian and Missionary Alliance, while on the east are the China Inland Mission, and the Disciples, all working around the edges hoping and praying that some day permission will be given to enter.

Tibet is kept sealed for diplomatic reasons. True education and religion are kept from these people and the customs of interest and the natural resources that might be of great benefit to the world are kept hidden. China opened the door on the eastern side and gave the opportunity. Doctor Shelton saw it and took it. Is the door closed again? May the door be opened, and the Christian people of the world demand that to the people of Tibet be given their birthright of truth and education and Christianity?

In the diplomatic juggling of nations, a Russian went to Lassa and persuaded the Dalai Lama that he should make friends with the ruler of Russia. But the government on the south awakened to the fact that

something was not just right and that Russia must be scared away. Hence, Colonel Younghusband's expedition to Lassa. The Tibetans were poorly armed and were protected mainly by the charms which the priests had given them, telling them that they would be a defense against the English bullets. The Tibetans were no match for the well-trained army and so were badly defeated. When the priests were asked what was the matter that so many were killed, they said their charms protected only against leaden bullets, and that there was nickel in the English bullets. Nevertheless, the military commanders paid a fair price for what they got, doctored the wounded, and sent the prisoners away, which was a new way of teaching by showing mercy in a military campaign. Before that, any prisoners captured by the Chinese were tortured; and to be captured by the Tibetans meant the same fate.

In the last rebellion, all Chinese captured by the Tibetans were sent out through Lassa and none were tortured. The Galon Lama was thus keeping his promise made to Dr. Shelton after he had seen him operating on the wounded. As he left, the Doctor took his hand, and said, "We can work together for the good of our fellow men, can we not?" and he replied, "I can promise that."

Just who governs Tibet has been rather a doubtful question for some years. Just before the Chinese Government allowed us to go in, General Chao Er Feng, with a victorious army, had brought the country as far as Chiamdo under Chinese control. His plans were very fine, and he was very efficient. He expected to make that section a part of China, in fact. To-day

the Tibetans say that if Chao Er Feng were here, this late trouble would not have happened. He built roads, he established schools, and controlled the country so that travel on any road was comparatively safe. He was just as severe with his own men as with the Tibetans, and when he said, "Don't loot," and looting was done, he lined the guilty ones up, and off came their heads. Sometimes his badly needed soldiers were slain wholesale for disobedience. Thirteen were killed at one time for one offense, but he governed.

During the fighting with the Chinese, the Tibetans were trapped in all sorts of ways—sometimes by their own countrymen who, to curry favor with the Chinese, brought them in to be beheaded. Heads fell every day, and so many bodies lay in the streets of Batang that at times the dogs feasted. No one dared touch or bury them, for fear they would be considered friends of the dead and in turn suffer the death penalty.

Shortly after we had arrived at Batang, the Doctor had twenty patients at one time who were trying to break off the opium habit. Every day he took them out for a walk, and as he sat and talked with them on the bluff overlooking the city, they told him of those fights and sieges, and how they ate the hearts and livers of their enemies that they, too, might be brave. General Chao took away all the big swords and the guns from the Tibetans, allowing them to carry only a small knife. His policy was to keep them unarmed and to tax them so heavily that they would have barely enough to keep them alive, so that they would have no strength to rebel again.

When the Chinese took the city, the Dayinguan

was killed at once, and his widow taken prisoner. The Iryinguan[1] and his whole family were taken to Chentu as prisoners of war, where they all died but one young prince, who returned to Batang an opium sot and a wine drinker. More of his story will come later.

As we were on the road coming into Batang, we met a man carried in a wooden cage like a tiger. We never discovered who he was, but he was being taken as a prisoner to the capital.

Cruelty was matched with cruelty. The Chinese would capture a prisoner, put him in cold water in an immense tea caldron, and boil him. Another they would pull into four quarters by hitching yak to the arms and the legs. To others they would bring slow death by slicing off a small part of the body at a time until the heart was reached and life ended.

The Tibetans, riding along beside the Doctor, would tell him what they likewise did to the Chinese. Mutilations of every kind and description were practiced. There was much of this, as their punishments even in times of peace are rather severe. For stealing a man may have one arm or one hand and one foot cut off. For some crime the eyelids will be cut off, and perhaps for another, both tendons of the heels may be cut. But they rather prefer to sew a Chinaman in a new yak skin, and lay him out on the mountain to dry.

However, after the strong hand of Chao was removed and the republic was in force, the officials sent in could not govern, and more and still more the

[1] Dayinguan was the chief ruler at Batang, and Iryinguan was second in command.

Tibetans gained the upper hand. During the war, when China was changed to a republic, General Chao was in Chentu. He was called "Chao the butcher," because he killed so many men. Even his own mother condemned him, and his followers hated him, so that he was captured and beheaded by his own men during the revolution.

A queer tale came to us at the time the President-Emperor or the Emperor-President died. We were never able to find out if it were true. It was said that Yuan Shih Kai did not die a natural death, but was forced because of his usurpation of power to kill himself by breathing gold. Had he been a poor man or a lesser official, he could have taken opium. This recalls the story of the Shapè of Tibet, one of the officials directly under the high priest's commands. When the last rebellion occurred, the Tibetans were better armed than the Chinese, and so won out, sending every Chinese and all prisoners out through Lassa, although, as has been said, they tortured none. When complaint came from the Chinese that the Tibetans were armed with modern guns, the Dalai Lama asked the Shapè where the arms came from, and blamed him for the affair. China had asked England how the modern rifles got into Tibet, and where they came from, when the Tibetans were not supposed to have any. China in turn blamed the Dalai Lama, who shifted the responsibility by laying it on the shoulders of the Shapè. The latter then committed suicide, too, by taking gold, though he knew the guns could not have come into Tibet except by an order from the Dalai Lama, as no

law is made without his seal, and nothing done without his sanction.

When the republic of China hung in the balance, all the young men in Batang who had cut their hair short now decided to let it grow, and it grew down about their ears in bobbed style. When asked why, they would say, "Well, if China is still a republic, we can say we haven't cut our hair for some time, and if it turns into a monarchy, we will say we are letting it grow."

As the Tibetan power grew little by little in Batang, those who had been wearing Chinese clothes put on the Tibetan garments and called themselves Tibetans. Most were half-caste, and one language was as easy as the other, and the garments also. Of course there were full-blooded Chinese who would not don a Tibetan gown, and full-blooded Tibetans who would scorn to put on a Chinese garment. They say that a half-caste has the tongue of a Tibetan and the heart of a Chinaman, and that is something of a character, as a Tibetan is descended, according to their legends, from an ape and a demon, and a Chinese is not to be equaled in acuteness.

As they felt their power increase, the Tibetans began to bring out their good gowns and their silver and gold ornaments, which they had kept hidden from the Chinese soldiers, who had been in the habit of taking what they pleased. The lamas dug up their silver vessels, that they had had buried somewhere on the mountains, and sold them to buy back the land that had been taken away from them by the Chinese and sold to whoever would buy. The lamas owned

nearly all the land, the people borrowing money and grain and keeping always in debt to them, so that they are practically poor tenants of the priests. The Chinese had destroyed the big lamasery at Batang before we came in, taking all that was worth while that the priests had left and could not carry away with them. Their books were scattered everywhere. They were loaded on donkeys and sent here and there. Some of the things were sold in the city. Dr. Shelton bought some of these books, which, along with many other Tibetan things, are in the Museum in Newark, New Jersey.

In the early days, the lamas exercised much power. Below the lamasery was a steep cliff, and over this into the river was thrown any Chinese who did not behave according to Tibetan orders. The Catholics, too, had their share of martyrs. The Catholic fathers were killed, and their followers tied hand and foot, pitched into the roaring river, and shot at by the Tibetans from the banks, as the bodies tumbled down the mountain stream, striking the rocks and bowlders.

It was the fall festival time, and for the first time in many years the Tibetans were going to keep it as they used to, without fear from the Chinese soldiers. Dresses in all colors of the rainbow, silver chains and bangles, gold ear-rings and bracelets were donned, and tents and food for ten days were in preparation. The whole town moved out on the banks of the little stream to have a good time, leaving an old servant to guard the door at home in the city. The central tent was for their plays, usually historical. Some of their stories would be of a priest and his wonderful powers, or of a ruler in former times, or the story of

the stealing of the Chinese princess to be the wife of their king.

On the last day was the festival dance of the Deer's daughter, and there were wives or husbands or sons or daughters to represent each of the leading homes in the city in a stately dance around the center pole. No woman of light character was allowed in that dance, and when one attempted to enter she was taken by the shoulders, shaken well, and forced from the ring. None but the best dared to give that dance. The songs were of thanksgiving for their homes and the big harvest, and a plea to the gods to send an abundance for the next year.

A little later came the New Year celebration, which is altogether religious, the priests and acolytes performing, and no woman daring to intrude. No woman is allowed in the Tibetans' holy of holies. On the compound of the lamasery no female is allowed. Even the chickens are all roosters! I do not know just how they manage to have their butter for their tea on that kind of a proposition.

The men of the mission were invited in, and saw the worship and heard the music, which is very weird, the drums and the horns and thigh-bone trumpets making music eminently fitting the country, the people, and the religion, such as is heard no place else in the world. The sound rolls and rolls, and among the mountains it seems as if all their gods had united to make that peculiar continuous sound.

The dances which are given at New Year's time are as weird as the music. It does not seem quite right to call them devil dances, as most eminent writers do.

The great papier maché heads, which the lamas don, are made to resemble deer and pigs and many other animals, as well as the hideous demons, pictured with a man whom they are eating held between their great teeth. They dance and whirl to the music, and act the stories of the marvelous things these demons and gods might do. They believe that some of these demons and gods are always found on the passes or on the lonely forest roads, and that there is a great spirit on each of the seven hills which surround Batang which rule the land and must be placated for the benefit of the crops.

At one time, when the Doctor was traveling with the teacher, it got dark before they reached the village, and the Tibetans were leading the horses. The teacher was very much frightened as a woman stepped to his horse and took hold of the bridle. He said, "Stop, stop right there until I see what you are," and when, by the light of a pitch-pine torch, he saw it was only a woman, he told the Doctor he thought it was the pig-headed goddess, and he meant to kill her if he could before she took him away.

The Tibetans' gods do not seem to be so many, but in their states of anger or revenge they take the form of these great blue and green and black demons, whereas in a state of peace they are more beautiful. The people say it is not worth while to worship a good god, because he would not hurt you anyway, but an evil one must be placated. Their dancing is a worship and a means of showing honor to their gods, in order to induce them to bless and be kind to them during the ensuing year, and as one hears the solemn notes of the big horns and the monotonous beat of the

drums, one can well imagine the gods are listening on the mountain tops.

They have some dancing, or rather whirling, by the young priests in training, and it is a great honor to the home from which the young priest comes to be allowed to take part in these yearly dances. The crowds of people chant sometimes, and from the lamasery door will come groups of priests in their queer dresses and bone aprons to take their part in the entertainment. Perhaps it will be boys painted to represent a skeleton, with long finger nails. They circle and whirl and crack these nails on the ground, while the children whisper, *"Handre,"* which means "ghost," as nearly as can be discovered.

The priests forecast all events, if you so desire, and cast lots as to what shall be done in every case. They tell of lucky and unlucky days for travel or marriage. When a man dies, they say into what form of life he is to be reborn, or cast a horoscope for a life. The highest priests have the chronology of their reincarnation as far back as two thousand years. When one of our friends died, they said he would be reborn a cow. His mother donned a nun's cap, cut off her hair, and foreswore all beef.

At one time, a plague of rats came to Batang. They seemed to be everywhere. They ate the pumpkins, the turnips, the potatoes, and crawled to the top of the stalks of corn and ate the ears of grain perfectly clean. The Tibetans said they were the Chinese soldiers who had been killed in the recent fighting, and had come back to get filled up, since they had been hungry so long.

All Tibetans are Buddhists, but it is a kind of lamaistic Buddhism which would not be recognized by Buddha himself. It came over from India, perhaps under the reign of Asoka, but later the books and translations came with the scholars and priests for whom the first king of Tibet sent. In the early days the books were completely memorized, and not written, and the people told us that mistakes always occurred in the written books, and they were not true, but when they committed them to memory, there were no blunders.

As to just how the charms, and the idea of power in a piece of a lama's gown, or the strap of his boot, or the print of his tooth came into general acceptance, it is hard to say. But at any rate, their superstitions became so vile that a reformer was born in the north. When he was a small baby, so the story goes, his mother shaved his head and threw his hair from the window. A wonderful tree sprang from it, over which hangs a silver shield presented by the Chinese Emperor, and on the leaves are Tibetan characters. It is said that men have tried over and over again to make this tree grow in other parts of Tibet, but have always failed.

Here and there, as the Doctor traveled over hills and mountains, in the valleys and out-of-the-way places, he found little temples and monasteries, and sometimes a nunnery nestling among the hills. They were always ready for medicine, and always entertained him. If they were afraid at first, he would set up his tents and go about his business, and gradually one or two would come, and when they met with no harm, the rest would follow. They were much interested in the idea

of a God of love and mercy, but when the application of it was turned around to be fitted to them, they said it was not possible, that no man could love his enemies.

Sometimes the temples were covered with obscene pictures and carvings, but as all their literature, religion, and customs came from India, it seems possible that this, too, might be an offshoot of the worship of the phallic symbol, or genitals, that is found yet in some places of India. It seemed to be so old that the fact that this was worshiped did not seem to be known by those in charge, and by some scholars it is classified as belonging to the old Bön religion.

Chapter XVI

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

TIBETANS WITH WHOM THE MISSIONARIES CAME IN CONTACT. THE FATE OF THE INTERPRETER HO

"A white Tibetan snow cock does not hatch blackbirds."—Tibetan Proverb.

The local power of the Tibetans against the Chinese official authority was swaying in the balance. A man supposed to be a Tibetan robber was brought in by the Chinese. The tendons of his heels were cut, he was flogged, and made to wear the wooden collar or *kang*. Stories of bribery were numerous. The stealing of guns and the punishing of men here and there seemed to be the business of the year. A rumor came that the soldiers inside Tibet were thinking of rebelling again, as their money for some years back had not been paid.

An English consul came out from Chiamdo. It was on Washington's birthday that he arrived. Dr. Shelton invited the Chinese general to have supper with the consul, and the general congratulated the consul on its being Washington's birthday!

More rumors came that the war was coming to Batang. With a great trustfulness both Tibetans and Chinese brought their goods for safety to the mission compounds, and sometimes asked to be allowed to sleep there. The Tibetan robber who had had his heel ten-

dons cut, and who had been kept in prison all this time, was finally beheaded.

The Doctor made a journey to Yen Jin, a place where the salt wells are located. The Chinese general there entertained him. In the course of the evening, he told him that he had a nice Tibetan woman he would like to present to him for a wife. The general knew better, but he thought it was a great joke on Dr. Shelton. The Doctor told him that one wife was all he could manage; he did not see how the general managed three. But it was a difficult proposition not to offend the Tibetan lady, as she had no objection to being given away, and fully expected to be. But the Doctor told her very kindly that it was not a foreign custom: that our men had only one wife, and he already had one.

Doctor was very fond of cats, and coming home one time, he brought a little striped kitten to the girls, "a calico cat," he called her. One day she presented us with four kittens, and Dorothy said the cat angel brought them. As soon as they had their eyes open, pussy would carry one at a time and bring them from the woodshed around to the front door, and mew until Dr. Shelton would get up and let her in. Then she would jump up on his bed and deposit the kitten, and back she would go to get the rest. When the four were in, she would get in, too, and be quite happy. However, it took until about the fourth generation of cats before we got one that was really like a home cat.

In the meantime, Jack, the Doctor's dog, did not appreciate cats, and he was very much disgusted when they came in, as he considered it his privilege to stick

his nose in the bed and wake the Doctor in the morning. One day the Doctor and Mr. McLeod went hunting. They went over a mountain which was very dry, upon which there were no springs or rivulets of any kind, and Jack followed. He ran and ran, until he got very hot, and the Doctor saw he was not able to follow, so he poured from his canteen into the dog's mouth the few last drops of water that it held. The men came on home, but Jack did not come. About dark, the Doctor started a Tibetan man to find out what was the matter. He traveled as long as he could see, and did not find the dog, then lay down on the path and slept until morning. When he awakened he saw the dead body of the dog a few feet away from him. He carried him down the mountain, and he was buried by a little stream under the trees.

The Doctor went with Jü Lama for a short trip to see his mother, who was ill. In the black tents these people lived, with their flocks and herds around them. They make a kind of cheese by drying the curded milk in the hot sun. It gets very hard, but softens up when you put it in the butter tea. They make a sour cheese, also, which is something like our cottage cheese, only more sour. The yak gives very rich milk. As soon as they found out that Dr. Shelton was fond of milk, they got fresh milk for him, cooled it in the little mountain stream, and gave it to him to drink. They were as delighted as he was when he was greatly pleased with it.

The devil or some of his agents seemed to have broken loose in the town. The chief priest prophesied that there would be seven deaths before the trouble

was ended. A crazy man almost killed a woman, several Chinese jumped into the river, a child was drowned, and the quota had reached six. Whether the seventh fatality occurred or not, I have no record, but presume that it did, for, strange to say, they have a way of telling the truth in their prophecies which is rather difficult to understand.

Dr. Shelton took our little girls for a trip on the mountain. It was Dorothy's birthday, and she rode a mule, and Dorris a horse. They went so high they could hardly move for the altitude, and the snow came down on the tents, which fell in on them. They came home next day, their faces burned red, and were rather glad to get down from that height as they couldn't run and play at all.

The political situation got more difficult all the time, and there was news everywhere that the Tibetans were going to rebel. They said they wanted to make peace, but the Chinese thought it only a ruse to gain time. They asked Dr. Shelton to go and take care of the wounded where they had been fighting, but the general would not let him go until he was sure that it was safe. One afternoon he got word that he might go, so everything had to be gotten ready: bedding, clothes, towels, soaps, and medicines. When he started the general sent twenty-five soldiers to protect him. It was useless to look for a letter, as it took so many men to protect the carrying of the mail to the general that it was not sent back very often.

The opening of the hospital occurred at this time. All the doors were thrown open, free for everybody to go through and see everything that was in it: the

women's ward, the men's ward, the chapel and dispensary, the laboratory, the isolation ward, the emergency ward, the kitchen, and the operating room. The first day was men's day, and about three hundred came; the next was women's day, and there were five hundred, not counting the babies they carried. The priests were especially invited, but the abbot took a sudden headache, and could not come, and would not let the little boys come who were in training, so there were only about thirty in all. I presume the abbot cast lots, and wasn't to visit the foreigners that day. An old man fell two stories and broke his legs, and he was carried into the hospital.

It is a difficult matter to purchase things from the Tibetans, as they keep them hidden away, and seldom bring them out for anyone to see. If they have anything to sell, they usually bring it hidden in their gowns, or after night. They brought one day to Dr. Shelton a beautiful yellow satin scroll, bearing an order from the Dalai Lama to the authorities in Batang, and signed with his seal. It had been written some two hundred years ago, and was very interesting. Another time, the young prince brought a beautiful book. The letters were in raised gold, set with turquoise and pearls. It had been part of his mother's dowry when she came from Lassa to be the bride of his father. He said he wanted the Doctor to have it because it had belonged to his mother. Some of the sacred books were brought and sold in the same secretive way. The silver temple service, incense burners, butter lamps, and other things of solid silver were brought after night

by the priests to be sold, in order to raise money to buy back their land from the Chinese.

On one Saturday morning, Li Guay Guang's boy was born, and the Doctor was with him all night. The day following, a Tibetan was beaten with a rock, almost killed, and brought into the hospital. There was also an operation on one of the Chinese majors for hernia.

The young prince came one evening, bringing a gold-plated bridle to sell the Doctor, in order to get a little money with which to buy wine or opium. He was a lad of twenty, fine-looking, and with much natural ability, but he had been a prisoner with his family in Chentu, where they had all died but himself. He came back to Batang alone, an opium sot. He could drink a kettle of wine, and never lose his balance. He could smoke opium all day and all night, and never seem the worse for it. The Doctor did not purchase the bridle, but after the boy left he said, "It is a pity someone cannot save that young fellow, and make him of some use in the world." I said, "I do not think anyone cares enough for him to attempt the job. I rather think it is up to you." In a few days he came in and said, "Will you take the boy in the home for a while?" and we did so.

It was the beginning of a long, hard, losing fight. The Doctor took him into the dispensary, to teach him medicine, but washing a beggar's sores was not the work for an eastern prince. We taught him English, taught him how to be clean, and Guay Guang preached often to him. Yet he would slip away and get the wine or opium, and come back and confess it, and we

would try over again. His heart was full of hate toward the enemies of his household, and one day he told us he said his prayers. We asked him what he said. He replied, "I believe that your God is stronger than ours, and I have prayed to Him to destroy my enemies." Forgiveness of an enemy is not in a Tibetan's conception of religion.

He stayed with us about a year, and then we went home, but we heard that he was smoking opium once more. It was this prince who went on several trips with the Doctor, and who pleaded that he would take him with him to his mother's people in Lassa when he went. He was with the Doctor on his last trip, he was the man who rode as hard as he could into Batang for Dr. Hardy when the Doctor was wounded, and he and the teacher wore the white flower of Tibetan mourning when their master left them.

The hospital was full, every bed filled, and some patients on the floor. Some were wounded and some were trying to break off opium, among them two women. But it is a very difficult habit to break, and the percentage of those who actually quit could be placed at about one in fifteen.

As the Tibetan power increased, a certain class in Batang, knowing that the Iryinguan's son, the young prince, was not capable of ruling, formed a plan to bring the Dayinguan's widow back to Batang and make her head of the country. The whole city went out to meet her. She had a fierce and wonderful reputation. She came to call on us, and we returned the call. She gave us a feast, but did not eat at the table with us. She was one of the few Tibetan women who could

read and write Tibetan well. Something happened, we never discovered quite what, but the plan fell through, and after a few months' residence, she returned to Litang.

Three men were caught and taken out in the fields and shot by the general for stealing guns; one was a Tibetan and two were Chinese.

Some disease broke out among the cows—I presume the rinder-pest—and most of the mission cows died. Our teacher brought over one for us to use, but we were very uncomfortable, because every morning we expected to find her dead.

It was Christmas time again, and the mission fed about two hundred and fifty beggars and poor. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod came from America, two days after Christmas. The journey had been very uneventful, except that Mrs. McLeod, not being familiar with the square opening in Tibetan roofs, accidentally stepped through one, and fell head first on the pile of manure in the lower story. It was lucky it was a barn that time. As it was, her glasses were broken, as well as two of her ribs, which caused her to suffer for some time after she arrived.

Life seemed made up of small things. There was nothing great or wonderful: hard work every day, discouragements often; but through it all the Doctor, worn and tired, would say, "It is bound to come out all right. God doesn't make mistakes, and His plans are sure to come true. He has a hard time getting things done, because He has to use such poor instruments. It is always an astonishing thing to realize that He can use me."

In 1918, events were playing rapidly into the hands of the Tibetans. Word came that all the Chinese from the inside had been driven out through Lassa into India, the Tibetans holding all the cities. Shangchen was all Tibetan, and sent word to the governor of Kham that if he wanted Batang they would take it for him. They wanted to kill every Chinese they could find. Shangchen's toll of hate was not yet full. The governor said, "When I want Batang I will take it."

The only two cities held by the Chinese were Yen-jin and Batang. On the hills around the city the Tibetans were meeting every day, swearing oaths of fealty, to stand by each other and to kill every Chinese in sight. They were drinking chicken blood to clinch the oath, and should any of their number turn traitor, he must die.

There was an interpreter called Ho, a half-caste, keen and cunning, who had long served the officials in Batang. No Chinese official will take the trouble to learn so barbarous a language as Tibetan: he must always have an interpreter. This man would bring a case before the official if he were bribed sufficiently; if not, he might bring the case anyway, but it would be bad for the offender. For years the Tibetans had suffered at his hands, but now he was drinking chicken blood, along with the rest.

Just what happened we do not know, but the time came when he went to the yamen and told of the plot to take the city and kill all the Chinese, and the Tibetans found it out. How could they bring this man's death about, when they dared not inflict the death penalty? But he must die. With consummate skill the committee

of Tibetan men in whose hands lay the real, but not the nominal, power forced the Chinese officials to pronounce the death penalty, that he should be killed by shooting. So quickly was it all done that the interpreter was being led to the mountain to be shot before the mission knew. His son, a boy of sixteen, was in school—one of the best students, and a fine lad. Some of his friends knew about it, but did not tell him. They coaxed him to go out for a walk away from the town while it was being done, as they were afraid he, through filial piety, would jump between the guns and his father, and lose his own life in order to save him. We heard the gun and the people screaming, and realized shortly what had been done.

So many times had this man by his wit gotten out of things, that I believe he thought he could do it this time as well. It seems to be a law that the man who loads the gun does not do the shooting, and that the man who shoots is to shoot but once. As Ho was led out by the soldiers through the town, he turned and cursed the head man of the Tibetans and all his household, because he believed he had brought this about. The man who was to do the shooting stood near with his gun, and as Ho passed him, he spurned him with his foot, saying, "Shoot, why don't you?" He did shoot, and the gun snapped on a blank cartridge. It had been tampered with, someone who had been bribed had loaded it with a useless cartridge, and the interpreter thought he was safe, as he expected him to shoot but once. But the man got scared, as he was afraid for his life if he failed to kill the interpreter, so he fumbled his gun and shot again, wildly, in that

crowd of people. A man stood on each side of Ho, holding his arms until he should be shot, but the big bullet went wild, killing one man instantly, and shattering the thigh bone of another man, who died in a hospital in a day or two, and passing through Ho's lung.

He didn't seem to be badly hurt, and they took him home. But in a little while the son came running, asking for a bed at the hospital, for there he thought he might have a chance to live, as he said, "They will kill him anyway if he does not die now." The bed was fixed and the sick man carried in, but he died at one o'clock that night. His son stayed in school, but with the Tibetan's idea of a feud it has been in his heart that, when he is a man grown, he must kill the foe of his family.

After the death of these two men, we took their sons into the orphanage. It had been started some little time before, as so many people had come, saying, "Take my baby. It will starve if you do not," when the father had gone away or died, or the mother was dead, and there was no one to care for it. The fear of us was entirely gone. In the early days, the people would have hidden their babies' faces, and expected us to do them some harm, but now they brought more than we could care for. There are thirty now, kept in the school building in Batang, as there is no orphanage built, and if one out of ten is as great as Li Guay Guang has proved, it pays.

Chapter XVII

GUEST OF GOVERNOR IN GARTOK

INCREASING HOSTILITY BETWEEN TIBETANS AND CHINESE. DR. SHELTON HELPS TO SECURE A TRUCE

"You needn't speak, your reputation is wide;
You needn't write, your deeds no man can hide."—Tibetan Proverb.

The teacher's mother was very ill, and he did not have much heart for work and study. She soon grew better, and speaking of their customs one day, he said, "If my mother had died, I should have had to spend several hundred rupees to pay the priests to say prayers for her." "But," I said, "you don't believe in that, do you?" He said, "No, but I would have no 'face,' and everybody would laugh at me if I did not follow the regular custom."

The mail started one morning, and the mail man was robbed just at the edge of town. Eighteen letters which we had written were in the mail, with what the rest of the people had sent, but they were never found.

Men from inside Tibet came, asking for medicine for the wounded. Dr. Shelton was willing to go to them if they would allow him. The general's baby became ill with bronchitis, and he called the Doctor to look after him, but he got no better. The

Doctor told the general that he did not think they were doing what he told them to; and when the general began to inquire, he found that his Tibetan wife had borrowed money secretly, and had sent out to a lama to see if the baby should take foreign medicine. He cast lots and said "No," so she left the money to hire lamas to say prayers. When this was discovered, it was too late to do any good, and the general's only son died. The Doctor went over and stayed with him, as he was almost frantic with grief. Some months later, a second son was born, and in some mysterious way, he also passed away. The Chinese said that it was the Tibetan wife, that she would see to it that the general should never have a son, since she had never given him one. She was wildly jealous of the little Chinese wife.

There was fighting around on all sides at Yenjin, Gartok, and Dergè. Control was slowly but surely passing into the hands of the Tibetans. They had already taken Chiamdo, fifteen days to the northwest, and it was rumored that they were coming to take Batang. A man came out from Lassa, one of their great priests, and we invited him over to look at the teacher's work. He did not seem to know any more than the teacher did, but the Doctor was much pleased to know that Gezongongdü's work was approved by the Lassa man, who said that any of the teacher's translation work could be understood anywhere in the whole of Tibet.

A legend is told of the large lamasery at Chiamdo. The Doctor had visited there before its destruction, being invited and entertained by the priests because

of his medical skill. In this lamasery sat an idol, and down its cheeks and over its gown and the floor were streaks resembling blood. The Tibetans said the idol had wept great tears of blood because of the frightful sufferings they had to undergo at the hands of the Chinese.

One evening the Chinese general in Batang sent for the Doctor and asked him what we were going to do in case of attack by the Tibetans, as he was not able to protect us. He came back to the mission and discussed the question with all of us. It was unanimously decided to stay. There did not seem to be any place to run to, or we might have attempted it.

Since we were not leaving, he asked Dr. Shelton and the teacher to go to Janka (Chinese name for Gartok) and see if he could make a truce with the Tibetans. He got ready at once, and they started. We were not very comfortable to see him go, for we could not tell what might happen next. The Tibetans might attack from any side. The Chinese might do anything. Letters from the Doctor said they would grant a truce of a month. On hearing this, the general sent word for them to return. The Doctor came alone, arriving about dark, and went to the general for his last instructions. He was home for two meals and a bath, and started again at three o'clock the next morning for Janka.

When he reached the Governor, he asked if there was any chance for Batang. The Tibetan general said that if the Chinese would surrender, there was a chance to save the city, but if not, there was nothing more to be said. The Doctor said he had no more instruc-

tions, so he would return. He asked in case they attacked the city if they would respect three things: first, the mission property; second, the lamasery, and third, the homes of the common people. To this the Tibetan governor readily agreed. As to whether there would be fighting, he stated that he could not say, as he took his orders through the Galon Lama, and he from the Dalai Lama.

For one reason and then another the general at Batang put off going into Janka. The Doctor was there as surety for him, and was gone a month, and still there was no sign of settlement. Rumors of all kinds were in the air but we were sure of only two things: first, that the general had no authority from Pekin to settle with the Tibetans, and second, that we were shut off from the world and that there were no men and no money coming in during this time.

The Doctor was in the Governor's house and was treated most courteously, as a guest. Beside his teacher, the two chief lamas had gone with him, and while there he preached and doctored. One day they were talking, and one of the priests told him that he could not hit a *catta* (a silken scarf) at so many yards with his foreign rifle. Doctor said, "We will have a try." The high priest took the *catta,* blew upon it, tied sacred knots in it, charmed it, and said prayers over it. A special lama was asked to say prayers for it while they were out shooting. It was laid, a thin strip of cloth, on a sloping bank. The Doctor shot at it and tore it into strings.

While the Doctor was there, the Tibetans were taking those of their number who had aided the Chinese

and every day lopped off some hands and feet as their punishment for being traitors. Several hands hung in front of the Governor's yamen as a warning to the others.

The soldiers in Batang had threatened to riot, as they had had nothing to eat for three days. So all the grain and money that could be gotten together at the mission were given to them to keep them quiet, for a time at least.

Time went on, and the Doctor wrote down and said he would wait a little while longer for the general, and if he did not come he would have to come home anyway, as he felt he could not stay away from the station longer. He had been gone almost two months. The general finally decided to go, and everything seemed very quiet after he left. The official ordered that the Tibetans make no more wine, as barley was so scarce. Two women were caught making it, and were forced to wear the *kang* (wooden collar) for a few days.

As soon as the general arrived in Janka, the Doctor started for home, and we were surely glad to have him back again. A letter soon came out, stating that the Chinese at Chiamdo, with seven hundred men and a thousand guns, had surrendered to the Tibetans, and that at Janka a certain truce had been arranged for. The general, without authority, was unable to do anything definite, but had arranged for a short peace, and put off being captured as long as possible. However, the people in Batang were expecting to be attacked. Some were leaving town. Some were sending their things up on the mountains, having holes dug in the

ground and burying them. Little holes were dug in the mud walls of the houses, money and valuables put in them, and the holes sealed up again.

An English consul, Teichman, came in at this time and went into Chiamdo to see if he could arrange a longer truce. A letter came from him asking Dr. Shelton to come in and look after the wounded who had been hurt in the last fighting, which had occurred some months before. Again everything was in a great rush to get ready the Doctor and the young prince, who was going with him to help him in his operations. When the Doctor reached Chiamdo, he found the worst cases of old wounds and sores he had ever seen at one time. He and his three helpers operated for three days, performing forty major operations, washing and dressing filthy wounds and terrible mutilations, besides many smaller ones.

There were two men who begged pitifully for operations. The Doctor knew they were not able to stand it, so he asked the Galon Lama if he should operate. He told him not to operate upon them. The Doctor had lost no case yet, and the Galon Lama felt that to lose one would do more harm than all the Doctor had healed would do good. But it was very difficult to tell the poor fellows he could do nothing for them. The military commander was much pleased with his service, and said he would be glad if they could have a hospital in Chiamdo.

The Chinese were demanding more money from the Tibetans at Batang. They called it tax, but they demanded it again and again. In the meanwhile, the teacher, the consul who had come to Batang, and Mr.

Ogden, of the mission, were drafting some kind of a treaty for use between the Tibetans and the Chinese.

The general returned from Janka, and he and the consul set off for Chiamdo. Their mission looked doubtful, for the Tibetans had gone too far and had too much power in their hands by that time. One of the Chinese majors had gone out in the country with his soldiers to fight the Tibetans, who surrounded him. They took delight in keeping him penned up, shooting any of his men who came outside the stone house in in which they found refuge.

One of the boys with him, who afterward came in, had been shot through the big bone of the leg. He was in the hospital many months. He was the lad who drew the pictures for the first Tibetan story book we produced for the mission. Gu Da Ren was held prisoner by the Tibetans for some weeks, but finally got out all right and came safely home to Batang, though we never expected to see him again.

We attempted to make a song in Tibetan to the tune of "My Country 'Tis of Thee." When we asked Li Guay Guang, our evangelist, to look at it he said, "Well, Tibet doesn't belong to the Tibetans, why should you make that kind of a song?" and the teacher was much disgusted because he said he didn't have any country to love, and certainly would not be willing to die for what he didn't have.

A good many times the Doctor had attempted to get a letter to Lassa, asking permission to come in, but no man would carry it. They were afraid to be caught with the foreign writing upon them. When he made his visit to the Governor, the Doctor said he had tried

many times to send a letter to the Dalai Lama, but had never succeeded in getting one sent, whereupon the Governor said he would be quite willing to send it for him. He very kindly did so, and a letter came from the Dalai Lama, granting him permission to come, providing there was no treaty between the nations forbidding him to do so, and as there was no such treaty, the plans for the trip to Lassa were made.

Two of the inlaid wine flasks were sent out to him by the Galon Lama in recognition of his service in Chiamdo. A letter came out from the English consul, sending the temporary treaty he had made, arranging a truce for a year between the Chinese and Tibetans.

During this year, smallpox seemed to be everywhere. The Doctor was busy making vaccine. He would inoculate two calves at a time in preparing the vaccine. He went into the country and vaccinated great numbers, and sent his assistants everywhere, but many refused, as they were still afraid. One day a man rode in and asked the Doctor if he would go out on the mountain and vaccinate his two boys. He was afraid to bring them into the city, as smallpox was so prevalent.

It seemed very strange that the people in the city would go to the lamas and have them cast lots to see whether they should be vaccinated or not. Many of the people who took this course did not come, and many of the priests reaped a rich harvest saying prayers for those who died. One of the lamas remarked one day, "Business is very poor. There have not been many deaths out in the country." As a rule, when a wealthy man dies, his personal belongings, consisting

of silver, rings, good gowns, sword, gun, etc., are divided and sent here and there to the lamas, in order that they may pray for his soul.

The teacher's mule driver and one of the followers of the Chinese general were foolishly trying one day to swim across the river with the mules, and both men were drowned. The Tibetans say that the demons under the water, who are called *lu* and have men's heads with snakes' bodies, catch people and pull them under the water and drown them.

One day a man was carried into the hospital on two boards. He had been shot in the thigh some months before. There was little that could be done. On every hand the people were still dying of smallpox. Five died in one day and two the next, until the teacher remarked, "All who have cast lots are dead."

The Chinese caught a Tibetan who was supposed to be a robber, and beheaded him, but he was brave to the last, and seemed to have no fear at all. A man in the valley had been shot by robbers, and his thigh bone was broken into hundreds of little pieces. He had bled for thirty-six hours before they brought him in. The Doctor took off his leg, but could not save him.

One of the teachers in the school became very ill. Mr. Ogden took him into his home for some time, but it was a hopeless case. He was moved to the hospital and finally, when his father saw that he was not going to get well under foreign care, he took him home. We had kept him clean and comfortable, and seen that he had proper food, but now he was not to be washed any more and was to take what he was told to. The priests came every day with their horns and bells and mo-

notonous reading, until he was frantic with the noise. They would not allow him to sleep, but someone must always be near him to slap him or pinch him or throw cold water on him. It must have been a relief to him when his life passed out and he could rest.

Another trip was made out through the country to vaccinate people. The Doctor vaccinated one hundred and seven, his helper, Johnny, thirty-three, and Mr. Bu forty-four. Another day Doctor Shelton and the teacher went up on the mountain and vaccinated about fifty.

The soldiers on the street were again demanding more grain and more money. The people were very much afraid, and the officials were on their knees begging the soldiers not to loot and kill. They asked the Tibetans for grain to keep them for five months, but the people would certainly starve if they should give it. The teacher ran away, as he was afraid that if he could not give all the grain and money the soldiers wanted, they would kill him. The general came in, bringing with him a hundred wounded soldiers, expecting to send them home. The plan now was to send out most of the useless people, so that it would not take so much to keep them. The scare of the interior Tibetans coming to take the city of Batang seemed to be about settled. The general finally asked to be allowed to go back into China, but the soldiers did not want him to go for fear they would never get their pay. However, in some way or other he managed it, and got out of the city, and with his two wives escaped into Yunnan.

Soon after this, our furlough home was about due,

and it was time for us to leave for America. We learned of the following events in letters from those on the field while we were away.

The Tibetans held the upper hand, and planned two or three times to attack and capture Batang, but never succeeded. They sent word to the missionaries not to be frightened, as they did not come to harm them. An attack occurred about three o'clock one morning, and the fearful, blood-curdling yell of the Tibetans rolled through the valley, causing fear and panic. The Chinese garrison was very small. Bullets flew everywhere, striking the mission house walls. Some of the people ran to the mission houses for refuge. The Chinese commander very coolly finished his breakfast, mustered his men, got out his cannon, and proceeded to chase the Tibetans off and shoot down most of the mud houses in the city. The second attack was much the same.

It was very difficult for the Chinese to hold and maintain authority in that raw land without soldiers, without food, and without money. The present condition of China is so unsettled that just what is to become of Tibet is a question hard to determine. With justice she would like the Chinese rule. During the last war between China and Tibet, China was so engaged with her own internal troubles that she had no time to give to Tibet, and was easily vanquished. Tibet wanted to try her own wings, and rule her own people, but it is very doubtful whether she will be permitted to do that.

About the time the World War broke out, a treaty was made called "The Simla Treaty," because made in the city of Simla, India. Four countries convened over

the disposal of Tibet. They wished to make the treaty so that the dividing line would extend from east to west, leaving the southern part, including Lassa, under English suzerainty. This left the northern part, which is cold and barren and of not much value, to China's control, or to be let alone, as she wished. China refused to sign this treaty. Just at present the English hold a lease on the Chumbi Valley as surety for the payment of the indemnity and cost of Colonel Younghusband's expedition to Lassa. There are many millions of rupees of trade between Tibet and India every year. Indian and English commodities come over the border into Tibet, brought by native traders. An English representative resides at Gyantze, a short distance from Lassa, to protect the British interests. Out of Tibet go gold, musk, borax, and wool. Formerly, most of this was sent out through China, but since the republican form of government has been established, and China as a whole has no government and no laws, all roads are unsafe; no caravans, therefore, come out from Lassa, and have not done so for some time but all the trade that is worth while goes out through India.

Chapter XVIII

CAPTURED BY BANDITS

IN YUNNAN PROVINCE. DR. AND MRS. SHELTON AND FAMILY ARE ATTACKED BY BANDITS WHO CARRY HIM OFF. HIS DIARY DURING CAPTIVITY OF MORE THAN TWO MONTHS

> *"As you go forth to fight, be in the front; as you return, be the last to come."*—Tibetan Proverb.

It was 1919, almost time for another furlough, but we didn't want to leave. This last term of service, in spite of the unsettled state of the country, had been such a happy one; we loved the people, and they loved us; they had ceased to fear and come to trust us. It was very doubtful whether I could return to Tibet, as Dorris, who was fifteen, and Dorothy, who was twelve, must not be cheated of their birthright of an education among their own kind. They must know what it meant to live in America and be an American, and help with the opportunities that lie at her door. So with sad hearts we began to pack and to plan to sell what we wouldn't need again, breaking up our home and getting ready for the future. But the girls have said since, over and over, "We have known no happy days since we left Batang," and surely it seems true. It is always a difficult matter to say good-by, so it

was planned to leave so early in the day that the schoolboys and orphans would not be up, but they went the night before and slept on the way in order to say goodby to us. It wasn't an easy parting and had we known what lay before I fear none of us would have had the courage to go. It is well that the future is unknown.

The journey out was over a new road, new to us at least, down through the province of Yunnan. We had always before gone in and out through Tachienlu and the Yangtse River. We had no tents for the first few days. Traveling over this road the scenery was marvelous. There was snow on the passes, and when on top of the mountains it looked as though you could travel forever in any direction and never get anywhere. We could see the great white mountain to which many of the Tibetans make a holy pilgrimage each year. It is snow-capped always, they say, and the god who dwells there is a very powerful one. We came to one small village where the people watched us narrowly, not just knowing what we expected to do.

When we left this place it was impossible to get the chairs along the road. Trees were felled in a criss-cross way, one from one side and one from the other. We got out and walked, as the chair had to be turned on its side to get through. Then came the big mountain with steps of stone leading to the top, just covered with a light sift of snow slippery and melting. As the poor mules went up bearing the loads they slipped and fell, bumping their noses on the stones, and leaving a trail marked with blood when they attempted to get under the trees. The loads had to be removed and carried forward by the men and again strapped on. I

had to walk, too, and slipped like the mules. Only a big Tibetan holding each arm kept my own nose in safety. Going down it was impossible to use the chairs again, and the rest of the caravan on horses had gotten far ahead of me. For an hour I walked down and down and all at once met Dr. Shelton coming back with a horse for me. I protested that I couldn't ride, "Well," he said, "you'll have to ride the horse or let a Tibetan carry you." I had mercy on the Tibetan.

On asking why the trees were cut in that peculiar way, we were told "To keep robbers from attacking suddenly and getting away quickly." Such is the custom of robbers in this land when they make an attack. They come down the valley with a swoop, get all they can, and ride swiftly out again. This plan kept them from getting either in or out very speedily.

Some nights the four cots would be placed under the edge of a cliff which towered hundreds of feet over us, looking as if it might fall and cover us up suddenly. As we went to bed we could lie and see the stars and the magnificent mountains in the distance, and a little way from us the campfire of the men, around which they sat drinking their hot butter tea before they, too, turned in. Some nights we spent in forests, forests primeval, pines so tall and straight that all the masts for all the ships in the world could be made from them could they but be gotten to the sea. Some times whole forests would be festooned with "old man's beard," which seemed to smother and kill the trees. Here we could have a glorious bonfire with which to cook supper. Another night it was snowing and after the evening meal the Doctor put us all to

bed each in his own cot, and covered us over with an oil sheet, and there we slept snugly with the snow falling softly over us.

When we got farther down, we went into the homes of the tribesmen and stayed over night. Sometimes they gave us the main room in which to sleep, and we could see them putting the holy water in front of the idols, lighting the butter lamps, and making obeisance to the idol in the "God Room." In all big homes this idol room is found, where is placed the special god of the family, the holy relics and charm boxes, and where the family worship every day. In our teacher's home the wife and mother lit the little butter lamps every morning, made the offerings of grain, filled the bowls in front of the god with holy water and worshiped. A smooth place on the floor showed where their buttery hands touched every day when they bowed before the idol.

Often these tribesfolk asked if we had any tea or salt and some of our men usually did have the kind they wanted. This was the regular "brick tea" which comes from China and the black salt, which is only dirty salt, but which they say has no strength if it is white. They would rather have the tea and salt than money, and we often paid for our night's lodging with these things. These tribes seem to partake of some of the characteristics of the Tibetans. They have a language of their own and yet seem to be mixed in some way with the Chinese. Perhaps they are some of the aboriginal races of China. I think perhaps they somewhat resemble the Nosuland people judging from Mr. Pollard's description in his book on that country.

Sometimes we came to lakes, and the Doctor would get some ducks. There were little rivers winding here and there, temples stuck up on the mountain sides, lamaseries of Tibetan monks hidden away, always wildly beautiful, very quiet, and intensely interesting.

Later, we came down to real Chinese territory where the dirt and filth of ages reposed in the corners and under the beds as well as on the beds; but here we could get hot rice and vegetables and sometimes pork and chicken. We passed through the city of Dali, through which great caravans of opium come from Burma. Here at one time a general rebelled and being caught with one hundred or so of his men, he was killed. The men were tied up to trees in a row and machine-gun fire turned upon them. The firing began at their heads, the scattering shot gradually lowering to the breasts and through the bodies until most of them were dead. One day going along the men said, "You'll see a tiger man pretty soon," but what was a tiger man? We soon saw him sitting by the wayside begging. When he was hunting one day a tiger had clawed his face tearing out the eyes, tearing off the nose and lip and he still lived.

On again we went, an escort being sent from one station to another as is the Chinese custom, until the tragic day when the Doctor was captured. Afterwards we learned that the soldiers had been warned to stay where they were, as Yang Tien Fu controlled the whole country and with our men spies had traveled for two days. At the last station only two unarmed men were sent with us and when the attack came they ran away. The story of his capture by the bandits, I shall not re-

peat but give to you the unpublished diary as Dr. Shelton kept it when among these bandits.

The Doctor always carried in his saddle bags on all of his journeys, a copy of Ian McLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," a small Testament from Mr. McLean, who was president of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society for so many years, and a volume of poems by Robert Service, given him by Mr. Burnham, the president of the United Christian Missionary Society, successor to the old Board. The poems of Service especially appealed in this land, for here all things are crude, as in the tales of the Northland, and the truth is brutally told when it is told. In nature, raw, rock riven, and wind torn, you do not stop to repeat softly padded lines or tickle the ear with gently spoken phrases. When among the bandits, he read these three books over and over, regretting only that he did not have a copy of the whole Bible, and especially of the Psalms. The robbers did not trust his writing, as they were afraid he would tell where they were, so on the margins of the pages of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," he kept the words of his diary.

AN ACCOUNT OF MY CAPTURE AND DETENTION BY YANG TIENFU, HEAD OF THE YUNNAN BANDITS

On Saturday, 3 January, about noon or a little after, while riding peacefully along about fifty to one hundred yards behind the chairs of Mrs. Shelton and the two girls one of the soldiers who was with me suddenly cried out, "Robbers! Robbers!" ran in front of my mule, fired his gun in the air, and then started running with the others back along the road we had come. I

looked for the robbers in the direction they were running, but could see no one. The shots began to come from in front, and I saw them coming down around the chairs which had been put down. I grabbed my gun from its scabbard on my saddle and Andru, my Tibetan servant, and I began running toward the chairs. Seeing we were left alone, and the bandits were many, I decided that non-resistance was best, so handed the gun back to Andru, who put it back in the scabbard. I walked on up to the chairs. Mrs. Shelton and the children were crouching down behind them, calling to me to get down, as the shots were flying all about. The robbers then surrounded us and began taking our things and one drew a large pistol, another a large sword, threatening me.

The fellow with the pistol looked so grotesque—he had a long black streak on his face—that I laughed. Anyway we were not harmed. One man grabbed Andru's knife and chopsticks, which were tied to him. He looked appealingly to me.

I said, "Don't resist. Give it to him. It is all you can do."

They took Mrs. Shelton's things from her chair, among them a thermos bottle through which a shot had gone. After we had been stripped of what they wanted, a sort of headman came and said for me to go with him to their headman back up the road we had come. I started off with him and Mrs. Shelton called for me not to leave them alone, but I could do nothing but comply with what they wanted. This headman had my camera and field glasses and wanted me to explain the camera as we went along, which I did. Then he wanted

me to take his picture and show it to him on the spot.

Many people were along the road, all with their packs open and the robbers taking whatever they wanted, and making them strip and give them any garment that struck their fancy. We finally arrived at the top of the pass over which we had just come, and there grouped around their headman were about twenty men. He had my gun, a Winchester shotgun, and wanted me to show him how it worked, which I did.

A shot just then came whizzing from the valley below—the soldiers were coming in, as the four who had been with us had raised the alarm. He commanded his men to take me and go on up the mountain, and informed me that I would be held for ransom. My mule and two of the animals of servants having been brought up, I mounted and we started. It was with a heavy heart. I could see the chairs on the road in the valley below. One of the men called for the chairs and women to be brought up, but as they had to travel fast they decided to let them go, for which I thanked God. The battle was now in full swing behind us as I was hurried on ahead, but the shots kept coming overhead. After going some miles the shots became fewer and fewer, and finally died out altogether. When we stopped to rest a long, lean man asked me for my watch, which had been overlooked at first.

It was getting dark now and we waited for the rest of the band. They came straggling in a few at a time. I counted seventy-one there at the resting place. The headman came in and fires were built and supper cooked and eaten, and then for two hours they smoked opium. I was to learn in the days to come that they depended

when under strain far more on opium than on food. About ten o'clock at night we started on. We traveled along the crest of a ridge for some miles, then down through brush into a valley to a small village where they were expected, arriving about three in the morning. They all rolled at once in their blankets and began another round of opium. I was bedded down with the long, slim man who had taken my watch. They came in ones and twos and threes to see if anything had been overlooked about me. Nothing remained but my medicine case. They took the bottles and poured the medicine out, to get the bottles for opium.

At daylight they were up again, but it was raining and wind blowing so they decided to stay for a while and get breakfast. I tried to care for my mule. They wouldn't let the saddle be taken off. Neither was I to be allowed to take my clothes off for some days. I could do nothing, so sat in an old straw shed and did what Mrs. Shelton had often said I should do—started a diary.

I had in my saddlebags three little books which were a blessing—a little red letter New Testament, given me by Brother McLean in 1911, the "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," sent me by F. W. Burnham in January, 1917, but which had just arrived in Batang shortly before we left, and which I had not finished reading, and McLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." "A Doctor of the Old School" is my ideal, after Jesus and Livingstone. In this latter little volume I started my diary Sunday, 4 January, and I've kept it up to date, 14 February, as it is the only way I have of keeping a

record of time. Seven weeks to-day and I'm still a prisoner and likely to remain one indefinitely.

The first morning they came to me and asked me to write a letter saying that if soldiers were sent after them I would pay the penalty. I did not write it.

Only one man had been wounded—shot through the ankle. I attended to him and he is long since well. He was very grateful.

They also have come to me with all kinds of offers if I will join their band.

I spent the morning estimating what they had got the previous day. Including the animals and all my things, it amounts to about $1800.

The headman (Li Loapau—I learned later he is Yang Tien Fu himself)—says that the Governor has his family in jail in the capitol and that he doesn't wish to harm me but to see if he can injure the Governor in any way.

I suppose I can do no better from here on than to copy my diary, though some of it seems out of place now, but it will serve to show the state of things from day to day.

4 January. Have no idea how things will turn out and it does not matter much just about me. Glad loads were not taken and Flo and girls allowed to go. Headman just been here scheming to get help. Wants me to help him get ammunition which, of course, I cannot do. Says headman is at Jong Tien and he has come back to recruit for him. These villages here are very friendly to him. Wish I could help to get them settled for good. Beginning of all trouble was refusal of officers to pay men for five months.

Monday 5. Started on at noon Sunday. Traveled till near night, heard bugle call and stopped on mountain till dark. Man had been to see what Flo and children were doing. Said they were waiting at Lao Ya Guan. Said they would take me down next day. At dark went to village and stopped with confederate. They were much afraid of meeting soldiers, as this confederate told them they were very near. Rested till midnight. Crossed big road and telegraph lines about midnight. On till three A. M. over mountains. Stopped till daylight with some Catholic converts. Said Catholic church was only three miles away and they were taking me there, for which I was very thankful. Started on this morning at daylight but back into mountains again. After an hour I saw they were certainly not going to the Catholic place. I sat down and told them they could do as they pleased, I couldn't go farther. The roads were so steep you couldn't ride. They took one of my cards and sent a man to the Catholic priest about two P. M. A card—Claude Bailly—with writing in French which I couldn't read came back. They said the priest had gone to take my family to Yunnan and there would be a man back in five days.

Tuesday 6. About dark went down mountain to a large temple and stayed all night and I got first sleep since my capture Saturday. It is now Thursday afternoon and we are still here in the temple, with forty guards out in every direction. They have done nothing all day but gamble and worship. I was very sick and vomited all this morning. They want as condition of my release one hundred and twenty guns and charge of the road from Yunnan to Talifu. I suppose they

are negotiating through the priest with whom they seem to be on very friendly terms. They all smoke all the opium they want. Have all kinds of guns but are short on cartridges. I have counted nineteen kinds of guns and eight kinds of pistols and revolvers from old firelocks down to the most modern rifles and Colt Automatic forty-five pistols. There are eight priests in this temple, which is very fine and seems to be about half Tibetan. No bed. Clothes not off since Friday. They never go to bed. Never without guns. If a man lays his gun down a minute the captain gets after him. Cartridge belts never off. They have plenty of money. They have worked since first to get me to go with them. They keep it up. At first I thought it was just talk but am convinced they are in earnest. Want me to take command of all money—they can't trust each other. They offer anything. Band now numbers one hundred and four, others having come in. It is near night now, and still no sign of moving. Catholic convert told me yesterday he was afraid and would not have come except to bring the priest's card. When he went away he said he would come back, but did not. One man wanted to go home—had to have another man agree to be killed if he gave away any information. When a man joins the band he joins for keeps. Gambling all day. Fifteen to twenty dollars changed hands at every roll of the dice. I could get word out by deceiving them and pretending to write for wife and children to come and join me. They have been at me all day to do this. They call me foreign officer. Been trying to get shaved, but have not succeeded. My refusal to do all things they ask, from smoking opium,

gambling—they offer me money to gamble with—etc., to being their leader I base on Christianity, which gives me a chance to tell them of Him and I am backed up by two in the band who have been Christians—one at Yachow, one at Ning Uen Fu. They know of Wellwood's death in France and seem to regret it.

Wednesday, 7 January. Thought was to have night's rest but man sent out to see said soldiers were coming, so at ten o'clock started and traveled till three A. M. Froze trying to sleep till six. On again till seven. Stopped for day in saddle of mountains with guards out. Starting again at four going till six and are to sleep till moon comes up. Had awful round with them last night. Must get two hours' sleep, if possible, so must quit.

Thursday, 4 January. Rested till midnight. On till four A. M. Stopped in rain till seven, then on till ten and stopping in rain on mountain now. Had awful spell of blues this morning. Wrote Flo to go on home to America, but doubt if they will mail the card. They want everything in Chinese. I think they wrote something in Chinese this morning, and signed my name, but am not sure.

Friday, 9 January. Yesterday afternoon prayed for grace to try to do these people good and preached to them. There are several whom I am beginning to like. Six have come to me privately and want me to take them with me when I am let go. Came down mountain at dark and stopped at temple for two hours, then on for another hour to a village and stopped till daylight. Came on for an hour and have stopped here on the mountain till now—noon.

Tne captain says that whether or not things are arranged he is going to give orders that me and mine are always to be protected by his men. They have a great deal of which to complain. They said they are going to give me a mule and two guns when I go (if ever).

Saturday, 10 January. Yesterday afternoon at three o'clock one of their men came in and said that seven companies of soldiers were coming, so we went very fast till dark along road on top of ridge. Could see where Lu Long was. They robbed many people on their way to market. I felt so sorry for them. At dark descending into valley came to large village. People very scared and made to do bidding of the men at muzzle of guns. Rested till ten P. M. then on till three A. M. over the worst roads yet. Wish I could die without committing suicide. Perhaps they will solve it for me soon. It is now nine A. M. Came to village. All the people ran away. I am nearly finished. They live almost entirely on opium when under strain. Slept two hours in field. Nearly froze. One mule went over a cliff.

I dared not think. This was word that came into my mind, "Fear not, I am with thee." I don't know what the Lord wants to accomplish through me, but not my will but Thine be done, O God.

Noon. They have just had the headman of the village tied up to kill, but finally let him off on his promise of help in the future. When they tried to lead him out he held back and they stuck a knife in his leg. I am getting cooties, but the captain won't let me stop and wash my clothes as they never know what minute

they may have to go. They think they see soldiers coming now. I attended a very sick woman here.

Sunday, 11 January. A week yesterday since I was captured and still no word, though the Catholic priest, so they say, promised word by last night. Perhaps it is because we have gone back toward Talifu so far.

Left the village at four P. M. Came up the mountain for two hours and stayed all night among the trees with guards about. On this morning to this cove in the mountains, where we've been resting for an hour now at noon. We've turned almost due south. Don't know how long it will last.

Monday, 12 January, Daylight. Came on yesterday till afternoon to this village, which is theirs. Gambled and talked all night and getting ready to start on road.

Letter came at dark from colonel of soldiers, telling them that they would be allowed to submit to Government. They want six things granted over the government seal before releasing me. (1) Pardon for all past offenses. (2) Restoration to citizenship. (3) Reinstatement of soldiers. (4) Release of head man's family. (5) Two hundred rifles. (6) Twenty thousand cartridges. Killed twenty-five chickens yesterday afternoon and small pig.

At least twenty have come and want to be my servants now. I've had a great increase in popularity since the letter came. Many of them when they come around near me want to show off and sing, "Do re mi," "Jesus loves me," and many other hymns.

All ready to go at daylight but for some reason changed mind at last minute, so stayed here. Killed pig, and for want of something to do the Captain asked

me to teach him the "a—b—c's." Best boy in company won twenty dollars yesterday and it was stolen during the night. They are just a big bunch of thieves even among themselves. The captain came to me and wanted to know if I would take him for my son.

Tuesday, 13 January. Dark. Nothing written since yesterday noon. Ready to go on yesterday afternoon, when another letter came. It was dark by the time it was answered, so stayed another night. Traveled all day to-day in southwest direction. People run from every village. Stopped here just now at dark. They are making for some place to get $5,000. They had word from Tali of our coming. The secretary for the bunch, Gu, must have one and one half ounces of opium every day. It was pitiful to see the women of the village with their little bound feet carrying their babies and trying to run away. I had hoped for a letter yesterday, but none came.

Wednesday, 14 January. Last night one of the men insulted a woman. The captain called him up and was ready to spank him, but finally let him off with five dollars fine, with the ruling that in the future for like offenses not only the man but his sergeant would be spanked. The men caroused all night. No sleep. Up at three A. M. for breakfast, then slept till six, then on to this town, Fa Paio Gai. Everyone had run away. Men are forbidden to go on street. This is gun market—firelocks—they bought twelve. I'm awfully itchy. Washed my clothes night before last, but the men never wash and are covered with them, and it is impossible to keep them off. Captain gave me seven dollars to

use. Bought fifty cents worth of rock candy and fifty cents worth of crude sugar.

Fed mule all he'd eat. Captain can say a—b—c's and count to ten and ask what things are. Thought I'd get a letter, but none yet. I think the captain is perhaps a little stricter because I am along. I have nothing the last few days of which to complain in treatment. They live the best they can living like hunted animals. They have great hope of getting pardon as part of price for me. I told them I hoped the Government would not buy my release, as it would set a bad precedent and they would be catching other foreigners.

A letter just came at dark from Flo and French consul. Seven days on the road. The men are jubilant. Think they have things in their own hands now, but will be reasonable I think. They have lived like wild beasts long enough. And they have a competence in opium. Two hundred loads worth $5,000 per load, so they say. I am very thankful to Father Bailly and the French consul for their help. They have been exceedingly kind.

Thursday, 15 January. Dark. Can't see. Traveled all day in northeast direction. We crossed river at dinner time. Robbed man of three mules when we stopped for dinner. Camping out on mountain tonight. They say we are going back. Some of the men don't want to fix things up, but most of them do. If things are fixed up, officers will get all money for opium and men very little. I'm glad Flo and the children are safe. They promised last night to let me go as soon as Yang's family is turned over to them. Man left with letters for capital this morning.

Friday, 16 January. Two weeks to-morrow. Captain bought bracelet last night for fifty dollars, and gave me for Flo as a present. Stopping near village for dinner. All people have run away. Could see them going far up the mountain-side. The men would call out to hurry up or they would get away. Then they would run the faster. They took from gardens vegetables for one hundred men, and this morning, they took an average of five stalks of sugar cane each. The most I've counted lately in the band is one hundred and four. Counted ninety-six last night.

Saturday, 17 January. Two weeks to-day! Oh, well—— We are at the copper mines. The people here are in with this bunch. Yesterday a man came along whom they took for a spy. They tied him up and brought him along. Also tied up one of their own men for robbing an old woman and scaring her badly. My poor old mule is all in. He may pay for my being caught, but I can do nothing more. I care for him as well as I can, but yesterday was sixty days without rest carrying not less than two hundred pounds all the time. I don't know what to do. They say that in two more days he can rest, but——

Noon. The advance guard ran all the people out of one place and robbed an old man. The captain cannot govern his men at all and they do about as they please. They told the people here they were guards of a big foreign official and the headman of the place came and kotowed to me. This greatly amused the men. The old man would not believe me when I told him I was a prisoner.

We don't seem to be getting anywhere, as the old man says we are still two days from Lao Ya Gwan.

Sunday, 18 January. Stopped on mountain all night. Very cold. Sick and vomiting all night. Man with letter in this morning. Said Government offered $20,000 in my stead and it was refused. Captain said it was a good thing I was not a Chinaman, or I'd have been let go and the money taken.

The man tied up yesterday is a spy, sure enough, but the captain says they will not kill him, as negotiations are pending. I gave captain notice that the next man I heard talking nasty about my family I would smash, regardless of consequences. Stopping now in woods to answer letter. They say we can arrive at Catholic place to-morrow. Man just been telling me his troubles. Wants to quit and go home, but they won't let him. We've been camping here since ten this morning, and I've been rereading as a whole all of Paul's letters. There were giants in those days. What a wonderful man, and what stimulation to emulation! There are at least ten men in this bunch in earnest in wanting to quit this life and lead decent lives. Quite a few are kept in by force. The man they have been waiting for has just come in bringing letters. What the import is I do not yet know.

They say we are to stay the night here, so I've spread my saddlepads on the ground and am ready to turn in.

Monday, 19 January. Stayed again all night on the mountain. Came on this morning to Min Shao Chang and are staying in large temple. They are after a rich man for $2,000. Sent him word last night to have it ready. He ran off, so they are threatening to

burn his house. Had a bath and clothes washed. The days go by and nothing accomplished.

Tuesday, 20 January. Say we will get back to where Catholic priest lives to-day. They worked all night trying to get $2,000 or get hold of man. Have done neither yet. Yang, their chief, sent letter yesterday asking me to stay with them and offering as much as $6,000 a year. I should get mail when we get to Catholic place.

Ten minutes after I wrote the above the agent of the man they were trying to get money from brought word that soldiers were coming. True or not no one knows as yet. Anyway, we got off in twenty minutes and have traveled five hours hard, and, contrary to expectations, are waiting on the mountain back of the Catholic place. They have asked priest to come up. They have just been torturing man who brought word of soldiers. Prepared him for execution, etc. The most he would agree to last night was $500, but they wanted $2,000. Don't know whether Catholic will come up or not. At least the man should bring some mail back. This Chinese business is liable to run on into months. There are beautiful rhododendrons in bloom here. I think they are the kind that Wilson, the botanist, named for Flo and put in the Kew Gardens in London.

Had my mule shod last night. Feel fine after bath and clean clothes. My chapter this morning was eighth of Romans, especially verses 35-39. Amen.

Wednesday, 21 January. The Catholic priest had gone to Lao Ya Gwan, so we came on across the valley to the temple where we were two weeks ago. The

MOWING THE GRAIN IN THE BATANG FIELDS

ALL THRESHING IS DONE WITH FLAILS ON THE
TOP OF THE HOUSE

A CHORTEN

people ran like rabbits before a pack of hounds. The captain came through the village with a Colt Automatic in one hand and Mauser Automatic in the other.

The Catholic priest came to the temple about eleven P. M. Stayed and talked terms till about one-thirty A. M. It is going to be hard to settle, as they think they have the upper hand and are going to keep it. Father Bailly is a kindly old man of sixty or over. Has been here thirty years. Said he would come up this evening. The soldiers we heard of are after three companies who mutinied and killed their officers for lack of pay. Same story as these men. The men are very much afraid and we may take to the mountains any minute. Catholic says Yang's family left capital yesterday. If so should reach here to-morrow some time. The temple service is very nice. Have two per day, morning and evening.

The man they brought yesterday is still tied up and they are pressing him for the $2,000 again this morning.

The priest came again this evening and tried in every way in his power to get them to let me go. No use. They have the upper hand and expect to keep it. The man I thought was Captain Li is Yang, the chief, himself, but for some reasons prefers to go by the title of Li Lao Pai. They are going back on their promise to let me go when Yang's family arrives at the capitol to-morrow, but it cannot be helped. The priest and French consul have done all in their power and I am more than indebted to them. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. Good night.

Thursday, 22 January. This morning another letter

came from Flo and Dorris. Dorothy is better, thank God. The list of things lost came. Got Andru's flint and steel back.

The chief himself came in this morning with great roll of bills. Said he wanted to hire me for a year at $1,000 per month, six months' pay in advance and other six months at end of six months, me to be let off to take my family to the coast and then come back. The Catholic priest says they are immensely rich. Dealing out opium this morning. Five to ten ounces per man. They say that one member of the family, a son, has not been sent and they are demanding him this morning. Won't let me go, for they say the minute I am off their hands the Government will send soldiers against them, so it is plain I shall be here till everything is finally settled.

I called captain in last night and asked him to unbind the man they had had tied up for forty-eight hours, so he could lie down and he did—chaining him to a man during the night. They say he is to be killed today.

Night. He was not executed and this has been a good day. Letter saying Dorothy was better and letter from Dorris which I was very glad to get. My bedding and clothes came. Have had a bath. A new shirt from Ula and though still a prisoner and likely to be one for some time, am in good spirits.

The Catholic priest came again. He is a fine man. He goes for the Chief's family to-morrow and men come to begin negotiations. It will take some days. I thank God for all His goodness to me and hope that

this will be the means of saving some hundreds of lives. Amen.

Friday, 23 January. Noon. It was good to have bedding once more. Priest has gone for the Chief's family to-day. To-night tried to write some letters, but had no pen and ink. The best lieutenant in the bunch was smoking opium. I asked him why a young man of his ability wanted to smoke. His reply was pitiful. "It keeps me from wanting to see my wife and babies."

Night. The Catholic priest came again and asked them to turn me over to him, as their people had been put into his hands. They are like all Chinese, don't want to keep their part of the bargain. They finally promised to take me down to-morrow, but I don't think they will. They intend to keep firm hold on me till they get what they want. I begged the Catholic priest not to humiliate himself farther by begging for what they had promised, but to drop their case and let them do as they pleased. I am under debt enough to him and the French consul without having them humiliated at the hand of this bunch. If they keep their promise to-morrow they will probably be helped, but if not they will probably take to the hills again with me in tow.

Saturday, 24 January. The priest's hair and beard turned white in fifteen days. His dog was true. His friend was not. Last night they discussed among themselves the advisability of killing me. Would it get the Government into any great trouble? Also discussed the possibility of capturing the French consul and demanding 10,000 guns as his ransom. They are desperate. Will go to any extreme. Flo and the babies are

safe, so the worst they can do is to kill me. They don't much wish to do so, but if it would answer their purpose would not hesitate to do so. What they don't understand is why I'm not scared. They can't make it out. This evening priest came again, same thing over. I'll be released only when and if their business is fixed up, anything else is hopeless. Three weeks to-day.

Sunday, 25 January. Letters in. Night. Called before day. We are to stop at the Catholic place, breakfast. They say we are going to Lao Ya Gwan, where we crossed the second night. Stop. Dinner over. Came over mountain. Rode to here. About fifteen li to Lao Ya Gwan. Tired out. Good night.

Monday, 26 January. Sick all night. Catholic priest got government representatives to come to-day. Very doubtful if much accomplished except getting them together. Not at all sanguine as to results. Still no bed or bedding.

Tuesday, 27 January. Nothing done. Sick, discouraged. Letters for them came, but don't know what they were about.

Yang wants me to take his boy and educate him. Could buy a wife for $100 he says.

Wednesday, 28 January. No sleep last night. Up early and on road. Stopped here thirty li from Lao Ya Gwan. Yang Hai Weu has been deputed by the captain to look after me, on my complaint of a man following me all around. Letter, but not from the consul, to them. Don't know what. Letter from men in Lao Ya Gwan. Don't know what. They've become very secretive. Say they are sending three horses

back by these men. No bed or bedding yet or any writing paper or anything else to read.

Thursday, 29 January. Bedding came last night. Scrap with Gu. Men from Lao Ya Gwan, just gone. Taking boys' bags and three horses for horse-man. Men didn't mean to give up horses. Got diarrhœa and am discouraged. Man following me again. Ran like a deer. Couldn't find him. Fifty dollars fireworks—No.

Friday, 30 January. Men bought bread and so forth from the priest about midnight, also some forty guns. Captain says I'll probably go back to-day, but not to be believed till it is an accomplished fact, so I'm in no way elated. About thirty per cent of these men are in by force, so they say. One hundred men with guns joined the force this morning. They are of those who revolted some two or three weeks ago. Still had on soldier's clothes. Must change. Came back to where we were a few days ago.

Letter has just come but don't know the import, but nobody to talk matters over as they said.

Saturday, 31 January. Last day of January. Four weeks have I been a prisoner. Not yet have I heard one word as to whether U. S. has extended any help or expect to. They hear that the representative of the Government has left Yunnan. As to whether or not it is true no one knows. I rather think that the coming of the other one hundred men will complete matters to a considerable degree. Put in a room full of lice and a man uses my toothbrush. Priest came to see me, but I couldn't see him. Sent a bottle of wine. Says

we go back to his place to-morrow. True or not no one knows.

Night. To-night I have just had a long talk with Yang Tien Fu alone. At heart he wants to be right and I believe that eventually he will be a power for good. I told him that that would be my soul's most earnest prayer and he said he was going to do right. He took over formally to-day the one hundred men from Sze Chuen. They are not of those who rebelled lately, as I thought at first. Captain wants me to take his boy and I'm going to do it for five years. His father to pay all expenses. May the Lord bless what I've said in His name. Amen.

Sunday, 1 February. If I were a young man I would like more than anything else to go with these men and be their pastor. It would be a great thing, and it would be a great opportunity to do the Lord's work. Oh, why wasn't I born a twin or triplets? It is so good to speak a good word for Jesus Christ, and especially so when the heart to whom you speak has a longing to hear and to do right. This morning started back to Mi Tsao. Traveled without stopping. Excitement when they thought soldiers were coming after them.

Got a glass here. I'm a sight. Pulled two teeth. No one will ever recognize me if I ever get back. Got them hunting my clothes, so I can take a bath, but so far at dark have failed to find them. They say that people are coming to talk their affairs over day after to-morrow. May or may not be true. Priest is not at home. Still in Lao Ya Gwan. He has given his individual attention to my case now for a month. How

can I ever repay him? The Lord is gracious. I trust that my punishment may eventually result in a great good. The people are also anxious that I stay, because they say that if I were not with these people the robbers would burn their houses where they stay. Soldiers don't treat these people much, if any, better than these people do. Took forty horses this morning.

Monday, 2 February. Got my clothes back. Had good bath and sent dirty clothes out to be washed. Priest came in this morning from Lao Ya Gwan, carrying stuff from the government representative. He says at most three or four days will mark the end, as the affair is about fixed up. Went up to his place and had coffee. His dogs came before I was up this morning and wanted to get in bed with me. Took a picture of the old gentleman this morning. I am at a perfect loss to know how to repay his kindness. Yang is all dressed up getting re-acquainted with his family. They are bringing firecrackers, killing ten hogs, sheep, etc., to celebrate the event with. Dark. Government men just came bringing many hogs. They were suitably met by soldiers and firecrackers. A month to-morrow.

Tuesday, 3 February. Priest sent a bottle of coffee last night. To-night I told both sides I was going next Monday. They have to kill me otherwise. Neither side does a thing but sit and smoke opium, so I might as well bring everything to a head. If they want to fix things in that time they can, and if they don't it might as well be soon as later.

Wednesday, 4 February. Things have been moving since nine o'clock last night. At midnight the captain came in, saying that he and the government men had

come to an agreement, if the Government would sanction it.

This morning he let me move into the Catholic place, but sent guard of ten men along. Government men going back to-day. They sent for Bailly to go to Lao Ya Gwan and get the consul to help them to get the Government to come to what they had agreed to. So I am in the Catholic place alone with guard outside. Had a long talk with priest on religious matters this morning. Sent man with letters this morning by runner.

Thursday, 5 February. Priest came back. Government refuse conditions. Letters from Flo and consul. Everything where it was in the beginning, not much left of settlement now. Doesn't matter, they are desperadoes. All talking things over to-night.

Friday, 6 February. I saw in paper last night Brother Rains is gone and has rest from his labors. How well I remember when coming out a young man he said, "Don't get discouraged, the Lord is not dead yet." May he rest in peace. Letters asking priest to come to Lao Ya Gwan. He has gone. Captain may move us all to be near Lao Ya Gwan to-day. Don't know. Everything is black now as night. Priest will not dare to come back. They still have two days in which to work. Mass this morning.

Night. The most miserable day yet. Sick all day. I'm tired to death.

Saturday, 7 February. Letter from Flo came at dark saying nothing but just to wait. Left at midnight. Out through mountains again. Yang also took his family. They are just concentrated evil. We are again

on the road toward Tsu Shang. The Lord only knows what the end will be.

Sunday, 8 February. Traveling nearly all night again last night. Clothes not off for two nights and no bedding. Went to bed at daylight in straw stack. Told them they could bring my belongings before I would take another step. Soldiers coming so had to go. From ten A. M. till eight P. M. hard. Got to place thirty li from Lao Ya Gwan. Crossed their road about five P. M. going north. Tired out. So tired couldn't sleep. Informed that if they had to fight I'd be put in front. Wish they'd get at it.

Monday, 9 February. Asked captain to shoot me this morning and quit running around. Told him this was day for me to go back or be killed. Says he is taking me now to Wuting to turn me over to official friend of his. Says will get there day after to-morrow. It is now noon. Have been traveling all morning due north. Seems Government is after them with lot of soldiers.

Tuesday, 10 February. Since four P. M. yesterday has been perfect nightmare. As we started after noon some four men, kneeling and crying, crowded around. They were the men who had been last week promised, when they came, they could go when they liked. They were refused, of course. I spoke to the whole two hundred. A very seditious speech. Asked the captain to stand all of us who wanted to go back against the wall and shoot us. There are only two or three men hindering everything, but sedition is working and unless they are careful they will go the way of the officials who oppress their men. I know at least fifty who are

ready for resistance. They are tired of lawlessness. I'm going to Won Ting. I've got dysentery and had it for last thirteen days. It is getting worse. If something doesn't come off soon I'll fight Yang for leadership of the band. I can command small half now. All the better. He wants now to ask the Government for their pardon. Of course I might get killed in the struggle, but I'd like to help those who want to do right. Yang himself would come were it not for Lü. He is the devil of the bunch, and Yang lets him persuade him. The tumor in my neck is growing rapidly. I can't tell what it is. "Lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom."

Wednesday, 11 February. Two men shot this morning. One who wanted to go back home. The other because he came down near the road and cut one of the men with an ax. He shot him then. Troubles are over. Band got separated. Captain has gone to another place. We are in Mao Gi, wherever that is. All people have gone and we have taken possession. Perhaps the two deaths were to intimidate me. Only one likely, as the other must have been a madman.

Thursday, 12 February. Off at eleven P. M. for three hours to where Yang was. Nearly dead. Found out why Yang split the gang yesterday. His family is gone this morning. He is smooth. We are at Long Gi road. Have just written consul, Government, Flo and babies. We are four days from the capital.

Friday, 13 February. Did nothing all day but write long letter to Pa and Ma. Saw Andru's watch a while ago and know who has it now.

Four-thirty P. M. Now I have just had dinner. Cap-

tain says if soldiers do not come will stay for answer to letters. Man should arrive to-morrow at the capital sometime in morning. Hard rain last night and wind. Thankful to be under shelter. Sixty to eighty patients to-day.

Saturday, 14 February. More patients. Wrote for an hour or two. This is the home of many of the men. Seven weeks to-day and still no prospect of release. O Lord, how long?

Sunday, 15 February. Insomnia getting worse and worse. Didn't sleep a wink last night till after five this morning. Been writing for an hour. Got sick and vomited so that I had to quit. Five P. M. All of a sudden we are going after resting two days. Don't know why. They expect to wait till to-morrow for answer from capital.

Monday, 16 February. I know I ought not to feel so, but how I long for death! If only answers to letters are what I prayed for then could I die happy. Could a prayer of thirteen years be answered? Then were God to be praised forever. We only came about ten miles last night. They are paying off this morning. Brought me one hundred dollars but I did not take it. Then they brought twenty dollars for me to use for small things, which I took.

I nearly froze last night. They say we go to Le Shun. Are about to start again, but nothing can be done so close to new year.

Thursday, 17 February. Went about thirty li yesterday afternoon, so captain could get his family again. Did not sleep a wink until after daylight this morning. Left at ten A. M. and came back toward Long Gi. Then

on north to here, Haitsi. Still no letters yet at three P. M. They have gotten two this morning.

Wednesday, 18 February. At 5 P. M. soldiers came, suddenly attacked. Fight till four A. M. Then for one hundred li to near Yangste. Nearly tired to death. Company soldiers compassed. Yang about steepest mountain yet. They've given up hope of getting back to civil life.

Thursday, 19 February. Harvesting, feast and opium. Fine spring morning, but my heart is sick unto death. I can see no hope ahead, but all things end sometime. If my body were weaker it would die quicker. Last day of old year.

Friday, 20 February. New Year's Day. Moved twenty li yesterday. Were awfully afraid and promised to let me go to-morrow. I think to cheer me up.

New Year's night. It is rather a sorry New Year away up here on the mountain, where they can get nothing. I thank the Lord for all His mercies to me and mine. My place of prayer is sweet. Of course it was only another misrepresentation. They put my going off another few days, which means it is absolutely indefinite, if ever they did let me go. Would be glad of the chance to shoot me.

Soldiers are following and are within twenty li, but only one hundred men and less than three hundred won't dare attack. They dragged me back to-day when I started to walk. It is no use. I'm absolutely helpless. May the Lord make His grace sufficient for me. Amen.

Saturday, 21 February. Seven weeks to-day. They had another fight with the soldiers. Don't know yet

whether they lost any men or not, but each side used enough ammunition to slay an army.

Ten P. M. Five wounded. One left to die, four along. Been going fast due north till now. I have done all I can for the wounded. One will die. Shot through the breast.

Sunday, 22 February. Arrived here, banks of Yangsti. At Tusa's place at four P. M. to-day. All I can say in my desolation is, "Make Thy grace sufficient for me, O God." It has been my prayer all day.

Monday, 23 February. It was reported that the soldiers were to catch up with us last night, but they did not and we've come up on the mountain about one mile and are waiting for them to come up so they can have another fight. Bought me a pair of shoes but they were too small. I couldn't sleep for pain in my neck last night. The roughest man in our bunch came in at midnight and gave me an orange. Very kind. About fifty are gambling. They've just brought worst wounded man up in *whagan.*

Five P. M. Still waiting on mountain. A man just tried to kill himself with aconite, and nearly succeeded.

Tuesday, 24 February. Letter from Flo last night. Answered this morning. They brought me down off mountain and Shansi was here. Wrote another letter and sent camera, diary, etc., back by him. Soldiers beat badly man with him but say he can go back. They have just started. Nearly froze last night on mountain. Fifteen years to-day since Dad was at peace. What a blessing.

Wednesday, 25 February. I am in the depths to-

day. God seems to be gone. We came only about twenty li yesterday after Shensi left. The swelling in my neck pounded awfully all night till I put a poultice on it. It seems to involve the nerve, for all that side of my head is numb and the pain goes down into the shoulder.

"What shall we say when hope is gone?
Sail on and on and on, sail on."

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Thursday, 26 February. I thank God for all His benefits. I cried like a baby last night. The pain was great. I was sick and discouraged, but finally toward morning I went to sleep in a dark hole with twelve Chinese. The air was awful. This fat underdone salt pork was more than I could go, so I'm fasting. We came about sixty li yesterday. Almost parallel with the river, but have not crossed it yet and are resting to-day, for which I am thankful. How I thank God for the love of wife, children, parents, and friends. God make me worthy of it. It is a beautiful morning and I am sitting alone in a great cathedral of beautiful pines and my mule is grazing near. If it were not for him I should be gone. I am past walking but a very little and my shoes are worn through. My feet on the ground. I am having the remains of my underclothing scalded to-day for the best of reasons. It is the first time in weeks that we've stopped long enough.

Nine P. M. Word has just come that the soldiers are coming again, so we are off into the night. The Governor is an awful double-faced fellow. "Carry on my soul, carry on!"

Friday, 27 February. Too sick to write.

Saturday, 28 February. Same. Going south all day in *whagan.*

Sunday, 29 February. Same. On mountain all night. Turned west.

Monday, 1 March.

Tuesday, 2 March. The pain was so great that I took a dose of opium last night. Opium dreams. Waited all day on mountain, but soldiers did not come. Don't know where we will go this morning if at all.

Didn't go anywhere but now just at dark word comes that soldiers are coming from all around. Some two thousand in all.

Thursday, 4 March. I've much to write, but don't feel equal to it. I've been "cached" as yesterday was about my finish. We started at two A. M. and traveled hard till seven P. M. Sighted soldiers at five P. M. They started on early this morning, but left me in this village and I'm locked in a barn loft back over behind all the hay, with three tribesmen who can't speak Chinese to look after me. If the soldiers only knew where I am! They took my mule, glasses, and gun. I'll write more this afternoon if I can. How thankful I am to God for this day of rest.

Three P. M. I've just had one of my keepers up, trying to make him understand that I want my clothes washed in boiling water. I've been dozing nearly all day, due to opium I had to take last night. Hope I won't have to take it again if I can rest here a few days, but this thing in my neck is very hard and is becoming very closely connected with the surrounding tissues. It was free and movable at first, the pain dull

and constant, more of an ache. Is now mostly referred to the back of the shoulder. A few days ago it was in the mastoid process. As yet the tumor has given me no inconvenience in swallowing. I thought at first that it was a gland that was going to suppurate, but it is about fifty days old and will come to no head. Should it be cancer, its position will make it quickly inoperable.

This position will become very confining shortly as I can only sit up and that not very erect, for my head hits the roof, but I am in nice clean rice straw. O, how I thank God that wife and babies were let go! This morning about two o'clock when they brought me in here, the boy who has sort of been my caretaker during the last two months (two months yesterday) came and crying kneeled down by my side, and asked me to pray for him. The officer who has been my jailer held my hands and cried also. These are the only two who know where I was put. It is getting too dark to see, as the only light I have is a hole from which I asked my keeper to remove a loose brick. Thanks be to God for all His mercies. Amen.

Friday, 5 March.

"Carry on, carry on.
Things never were looming so black
But show that you haven't a cowardly streak,
And though you're unlucky you never are weak.
Carry on! Carry on!
Brace up for another attack.
It's looking like hell, but—you never can tell:
Carry on, old man! Carry on!"

DR. SHELTON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON HIS LAST JOURNEY TO BATANG

Saturday, 6 March. Another attack has come. On Thursday night after they left me here in early morning they went to Toogu and took two C. I. M. missionaries. They have not come back for me yet. Yesterday I didn't do a thing but lie and rest. Last night I slept well and sweated awfully. I am so sorry for the wife of one of the men taken—left alone with small baby. The agony of the father I know. Underneath them all may there be the everlasting arms. One of their students on his way back to school stopped here to see me. He went back home. He was a very nice fellow. Two or three men are planning to get me to the capital in few days if Yang goes very far away without taking me. But it is useless. He has his men watching. However, I am very thankful for these few days of rest in this hole in the straw. If I only had a complete Bible instead of just the Testament and a small book of hymns. The psalms would be great for to-day. I read the great series of parables in Luke this morning.

Great opium country. Thousands of fields. Fifty cents per ounce. Attempt of keeper to get what money I have. Conference one A. M. about getting rid of me. Keeper went to Toogu to see about turning me over to mission there. When he got there the mission had been taken. Say this place Tang Laü is five days from capital. Nine weeks to-day. Make Thy grace sufficient from day to day, O God! And O God, be very near those of Toogu those names I do not know.

Sunday, 7 March. Since I have stopped traveling the pain is bearable, but very constant and aggravating. It was difficult to sleep last night. If I were turned

loose I couldn't do anything. I couldn't walk a mile. If I could only eat I might get a little strength. It appears that God did not want me to go inside to Lassa. It looks as if the end of my work was at hand. I hoped to accomplish so much, only to wind up in a hole like this. Thy ways, O God, are past all finding out, but help me to say, "Not my will but Thine be done."

Yang Tienfu: Physically a man above the average height for a Chinaman. Dark, pleasant face when in good humor and smiling, but smile turns to a wolfish snarl when he is angry. Has great self-control. Is all muscle and can outwalk any of his men. Is tireless. Can lie down and sleep for ten minutes, even in extreme danger. Trusts no one but sees to all precautions, himself. Absolutely without a heart. His God is Yang Tienfu. Does not care for money. He is often the only man in the bunch without any. Gambles it away, or gives it away in handfuls when he has it on him. Would sacrifice his dearest friend or own family in a minute to advance his ends. A most dangerous man. Cannot read. Has a man shot without the quiver of an eyelash. Absolutely unscrupulous. His ambition is to govern. Does not care a rap what his men do so long as it does not interfere with what he wants. Utterly bad in a most plausible way.

Monday, 8 March. I was wrong last night. The pain last night was worse than it ever has been. I'm awfully sorry, but had to take opium again as a consequence. I am dopey to-day.

Yang seems to be making a stand in this neighborhood, as he is still very near. Ten miles. He is

catching everyone in the neighborhood who has any money and demanding from one to five thousand dollars.

I washed my head a while ago and shake like a leaf when I stand up for five minutes. My, but it is hard to swallow their food. I don't want to eat at all, but force myself to eat a little. No one would ever call me "Fatty" now. I think I haven't weighed so little in twenty years. My possessions are now down to what I have in my pockets. The only thing of value left is my watch. Don't know why they did not take it, unless they forgot it. They even took a box of matches I had. I wonder what the next development will be. All these people smoke opium, from the old grandmother down to the boy twelve years old. The old grandfather gave me quite a talk this morning on the manifold benefits of opium. What a great thing it is! I wish I could talk Lisu, for the Chinese here are just as the Chinese among the Tibetans—the worst.

"My grace is sufficient for thee. My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Tuesday, 9 March. An hour after the above was written, the old man, my caretaker, came in crying, and said that the soldiers were coming, and begged for my protection. After waiting an hour, no soldiers had come, but a man sent and asked me to come see him. He was sent out by Uting to investigate the doings at Toogu. The people who had me in charge fled. Trying to get wagon. Walk to Toogu. Arrive about midnight. Great kindness of Christians all along way. People at Toogu fled. Sleep one and a

half hours. At 4:30 start for Mogoi. Arrive at noon. Gowman said, "Thank Governor." Word sent at once to capital. He has talk with Osgood. Officials ask us to leave to-night. Finally decided to wait till daylight. The last twenty-four hours is like a nightmare. Thank God for all His wonderful goodness.

Thursday, 11 March. Started about eight A. M. Met Osgood and Wuting official about ten. Awfully glad to see Osgood, and came back to Langgoi where I was a few days when with Yang. Official brought chair, for which I was thankful, as it began raining almost at once. Going to Wuting to-morrow. Thanks be to God for all His goodness. Word was sent on to Wuting this afternoon.

Friday, 12 March. To-day has been long, hard day. Stayed all night in the same room in which I stayed several days. Soldiers. Old magistrate. Flowered chair. Thornton, Smith, etc. Talk with Flo. Shaved. Planning to start early to-morrow, and if possible reach Yunnan Sunday night. Bless God from whom all blessings flow.

Here the diary ends. He was with us once again, but so broken, and in such pain. We went into the French hospital, that had been turned over to us by the French doctor and consul, and all four of us occupied it together. A slight operation next morning seemed to relieve the pain, but it was only a temporary relief, and we must go home for the needed help.

Letters from Mr. Graham, in Yunnanfu, many months later, said the mule was waiting for her master.

as the Chinese official had brought her into the city. When the Doctor returned, they did meet. Poor thing, she had been almost killed by the robber chief. I wonder if she knew him. When they would be resting on the journey toward Batang, and the Doctor would sit down by her, she would lay her head in his lap, and always nuzzle his pockets for sugar. Then the puppy would get jealous, and up he would climb to be on the master's lap as well, and if there did not seem to be room, and the mule's head took all the lap, he had no objection to sitting on her head.

Always she had carried him over mountains in cold and in heat, through wild forest, over rugged paths, where it was perilous to walk, and a misstep meant death thousands of feet below; through rivers in flood, across a chasm on a rope, with a roaring torrent many hundreds of feet below, but the master followed; sometimes swimming behind the skin coracle, when a swift mountain stream was to be crossed. She, too, had her part in bearing the message of mercy and aid to the Tibetans. The Doctor said she should be pensioned for the rest of her life, if she should ever reach home again. I have written to the mission men to shoot her, as I know he would rather that was done than that she should be used as a beast of burden again.

We went on our way to the coast, and then home again, reaching the United States.

Everywhere friends seemed raised up to do all that could be done, and the result was recovery in part and an intense desire to return once more to the Tibetans.

Chapter XIX

FURLOUGH AND RETURN TO FIELD

EFFORTS IN THE UNITED STATES TO REGAIN HEALTH. RETURN TO TIBET. WITH LASSA AS HIS GOAL, KILLED BY BANDITS NEAR BATANG

> *"These three things are hard to explain: a man suffering who has done no wrong, a tree with no crime cut down in the forest, a big river which has committed no evil and the bridge falling down."*—Tibetan Proverb.

Lassa had always appealed to Dr. Shelton in its desolateness, its ignorance, and its isolation. Whenever he could he met the priests and the people from Lassa, and asked about their customs, their ruler, and their religion.

Before any man would become a lama with the highest degree of efficiency, he must make the journey to Lassa, and by doing so, his sins were absolved forever. Every Tibetan in his heart hopes to go some day to Lassa. They tell of wonderful idols there; one big one of solid gold, which, so the legend goes, has a wonderful stone within it, and if one who is ailing in the head or the knee or the foot prays to this idol, the stone moves to the part which is afflicted, and the worshiper is healed.

Lassa, the hill crowned; Lassa, the bigoted; Lassa,

the superstitious; Lassa, afraid because kept afraid; full of filth and abominations. And why? The Tibetans say that the Lord Buddha's commands are like those of our Master, and when the Tibetan teacher was told that there were ten commandments, which, if all men obeyed, there would be no sin upon the earth, he said, "That is nothing; Buddha has thirty-one." When asked if the two religions were the same, he would say, "Yes, about." Then we would ask, "Who takes care of the orphans?" and he would reply, "Nobody, for nobody wants them." When we asked, "Who takes care of the sick?" he said, "Nobody; they are left to die alone." When we would say, "Who takes care of the old and the crippled and the helpless?" he would say, "No one." Then we would ask the question, "Just what is the difference?" and he was forced to admit that there was a difference because the religion of Buddha makes you work out your own salvation by laying up merit through the things that you can do. Millions of prayers, sacrifice to the gods, and you save yourself. Every man is the reincarnation of some other soul, and if a man is born a cripple, or blind, or afflicted, it is for some sin committed in a former life. When a man died the priests would forecast what he should become at his rebirth; it might be a cow, or a monkey, or a donkey; and when in Batang a very wicked man died, and they saw a snake near his grave, they said that he had been reborn a snake. The teacher said that from among Buddha's disciples went six apostates who founded all the other religions of the world, and that Jesus was one of these.

The hope in Dr. Shelton's heart had always been some day to reach the capital city, and found a hospital there, where he could gve fifty young men a simple training, teaching them cleanliness, to set a broken limb, to give eye medicine, to lance an abscess, and to tie up a cut or a wound in a cleanly way, for among them, as has been pointed out in Chapter IX, medicine is practically unknown.

Everything now seemed, from a human standpoint, to be ready for Dr. Shelton to make his trial trip to Lassa. Dr. Hardy was returning to take over the care of the station, the girls and I were coming home, and we would not be separated so long. All was ready—money, medicines, and supplies were waiting at the coast; he was going to take them back to Batang when he left us at the coast.

Then came the disastrous experience with the Chinese bandits, just two days from the railway, and he must come home, worn in body, broken and ill, and an operation on the neck necessary. His plan could not be fulfilled. Strange does it seem that God was not ready; was that it, or did He allow the devil to frustrate this plan because He had a bigger one? After his illness, nothing could prevent him from returning; he must go back and take the two new missionary families who were ready. Perhaps he felt in his own soul that he might not be well enough to live to return to Tibet, and always he had meant his life to be given for that land. I think in his heart he felt he would not return to America. He had long talks with the girls, bidding them stand steadfast to the simple truths, for true greatness is simplicity. For many years we

had planned that we would go out together, and live as long as we might be of use, and pass to the other side among the people we both so loved in Tibet. It seemed that all the dross was burned out in that drastic experience among the robbers, and perhaps going back, it would have been more than he could have borne to be without his home and us.

That the door was open into Tibet, and they were ready and willing to have us come, is clearly seen by this letter of Dr. Shelton's in 1918 about the trip described in Chapter XVII:

"I have spent three months inside the Tibetan lines, and everywhere was tendered the greatest consideration and kindness, and rendered every assistance possible by everyone, from the General of all the Tibetan forces down to the humblest soldier. We have been privileged in the last four months to make more progress with Lassa Tibetans than in the fifteen years previous. Our prospects were never so bright in all the years as they are to-day.

"Early in June, I was asked by the English consul and the General in charge of all the Tibetan forces at Chiamdo, to go to that place, if possible, on behalf of the Tibetan and Chinese wounded. The Mission having consented, I left June 6th for Chiamdo, taking Mr. Bu, a former assistant, with me.

"Arriving at Janka, we were received by the Lassa official stationed there, and every arrangement was quickly made for our journey on to Chiamdo, where we arrived in twelve days from the day we left Batang. The General did everything in his power to make our

work effective, detailing a captain to attend to our wants, with instructions to see that we were instantly supplied with anything needed. The next morning we were at work with an old door for an operating table, and I operated on the worst cases I have ever had, as long as I could stand up, for four days. At the end of that time, the worst cases had all been attended to, except two that were hopeless. The General did not wish me to operate upon them, feeling sure that they might die during the operation, and that that might cause some trouble. I was never treated better anywhere. The Tibetans' attitude has entirely changed toward foreigners in ten years. Some spoke English, many were in English dress uniforms, and the soldiers march to Scottish bagpipes. We stayed ten days, and taught the Tibetan and Chinese doctors how to dress the cases. On leaving, the General gave each of my three assistants fifty rupees, and paid three hundred rupees toward the expenses of the trip. We made friends with the officials and the people. I was mobbed in a friendly manner while distributing tracts, because I couldn't hand them out fast enough. The General would like us to establish a hospital at Chiamdo. The total expense of the trip was 624 rupees. It was a great opportunity, and I took advantage of it to the best of my ability, and pray the Lord to add His blessing to the efforts put forth in His name.

"Last February I asked permission to itinerate for two years. Since then I have been permitted to spend three months with the Lassa folks, acting as middleman in the Chinese-Tibetan negotiations, and a month at Chiamdo, doctoring the wounded on both sides. It

seems a providence that this great opportunity should have come when it did. I have been able to make many good friends among them. Do you know, they are a mighty fine people, with all their prejudices—and their prejudices are fast crumbling. I certainly enjoyed more than I can tell the opportunities provided, and the fine hospitality shown me. This was at times very embarrassing. For instance, one day the governor of Lower Kham sent over two bags of flour, two bags of *tsamba,* beans, barley, butter, six sheep, rice, etc., and this not once only, but every few days he would send something, such as a quarter of beef, etc. I tried to decline, but it was no use. He said when he came to Batang he would eat with me.

"At Chiamdo, the General was just as bad, and sent for my three assistants and myself to come and eat with him nearly every day. I met men from nearly all over Tibet, so that I will be apt to meet friends nearly every place I go. I am glad to say that it looks now as if a treaty would be made between the Chinese and Tibetans. If so, it will help greatly, but whether it is or not, the door is open into the Tibetan lines any time I can get to go.

"You do not know how thankful I am for these opportunities, and yet I am scared to death when I realize the responsibility of trying to present the Lord aright. But the knowledge that the brethren at home are praying for us helps mightily."

Never in all Dr. Shelton's missionary experience and traveling had he gone on a journey without the permission of the Chinese official in charge. When

President McLean, of the Missionary Society, warned him to be careful, he wrote this paragraph:

"I know what you think about doing foolish things. I agree that it is not well to foolishly run into danger and needlessly expose life, and I do not propose to do that. I love life better than most people. I glory in it. But are the missionary's life and comfort more precious than the Gospel which he carries? God forbid. If they are not, then it is his duty to take the Gospel to the last man, even at the risk of his life."

I am sure he was just as careful this time as he always had been.

But the time to return to Tibet came. The young new missionaries were ready and they could not go alone. A long fight he had to gain strength at all. Suffering days and sleepless nights before he reached home. The operation took place at Rochester, Minn., May, 1920. They hesitated long over that, and finally thought it was cancer. He said, "I must know if it is a cancer. I must go to work and send ten more men out to take my place." But it was not that, and later they called him back and told him it was the after-effect of the flu, which he had had a year before. He was always eager to return. I could not consent that he go in six months as he so desired, and the Board finally decided he might go in the fall, and he had to be content with that.

Everybody was kind everywhere, and gave him the needful things: warm clothing, tents, cooking utensils, instruments for a new hospital which might be at

Lassa—all this gladdened him wonderfully. The doctors everywhere did many things for him, in Detroit, in Rochester, in Pomona, and in Los Angeles, until he felt strong, and ready to return.

I knew he was not well, and should have said, "You must not go," but I could not. He would have been a sorrowful and disappointed man, and believed that he had fallen down on his job, and would have felt that life had been a failure. I tried every way, but he could only see the ideal in the completion of his life's work. As I could not go all the way, I pleaded to go part way and take the manuscripts for the new books to India, as they needed them so badly everywhere on the border. But it could not be done, the Board decided.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Ackers, of Pomona, generously made it possible, and we went. It was not easy to leave the girls—we had never been separated—but I was going with him, and they were young and could easily forget. A honeymoon it was, far happier than the first one in 1903, for I was not homesick—he was my home. At Vancouver we met the church folks, and they gave us such a good welcome and such a royal good-by. In Japan the mission folk met us, and such a lovely day they gave us. Then we forgot there would be an end to that journey, and lived only each day. But Shanghai came, and we had only a minute on the wharf amid the crowds and coolies to say good-by forever—against my heart I felt the one great sob a strong man gives, and he was gone, and I was alone, to be always so until I can go and find him where he will be waiting, a bit lonely without us for a while.

Then they went on to Hongkong, to Yunnanfu, and then a race on that long fifty days' journey to get Mrs. Duncan to Batang before the baby came. But all the officials were most kind, and they reached Batang just before Christmas. But he was lonely and miserable, as I too was, in India. We had never been apart before at Christmas time. But how glad the natives were to see him, and it was home again among them. He had left all his own for love of them, and they came to him with the tears rolling down their cheeks, saying, "Oh, if you had only stayed with us, we would not have had all this misery and trouble which has come to us since you went away." Several letters from the Doctor, which are given in the Appendix, tell the details of this trip and his return.

He was putting his things in order, and expected to go to Janka to spend the New Year with the Governor of Kham, this friend in whose house he had stayed for some months, when he was middleman for the Chinese General; this man who had invited him and the girls and MacLeod to visit him, who had sent for a bagpiper to Chiamdo to entertain them while there. This Governor had sent or written to MacLeod every month after we left for some little thing or medicines from Batang. To see him and spend the New Year with him was the Doctor's plan, returning to Batang to make the final plans for the journey in the spring, when the snow was off the mountains. He had his moving picture machine, and was going to take pictures of the people. He had the *National Geographic Magazine,* in which were their pictures he had taken before going home. His heart was full of joy. He had new

things to show them and to tell them when he met the messenger that said, "England has ordered the Dalai Lama to keep all foreigners out of Tibet." The Tibetans are not diplomatic, they have not had sufficient Occidental training, and they told the truth.

After going safely through the danger zone, between Batang and the edge of the land that is now governed by Tibet, he met a messenger who carried a letter from the Governor of Kham, saying: "Please go back. England has sent orders direct to the Dalai Lama that we must keep all foreigners out of Tibet, and if you do not go back, he is afraid he will lose his head." That was the strongest appeal they could make to him, as they well knew he would do nothing to endanger them. He wrote answering, "All right; I will go back to Batang and stay there until I am permitted to travel in your country." So he was forced to turn back and traverse the strip of land three days wide, where there is no law, and where robbers have always been. It still seems strange that he alone was the target, and no one else harmed in the least.

For the first time my heart had been at rest. He was home in Batang and out of reach of the southern Chinese bandits. No one could harm him there. The two Americans who went in from Pekin and whom I saw when there, said everyone was asking when Dr. Shelton was coming back, and the people everywhere they went seemed just waiting for his return. In the city of Gartok, little, big, old, and young asked when he was coming. They said, "We miss him so much, and so many are sick and wounded, and there is no one else to come."

His letter about the last few days of the journey was full of thanksgiving and of the kindness of the Chinese officials, as well as courtesy from the Tibetans.

Just one day I was at peace, and then they brought me the telegram. I saw only the great black letters for days, *killed,* and thought it could not be true. He had been everywhere in that country, in the mountains in all directions, with all kinds of robbers, up cliffs and narrow roads where the mules could scarcely keep their foothold, and had received no hurt. The Galon Lama had been his friend, and invited him to come again and again. In Chiamdo he had operated for days. The Governor of Kham had entertained him in his home, sending for a bagpipe to entertain him, as that is their national instrument. He had also invited the Ogdens to come and visit him before they came home. What happened was not the Tibetans' fault entirely, nor wholly the fault of the Chinese, that I well know.

Yea, I should see it bigger, that I know. We three are only three, and but a dot of The Plan, and should his life be demanded for those who need and those who have failed, I should be willing.

The busy hands were quiet; the great heart still. Much love had gone out of the world for the Tibetans, and again they must wait for the best life holds for them. From the hills the call came, and he went, and we who are left are bereft indeed. Is it wrong to say that may this wounded side, wounded because of his great love for them, bring, in some way that we just now do not understand, greater things than he might

have done, and give to them all he dreamed of hope and life everlasting?

Oh, Father, it must be Thy plan. We bow beneath the cross, and try to say, "Thy will be done."

Chapter XX

THE AFTERGLOW

A TRIBUTE BY EDGAR DEWITT JONES, D.D.[1]

"The summer day is closed—the sun is set:
Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west."—BRYANT.

"It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light."—ZECHARIAH 14:7.

When Lady Frederick Cavendish saw Gladstone for the first time after the terrible tidings had come of her husband's murder in Phœnix Park, she said to the Prime Minister: "Uncle William, you did right to send him to Ireland." When this speech was repeated to Dean Church, he remarked that no Roman or Florentine lady ever said a more heroic thing. In the same brave spirit and forgetfulness of self, we may well believe that Dr. Shelton's widow and the two fatherless daughters were willing to say when the fateful message came: "He did right when he went back to Tibet, and

[1] Edgar DeWitt Jones, D.D., is the Minister of Central Christian Church, Detroit, Michigan, whose special missionary Dr. Shelton was throughout his Tibetan career.

into the same peril from which he escaped so narrowly two years ago." Of such fiber are the wives and children of pioneer missionaries made. They do not live in king's houses, nor do they wear soft raiment. Of such strong faith and fortitude are a glorious company who regard death in the line of duty as haloed with a solemn yet splendid majesty. And as for him whose life went out on that far field for Jesus' sake, to him the noble words of St. Paul apply with singular appropriateness:

"Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death. For me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

Dickens, in a well-remembered passage, speaks of that "old-fashioned death." Yes, death is old, so very old, and likewise so very new. When death comes, whether long expected or suddenly without any warning, it finds us unprepared for the shock. Yet there is an added poignancy in the sudden passing from out this realm of time and place of a dear friend or well-loved kinsman. It comes when least we look for it. We are busy with family or community affairs. We are at the accustomed place of duty, at store or office or home; we are in the midst of the hum of conversation and everything is going on around us as usual. Then—the telephone rings or a telegraph messenger appears, and, like a flash of lightning from clear skies, it is borne in upon our consciousness that one has been taken upon whom we leaned and whom we loved devotedly. We are dazed. We wonder why the sun still shines, why the roar of the traffic persists, why anyone

is of a mind to laugh or play. Robert Browning knew and understood.

> "Just when we're safest there's a sunset touch
> A fancy from a flower bell, someone's death,
> A chorus-ending from Euripides—
> And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears.
> As old and new at once as Nature's self."

In the afterglow of Dr. Shelton's life, we see clearly the providential shapings of youthful years and observe the myriad illustrations of the adage that "The child is father of the man." Albert Shelton was but five years of age when his parents moved to the state of Kansas, and settled there on a farm. Farming in Kansas was not then what it is now. There were hardships to be met, and obstacles to overcome. While yet a mere stripling, this boy battled with those long-time enemies of the Kansas farmer—blight and droughts, failing crops, devastating storms, and a scarcity of money. The boy lived much in the open—a child of the prairies, a brother to the wind and the sunflower. The life was hard, but there were many compensations. The boy chopped wood, drove oxen, rode horseback, dug potatoes, hauled water, did anything and everything that he could do, and did it well. Through a period of several months he walked four miles each way to school, and that eight-mile walk was to him not burdensome but a joyous experience, a kind of high adventure. "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth." At no other time of life does discipline count for so much as when the mind is sensitive and the youthful spirit plastic. When youth learns to love luxury and

to enjoy ease there is little hope of building strong character. The dash and romance of life are chilled and given a distinct setback; initiative weakens and suffers accordingly.

"Not they who soar, but they who plod
Their rugged way, unhelped, to God
Are heroes; they who higher fare,
And, flying, fan the upper air,
Miss all the toil that hugs the sod.
'Tis they whose backs have felt the rod,
Whose feet have pressed the path unshod,
May smile upon defeated care,
Not they who soar.
High up there are no thorns to prod,
Nor boulders lurking 'neath the clod
To turn the keenness of the share,
For flight is ever free and rare;
But heroes they the soil who've trod,
Not they who soar!"

Dr. Shelton's missionary career falls into three periods with two furloughs spent in the homeland. He went out as an unknown and untried young doctor; he returned to America a seasoned veteran, a veritable pathfinder of the Lord. He was a doctor of the Jesus School; he loved people—men, women, and little children, and he loved them regardless of their state, condition, or race. Two days after his arrival in Batang he performed a major operation, using a barn door as an operating table. The fame of his healing and the wonders of his surgery spread far and wide. The sick and the injured for miles around were brought to him and he healed many of them. He traveled thousands of miles on mule back. He welcomed the hardships and inconveniences as he had the difficulties

which beset him in youth. He went everywhere doing good. He and his wife established a Christian home and reared a family among the people whom he had come so far to save. That of itself is a tremendous factor in the Christian conquest of a primitive people. He helped the people to live in a more decent and comfortable manner. He taught them that cleanliness is a part of godliness. He was the first man to take a bathtub into Tibet; he introduced alfalfa there. On his return from his first furlough in America, he took an organ with him, the first one ever carried into that country. He believed that music had charms to soothe the Tibetan breast and he proved it. He constructed at Batang a hospital with provision for fifty patients and capable of caring for as many more. This hospital is of itself a monument of the man's trust, his industry, his foresight.

Dr. Shelton was a missionary of the pioneer type, a pathfinder, a blazer of paths "where highways never ran." As with Livingstone, so with Shelton, it was "anywhere if forward." He chafed under restraint; he despised "marking time." The goal of his life was to penetrate Lassa, the sacred capital of Tibet, where no missionary of the Cross had yet set foot. It was his ambition to enter that city, establish a hospital and do medical work, and the way was open at last. Permission had been granted him to visit Lassa, and the privilege was accorded him by the Dalai Lama, the political and religious ruler of the nation. Dr. Shelton's courage and persistence won for him this distinction. This doctor of the school of Jesus Christ was gentle and tender, but withal brave as a lion. There

was a dash and a daring about him. He took chances and ran risks for the Gospel's sake. There was a kind of spiritual audacity in his nature, and the willingness to take a great risk for the sake of the greatest of causes.

The two words that best describe the character of Dr. Shelton are sincerity and ruggedness. He was a plain and blunt man, in whom there was no guile. There were no frills about him, no millinery, no "put-on," and he was far removed from austerity. He had a lively sense of humor; he enjoyed a good story and his laugh was hearty and uproarious. When he returned to America the last time he was a celebrity. The newspaper reporters sought him out and gave him wide publicity of the "front-page" character. His pictures were featured in the great dailies of America. He was hailed as a hero. Vast crowds heard him, and he would have been lionized if he had permitted it. He met this hardest of all tests successfully. He was the same modest man; if anything shyer and more reserved. In the finest sense of the word he was humble. One who knew him for twenty years has penned this noble eulogy: "Dr. Albert L. Shelton has been my ideal of a Christlike man for more than twenty years. If ever I have been a little doubtful about the practicability of the Golden Rule or some other teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, my doubts have always been scattered by the recollection of Shelton and his work. Here was a man practicing to the full, with the greatest naturalness, the very things I questioned any man's power to do. Here was a man loving his enemies freely, forgiving those who sought to harm

him in the most bitter and cruel way. Albert L. Shelton was the man who, more than any other man I knew, did the things Jesus did in the spirit in which Jesus did them, fearlessly, heroically, successfully."

Another luminous quality in the life of this martyr of the missionary field was his childlike faith. This quality is fundamental, and it helps to account for certain heroic incidents of his life which could not be explained otherwise. He believed God, and it was reckoned to him not only for righteousness but for patience, perseverance, and fortitude. Only a man of triumphant trust could have met and overcome the obstacles that were often in his path. Only a man who walks by sheer and naked faith could have witnessed the death of Dr. Loftis and ministered to him in his hours of suffering; seen him close his eyes in death, prepared him for burial, and then, resolute of heart, taken up again the twice heavy burden and marched straight onward. Death of loved ones in the homeland is hard enough, but death of friend, companion, and fellow-worker "out where the world begins" is harder still to bear and to understand. This doctor of the Jesus School lived and died in a simple faith and trust sublime. He has earned a place alongside of those in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, that "Westminster Abbey of the Bible," wherein sleep the great dead of the Faith.

For fifteen years Dr. Shelton was the "living link" missionary of Central Christian Church, Detroit. When the church undertook this new obligation, it entered upon an era of enlarged vision. Dr. Shelton's influence upon the congregation, especially after they

had come to know him personally, was something more than an influence—it was a potent and ennobling spiritual experience. It is doubtful if any missionary ever meant more to the home Church than A. L. Shelton meant to Central's congregation. This relationship was, of course, deepened, enriched, and intensified after his return, following his release by Chinese bandits. For two successive observances of Children's Day he was a guest of honor, and the event was rightly named "Shelton Day." Vividly do I recall what happened when the announcement was first made in the church school that Dr. Shelton, but lately released from the bandits who held him for ransom, would be present on Children's Day. The atmosphere was electric. The interest was intense. The children and even adults were excited. There was a thrill of expectancy observable. One more than saw it, he *felt* it. The children had been hearing of Dr. Shelton for weeks and months; his name was often on the superintendent's lips, much in prayer, frequently in announcements. Then Dr. Shelton came, and with wondering eyes the children looked upon him. They saw not "a plaster saint" nor a conceited celebrity, but a big man with a boyish spirit and a great heart. He was so human, so big, so gentle, so kind, they all loved him from the first and stood in awe of him not at all.

Dr. Shelton spoke twice on Sunday evenings in Central Church on his work in Tibet. Great audiences heard him. He spoke for an hour each time. His style was unique. He was not a finished orator; he gave little thought to the form in which he clothed his thoughts. There was much humor in his speeches,

but there was very much more—there was an earnestness, a passion that was apostolic, a zeal that was burning, so that the man was truly eloquent although he never tried to be. He stood here before us with the marks of Jesus on his face and neck. The witness he had borne for Christ in Tibet he bore branded in his body. No wonder that the offerings of this church for world missions appreciably increased. A class of young men, all wage earners, contributed $700, and everyone who heard Dr. Shelton was moved to have some part in Christianizing Tibet.

There was a time when Central Church could claim Dr. Shelton in a special sense, a time when during his furlough we all but monopolized him. But that time has passed, never to return. With the happenings of the recent years, his rugged figure has loomed larger and still larger upon a wider horizon. We have been obliged to learn that difficult lesson which John the Baptist mastered when he said of Jesus—"He must increase, but I must decrease." All our churches claim this great missionary now, and rightfully so, for in one way or another they too have entered into the glorious legacy he has bequeathed his communion. And not only the churches of the Disciples of Christ, but all Protestantism hails Shelton of Tibet as of that "thin red line" of martyrs of the Cross. In truth, all Christendom claims this intrepid missionary, regardless of sect, creed, or race. It is ever thus; servants and saviors of humanity make all men their debtors. In a remarkable speech on "The Effect of the Death of Lincoln," Henry Ward Beecher said: "Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man,

and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's." So it is with Central Church and our one-time minister in Tibet. Not ours any longer, but Christendom's; not Christendom's only, but the world's. He belongs in that glorious company whose names are linked forever with the lands for which they gave their all: Livingstone of Africa, Judson of Burma, Morrison of China, Carey of India, Paton of the New Hebrides—among these in letters of light is *Shelton* of *Tibet.*

Dr. Shelton's heart was in Tibet. The best of his years were spent there; was it not fitting that he should die there? Once he was my guest at a hotel in Detroit. We sat fronting the windows in a room on the eighth floor, from which we had a fine view of the city. The Doctor gazed out over the roofs of the houses, a far-away look in his eyes. Off to our left there rose majestically two lofty skyscrapers, and the panorama of the downtown district spread out before our eyes. I thought I heard something like a sigh escape from my guest's lips, and I remarked to him that perhaps his triumphant journey across the country with great crowds to hear him everywhere was more of a burden than a boon. He laughed, said a witty thing or two, and then with a certain wistfulness in his manner he added: "I'm dead tired of it all; I am aching to get back to Tibet. I am needed more there than I am here. I can't say I am at home here; I know I am there." He made a little gesture with his hand when he said that—a gesture toward the east. Ah, it was not the roofs of the city, the great skyscrapers, the downtown district—

the pride of Detroit. It was the "roof of the world," his own Tibet, that was in his mind and on his heart that day. What was a twenty-five-story building to a man who had lived for years among the stars with God?

Dr. Shelton has not died in vain—be sure of that! Fruitful as was his life, his death is bound to be more fruitful still. No man's life is seen at its highest and best until death enables us to appraise it from the truest perspective. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." It is a melancholy fact that, despite the power of Dr. Shelton's message and ministry throughout America during his last visit here, it was difficult to find young men and women willing to follow in his steps. He was not able to take back with him, as he had hoped and prayed that he might, a competent medical assistant. But what the influence of his life, great as it was, could not do, the influence of his death shall accomplish. Lo, the first fruits of his supreme sacrifice are already in evidence!

It has been my privilege to witness at first hand the effect of both the life and death of this martyr on the congregation of which he was the missionary and pastor in foreign lands, and what I have seen and felt has made me know, as I could not know hitherto, the potency of a missionary's death in the line of duty. When the news that he had been killed by bandits reached us, it stunned us at first. We simply could not believe that it was true. We expected another cable saying he was alive. Some mistake had been made.

But, alas! it was true—he whom we loved had been slain! Then silence fell upon us all. We found speech difficult. Gradually the people found themselves, and out of that stressful period there emerged a series of incidents such as I shall never forget—all attesting to the fact that the price of a life given for others is never too great.

A middle-aged man of the congregation, and unmarried, one who had found a great delight in Dr. Shelton's work, a man of inventive genius and a mechanical turn of mind, came to see me. He said: "Do you think at my age and without a college education, with just what gifts I have, by any possibility they would send me to Tibet to work with my hands to build houses, plow fields, do anything to carry on Dr. Shelton's work?"

A little girl, one who had clasped the hand of Dr. Shelton when he was last with us, and walked with him the length of our church auditorium—that little girl sought me out. She was broken-hearted, her grief could have not been greater if her own brother had died. She said: "Do you think I could do anything to help carry on Dr. Shelton's work? If I prayed every night for Tibet, and if I saved my nickels and dimes, do you think a little girl like me could help Dr. Shelton's work and save it from loss?"

A freshman in the University of Michigan, taking his first year of pre-medic course, sent word to the president of the Young Men's Progressive Class: "I am going to fit myself for a medical career in Tibet and carry on Dr. Shelton's work." A few weeks later this young man spoke from the pulpit, making an im-

pressive plea for volunteers to follow in the footsteps of Shelton of Tibet, and four young people responded to the appeal.

A group of Chinese Christians in Detroit sent a lovely bouquet on the day of the memorial service, and with the flowers was a card on which was this inscription: "For Dr. Shelton from his Chinese friends in Detroit." The fact that one of their own race had slain this big gentle man of mercy was a source of grief to these young men; they deplored it solemnly and in deepest contrition. That the bandits killed the Doctor not intentionally, but mistook him for a military officer seeking their capture, had not then been established.

Then came a certain prayer meeting where it seemed as though the spirit of Dr. Shelton brooded over us all in prayer, in song, in speeches. At the close of a series of prayers there arose a man of singular spiritual life, deep devotion, and wide acquaintance with the Scriptures. He quoted this text: "In the year King Uzziah died I also saw the Lord." He spoke of the crisis that had come in the life of the young man Isaiah, his admiration for the king, and the shock of the king's death; that out of that rugged experience the young man caught a new vision of God and was obedient to that vision. Then he instanced the tragic death of Dr. Shelton in Tibet, and impressively asked what we intended to do as a church in order to have fellowship with one who gave his all for Jesus' sake and the Tibetan people. "Let it be said of us," he pleaded, "that *in the year Dr. Shelton died Central Church saw the Lord.*"

So much for Central Church and the effects of Dr. Shelton's death upon the congregation. Look now upon the wider fields, white unto harvest in the afterglow of his heroic years in Tibet and his tragic death there on February 17, 1922. All over America among the churches, because of Shelton's death at the post of duty, there is more serious thinking, more fervency of spirit, more consecration, more willingness to follow whithersoever the Christ leadeth. In a college church during the memorial service twenty-eight young people, amid impressive scenes, dedicated their lives to Christ and whatsoever service He might call them to. Of this number, one was the son of a man who made application for work in Tibet at the same time Dr. Shelton did and was examined by the Board's physician the same day. Numerous young people from church homes who had hitherto shown a strange indifference to the ministry or the missionary field have felt stirring within them new life purposes. Letters have poured into the headquarters of our mission boards from parents with such statements as these:

"When the news of the death of Dr. Shelton came, my son said: 'That's Christianity. I'd like to follow in his steps. I believe I'll prepare for the missionary career.' "

"When our daughter learned that Dr. Shelton had been killed by bandits, a new life purpose came into her heart. She said: 'I want to go to some needy place where Christ's Gospel is unknown.' "

"The news of Dr. Shelton's death has profoundly affected our home. It has made conversation upon religious topics easy. It has revived a flagging zeal in

church work among our children. One of our boys is determined to be a medical missionary."

"Is there a place for me in Tibet, Japan, China, anywhere? If so, here I am. Send me!"

A fine young couple in the College of Missions at Indianapolis who had originally purposed to go to Tibet, but had changed their plans and were preparing for service in Japan, heard again the call of Tibet rising clear and distinct above all other fields. Thus, almost overnight, the hardest missionary field in the world became the most alluring, and all because a man had laid down his life in the name of Jesus Christ for the sake not only of his friends but also of those who fired the fatal shot.

Offerings for missionary purposes show the effect of Dr. Shelton's death. Purse strings have been loosened, safe-deposit boxes opened, bank accounts diminished, and generous pledges made by persons heretofore not known as givers to missionary causes. Despite the financial depression of 1922 and other difficulties and obstacles in the way of increased offerings, that year was the best financially the United Christian Missionary Society has ever known. Why? The answer is at hand. It is not a mystery. These larger offerings for missions and particularly for Tibet are a direct result of Dr. Shelton's death. The Shelton Memorial Fund of $100,000 is assured. Churches that seldom participate in such memorials are represented in this one. Men and women whose indifference to the missionary enterprise was marked have undergone a change of heart, and all because it is still true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

One memorable afternoon I saw the sun set on Lake Michigan from the beach at Pentwater. The day was early in September and well-nigh perfect. As the sun dipped low on the horizon it resembled a great ball of fire surrounded by a massed formation of clouds, fantastic and colorful in the extreme. Gradually the flaming disc disappeared, while long rays of crimson edged with orange were thrown upon the skies after the fashion of a mammoth searchlight. These reddish rays soon gave way to purplish clouds, and these in turn to tints of pearl, opal, and pink. Then there followed a golden glow which spread rapidly over the heavens and of a beauty indescribable, so that shortly when the twilight fell the heavens in the west were still rosy, and a soft amber light suffused the skies. As I watched the last faint streaks of color fade from the heavens, I caught sight of the evening star, scintillating above the horizon. Suddenly I became conscious of a light back of me, and turning around I beheld the moon just risen above the dark treetops far up the cliff and bathing them in a soft silver radiance. Then the day died, darkness deepened, and the light of stars and moon became stronger and lovelier still.

I sat upon that beach enthralled with what I saw; enraptured with a sense of wonder and the presence of a great mystery. The afterglow of a great life is like the afterglow of that perfect day, with other lights emerging from out the gathering darkness and the promise of a clear and fruitful to-morrow everywhere discernible.

We are in the afterglow of Dr. Shelton's life now, and we see the glory and wonder of his career,

the pathos and the sacrifice of it as we never could see it in the days when he was in the flesh. Only a few are given the privilege of a martyr's death. Only a few are permitted to fall on the battlefield while the sun is still high in the heavens and the day is far from spent. Dr. Shelton crowded into a life of forty-six years an incredible ministry. He wrought a great work. Though dead, he yet speaketh. He is of that glorious company who, having washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, now serve Him day and night.

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

APPENDICES

Appendix I

LETTERS FROM DR. SHELTON ON HIS RETURN JOURNEY TO BATANG

To Stephen J. Corey, Secretary United Christian Missionary Society.

Yunnanfu, 30 October, 1921.

Dear Brother Corey:

Our long wait is over—we start to-morrow for Batang. Ogden arrives here Wednesday, going home. All are well and in good spirits. The Morses and Duncans are fine. It's a pleasure to be with such folks. We've received only kindness at the hands of all the folks here—missionaries, business men, and customs people. The rains are over now and we have before us fifty-five days of the best weather of the year in which to reach Batang for Christmas. We hope our lives will be living witnesses for Him who has been so good to us all the way. With love and gratitude to you all in the office and to all our friends, the influence of whose prayers we see and feel daily,

Truly yours,

A. L. Shelton.

To Mrs. Shelton.

YenJu, 16 December, '21.

My Beloved:

We arrived here yesterday, after having traveled along the Mekong for fifteen days in from Wei Shi without having lost a single box or any serious accident

whatever. The Lord surely looked out for us. The miracle of the trip is the chair-men—not one ran away and they are sure fine carriers. It has been a fine trip and Ma Jisi met us about a mile out and has arranged horses for us clear through to Batang, an unheard of thing. He has surely made our paths straight. We leave here to-morrow and will arrive in Batang at noon, Dec. 23. I had to stop for a half an hour, a lot of Batang people came in. We passed Ashi-Gwatsengi's wife down near Likiang; she ran off with U si Yea; they have a son. The Tigi finally sent Gwatsengi away from Jang Ka because of opium. The Shang Cheu people have captured the Batang Jisi. Things are in an awful mess, but no trouble between Chinese and Lassa Tibetans. Haven't heard yet whether Hardys have a boy or girl. Must quit now, people are crowding in. I must attend to them. Heart's love to you. I don't dare *think*—I get *sick* for you and Dorris and Dorothy.

YOUR BERT.

To Dorris Shelton.

Nine days out of Yunnanfu.

MY BELOVED DORRIS:

I did not expect to get to answer your good letter till we got to Dalifu, but here we are tied up for a day just four days out of Tali, so I can write fine. We passed yesterday the last place where we are liable to meet robbers. It was a long, hard day—we started just at daylight in a heavy drizzle, which increased as the day wore on to a steady downpour, and continued all day without a moment's let-up. The chair-men got so tired and about a dozen horses gave out. We didn't get in till just dark, all soaked, but very thankful.

All your prayers for us are being answered daily, and apparently nothing stands between us and Batang now but the necessary time. All our goods—

mules came through, too—all in spite of the fact that Yang Tien Fu's men expected to get me again. I saw two of them in Yunnanfu; they saw me, too, but hurried away. I wouldn't have been worried at all had I been alone, but I hated to think of all these young folks falling into their hands—but they're all behind now and a clear road in front of us. It rained all night and is still raining now—about noon. Every horse and man was worn out, so we're resting to-day. I will see Mr. Bu Sunday in Tali, and give yours and Dorothy's love.

Wen Da Ren (who wanted Daidee as his wife) now is doctoring the soldiers. Yang Jisi is his secretary and several other of the former officials of Batang are living with him. I am meeting old friends all the time, and I hear of nearly a hundred on farther, waiting for me to come along and help them in all kinds of different ways.

Yes, Dorris, I do wish I could have you along. You could help me a lot, and how you would enjoy all our old friends scattered everywhere and all asking for you all the time. The best I can do is to show them your picture and tell them that you are preparing to come back. I've just been out sitting down by my old mule, with little Jack in my lap, and the old mule laid his head over in my lap, too, so little Jack crawled out on top of his. The mule wanted to be scratched and fed sugar. I fed both mules sugar (waertang), and Jack wanted some too, so I fed him some also. Mrs. Morse came along and saw us and called us "The Three Friends." My new mule is much stronger than the old one, and is getting just as gentle. If he carries me till I have doctored and preached to as many people as the old one has, I'll pension him too. I suspect, though, that he will last longer than I will.

Dorris, I am proud of you and Dorothy and I know you'll love and help each other, and help Grandpa and Grandma and Miss Miller too, for they are doing all

they can to help while Mammy and I are away. They have just as high ideals for you as we have, and I know you will not do a thing that would hurt Jesus in any way, for He has been so good to us all and led us in such paths and given us such fine friends in America, Tibet, and China—in fact, all over the world —that you and I, Dorris, will never be able to do all we would like to do for Him.

I saw what you wrote about that young man Mrs. Cason told about, who lost his faith. It is awful that teachers in college will spend time doing such things—but sometimes they do. If ever you get a class with one of that kind, Dorris, don't waste your time at it—life is too short, take another class. Remember some people get to worshiping their brains, but remember the heart—the Bible mentions the heart hundreds of times, but so far as I know never the brain. There was a man on the boat coming to China to preach philosophy; he didn't know what he believed. He said one day, "O that I had spent my life as you have!" Have you read a little book by Thomas à Kempis, called "The Imitation of Christ"? It is the one classic of the dark ages. Get it—make yourself a present of it. In the third chapter there is something like this: "Why be troubled and anxious over so many things the being ignorant of which will not be against me in the Judgment?"

Now, Dorris, I want to hug you and kiss you. Give my love to Dorothy, Grandpa, Grandma, and Miss Miller. Remember me to your Endeavor Society and all the young folks of Southern California—I love them all. Choose your friends from those of the highest ideals. We owe so much to our friends. Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and don't forget to pray for and write to a man who loves you with his whole heart,

YOUR PAPPY.

To several of Dr. Shelton's family.

Batang, 26 December, 1921.

DEAR DORRIS, DOROTHY, PA, MA AND DELLA:

We arrived here 23 December, so had Christmas here yesterday. Everything went fine on the road. It took us fifty-four days from Yunnanfu, and all difficulties disappeared as we got near to them. I haven't begun to get tired yet, but will in a day or two now, I suppose. I am living in our old house down by the river and am going to get my own meals, or rather Drashi is going to get them for me.

Christmas at the church had about four hundred people, but they couldn't handle them very well. Dorris and Dorothy, nearly all the girls cried when they saw your pictures, and they asked how long it would be before you could come back. I cried, too, I was so lonesome for you all. I kept looking around for you and Mammy all day. We all had dinner at Dr. Hardy's and prayermeeting afterwards, but I couldn't stand it, so I got up and left. Gon Chog NeJang Ong Shu, etc., etc., are all grown men now; so are Della Eulan Tsiring-Behmu grown women. They have moved the school to the new schoolhouse just below the hospital. It is built just like the hospital. I am going up to see the Tigi some time in January. Several of the girls, when they saw Mrs. Morse, thought it was you, Dorris.

I haven't had time to do anything since I got here. At least fifty people put my hand on their heads and cried and said, "O if you had been here all our houses wouldn't be burned up." Batang is awfully poor now and robbers all around. Wodren's baby is quite a big baby now. Mrs. Hardy's new boy was born Nov. 30.

Drashi is sitting here cleaning a gun for me. It's awfully lonesome being all alone and I must keep moving to keep from getting homesick. I can't stand

it. I think yesterday was about the saddest day of my life.

I love you all so much.

PAPPY.

Remember me to all our friends who have been so good to us, especially Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and Brother Seely.

Appendix II

THE STORY OF DR. SHELTON'S DEATH, TOLD IN LETTERS FROM THE FIELD

TIBETAN CHRISTIAN MISSION,
Batang, Via Atuntze, W. China.
17 February, 1922.

Mr. Stephen J. Corey,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Mr. Corey:

Dr. Shelton left Batang for Gartok on the 15th inst., planning to see the Governor of Eastern Tibet and then to return to Batang and make final plans for the trip to Lhasa. At the end of the first stage south of here, a letter came from the Governor asking that the Doctor delay his visit, as permission to make the visit must be obtained from the Galon Lama at Chiamdo. So on the morning of the 16th Dr. Shelton started back to Batang. At two P. M., when only about six miles from Batang, the party was fired on by robbers. Dr. Shelton was riding in front, and just as he rounded a curve in the road the robbers opened fire. The first shot hit the Doctor. The other members of the party, the cook, the deposed Batang prince, and the Doctor's Tibetan teacher, thought the Doctor had shot at a rabbit, but as they came around the corner they saw the Doctor in the road. A number of other shots were fired, but the rest of the party were unhurt. The robbers in due time sent down some of their men and drove off most of the pack animals. (So far, I have seen only one mule load not taken by the robbers.)

The Batang prince came on to Batang as soon as

he could and reported the matter to Mr. MacLeod. His report was that Shelton had been wounded and was unable to travel. He said that we must take a stretcher on which to bring Shelton to Batang, and that he wanted a tourniquet for Shelton's arm, which was bleeding badly.

This report came in about four P. M., and I put few things into my pocket; borrowed the Prince's horse, and started at 4:23 for the place. MacLeod looked after getting the stretcher-bearers, and followed me, Morse and Duncan also going with the stretcher. After hard riding for an hour I reached the Doctor, who was then unconscious with no pulse, and showing signs of severe hemorrhage. The bullet had entered the outer condyle of the right elbow, had torn off the inner condyle, and had entered the side about the level of the elbow. Before loss of consciousness, the Doctor took a hypo of morphine and strychnine and improvised a tourniquet with his handkerchief and riding whip. The men who remained with him had done all they could to make him comfortable, using saddle blankets for a bed, and were preparing Doctor's cot to take him to Batang. I put on the tourniquet, gave him some more strychnine, redressed the wounds, and got under way for Batang at six o'clock. We met the party from Batang about a mile from the scene of the tragedy. The poles on the cot gave some trouble at the top of the pass, and after a couple of miles more Dr. Shelton complained of the poles hurting his hips. So we changed him to the hospital bed which we had rigged up on stout bamboo poles to use as a stretcher. During the last mile he was in pain again and wanted to change his posi tion. Before we reached Batang more than fifty (probably one hundred) people met us, to help carry the stretcher or to light the way with pine torches.

We reached our home at 10:10 P. M. and the Doctor was conscious and in pain. I gave him some morphine

and made a more careful examination of the wounds. Once or twice after reaching home he wanted water and asked to sit up. His condition was such that anything more than applying temporary dressings, after cleaning the wounds, was out of the question. (I omitted telling you that Dr. Shelton, after he was shot, swabbed the wounds with iodine.)

The turn for the worse came about midnight, and at 12:48 A. M. Dr. Shelton answered the summons to the higher life.

I have stated these facts at length. None of us can express our feelings at this time.

The cause of the whole matter is the inability of the Chinese officials to govern this part of the country. I believe I am safe in saying that I have treated an average of a case every two months, and more than that number of men have been killed at this place. It is within six or seven miles of Batang, but the officials and soldiers roll another opium pill every time a fight takes place on the pass and say it is too bad! ! !

But, enough. We are starting a cable for America at daylight, and this is to add to the sad news you should receive days before this letter arrives.

Please try to express to Dorris and Dorothy, the Father, Mother, Brothers and Sisters, our deepest sympathy in their loss, which is, though to a less extent, our loss also.

Sincerely yours,

W. M. HARDY.

Report Concerning Dr. Shelton's Death.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of February 16, 1922, Dr. A. L. Shelton of the Tibetan Christian Mission, was shot by highwaymen at a place about 20 li south of Batang on the Chinese highway from Batang to Lhasa; and died on Feb. 17th at 12:48 A. M., from the effects of the wound inflicted by the highwaymen

at the above-mentioned place. The following are the particulars regarding his departure from Batang and his death.

On February 13th Dr. Shelton sent his card to the yamen by Gezang Wangdu, who notified the secretary of the Chinese Magistrate that Dr. Shelton would leave early in the morning of February 15th for Gartok (Janka). On Feb. 14th, Dr. Shelton went personally to the yamen and requested escort for his proposed journey. On the morning of February 15th, between 8:30 and 9 o'clock, Dr. Shelton left Batang. He had gone about a half mile when he was overtaken by two unarmed soldiers from the yamen, who presented their credentials as his official escort. Dr. Shelton remonstrated at their being unarmed, but proceeded with them unarmed and arrived at Drubalong (Dru Wa Nong) a little before sunset on the same day, Feb. 15th.

At Drubalong (Dru Wa Nong), he was met by a messenger with a letter from the Governor of Mar Kham province. This letter was later taken by the highwaymen, but Gezongongdü read the letter and reports the contents as follows, "I have heard that you intend entering Tibet. An order has come from the Galon Lama forbidding me to permit foreigners to enter Tibet, unless they first state their business to the Galon Lama and get his permission. Please write the Galon Lama and get his permission. Please do not come until you do so."

The messenger urged Dr. Shelton to return to Batang, declaring that the order in the Governor's letter had come from England to the Dalai Lama, and from him to the Galon Lama, and from him to the Governor of Mar Kham province; and that the Governor of Mar Kham province might be executed if Shelton entered Tibet.

Dr. Shelton gave the Governor's messenger a letter containing the following reply: "My purpose in com-

ing to Gartok is to pay a friendly visit to yourself. If I am not permitted to do that, I shall remain in Batang. Perhaps by this time my servant has arrived in Gartok. Please help him on the way to Batang."

On the morning of February 16th, Dr. Shelton left Drubalong (Dru Wa Nong) for Batang. At a point about twenty li from Batang, the road in winding along the side of a cliff, turns sharply to the east, forming a right angle. The cliff rises almost perpendicular from the road to the height of about twenty feet; so that going around the bend is very much like going around the corner of a house. Dr. Shelton and his party were riding along in the following order: first, Dr. Shelton; second, and unarmed, a Chinese escort; third, a friend of Dr. Shelton named Gwei Tsen Chi; fourth, Dr. Shelton's cook; fifth, Dr. Shelton's interpreter, Gezongongdü. The report that the yamen escort was riding in front is not true. They were riding one after the other in close order. Dr. Shelton's baggage was about five hundred yards behind the party. Just as Dr. Shelton turned the corner, he was shot without any warning by a highwayman, who was crouching behind a thorn bush on the north side of the cliff and above the road. That first shot was a signal for a volley from the highwaymen, who were concealed in shrubbery immediately above the cliff. Everybody except Dr. Shelton, who had fallen from his mule to the road, sought the shelter afforded by the lower side of the road. Here they were kept under cover by the rifle fire of the part of the robber band that was stationed above the cliff, while another part of the robber band drove off Dr. Shelton's mules and loads, which were about five hundred yards to the rear. As soon as Dr. Shelton's party got under shelter, they opened fire on the robbers. All had firearms except the yamen escort, and Gezongongdü gave him an automatic pistol. When the robbers retreated he tried to walk, but could not; then they put

him on his mule and proceeded towards Batang, at the same time sending Gwei Tsen Chi on ahead to report to the missionaries in Batang. Dr. Shelton could ride only about a mile. Then they took him from his mule and prepared a stretcher. At that point Dr. Hardy met him. Dr. Hardy's report is as follows:

"It was a little after four P. M. when the Prince (Gwei Tsen Chi) arrived in Batang and delivered his message to Mr. MacLeod, who came up to my place and told me. I got some first aid dressings and a rubber bandage, borrowed the Prince's horse and started out while Mr. MacLeod got a stretcher and carriers and followed on foot. I made good time to the top of the Sa Swei San pass, reaching there in forty minutes (five P. M.), but going down was much slower, and I did not find Dr. Shelton until 5:25. He was unconscious. The bullet had entered the right arm, just above the elbow, and ranged downward. The wound of entrance was about the size of a nickel. The bone was shattered and the wound exit could not be covered by my hand. Then the bullet entered the abdomen in the axillary line at about the level of the elbow, making a wound larger than a dollar. I put on fresh dressings and replaced the handkerchief tourniquet with the rubber one. We put Dr. Shelton on a cot and started for Batang at six P. M. Once while we were there, Dr. Shelton opened his eyes and answering me, said he was feeling all right. Once or twice on the way, he was conscious and complained of pain. We reached Batang at 10:10 P. M. His condition was such that I dared do nothing more than change the dressings after washing the wounds externally. Twice he was in pain and insisted on morphine to relieve it. At 12:48 A. M., February 17th, he passed away."

"Respectfully submitted,

"W. M. HARDY."

AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE,
Chungking, China, March 29, 1922.

MRS. A. L. SHELTON,
381 N. GIBBS STREET,
POMONA, CALIF.

MY DEAR MRS. SHELTON:

It is with deep regret that I have to inform you of the tragic death of your husband at Batang on February 17, 1922. According to a telegram received at this office on March 3, 1922, from Dr. W. M. Hardy, Dr. Shelton was shot by bandits near Batang on February 16, 1922, and died in Batang on the early morning of February 17, 1922. Due to the difficulties of communication I have not as yet been able to find out much about this sad occurrence but no doubt Dr. Hardy has already written to you.

Dr. Shelton's original registration did not have your address, so I sent Dr. Hardy a telegram asking for this nearly a month ago, but have not received a reply as yet. I am just now in receipt of your husband's application for re-registration which states that you are now residing at the above address. This application was dated January 25, 1922, and has taken all this time to get here.

There are certain formalities of the law to be complied with connection with your husband's estate, and I have written to Dr. Hardy to take charge of his belongings—as he no doubt would have anyway —until the formalities can be complied with. Will you please inform this office whether or not Dr. Shelton left a will? I would also be glad to know your wishes in regard to that portion of the estate in Batang.

I did not have the pleasure of knowing Dr. Shelton personally, but I have the greatest admiration for the work he was doing, and from what I hear the loss of his family is shared by all the Chinese and Tibetans with whom he came in contact, not to mention his fel-

low countrymen and other foreigners in this country. The news, contained in a brief telegram, was a great shock and I have heard many expressions of sympathy from all sides, American, British, and Chinese alike. I regret exceedingly the sad necessity for this letter and if this office can be of any service to you, please do not fail to say so. Assuring you and your daughters of my heartfelt sympathy, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

N. F. ALLMAN,
Vice Consul in Charge.

A Masonic Funeral in China.

A letter from Brother W. M. Hardy, Batang, China, to Norman of Nashville, Tennessee, tells of the murder of Dr. A. L. Shelton, a Scottish Rite Mason, who received the degrees in Wichita, Kansas, several years ago. This brother was killed on February 16, about seven miles from Batang.

In that far-away land, where perhaps a Masonic lodge was never heard of, the question of the manner of his burial concerned the few Masons who were there. It was decided to have some kind of a Masonic service at the grave, there being a great number of the natives present, so Brother Morse read a service from the Tennessee *Craftsman,* and the native evangelist interpreted the service to the Chinese and Tibetans present. The Chinese have a proverb which says, "The pine and cedar never die," and this was used in explaining the evergreen that had been put in the grave. "After it was all over, and I was going over the sad events of the day," says Brother Hardy, "I noticed a peculiar thing about this, the first Masonic funeral service ever held in Batang. The numbers three, five, and seven were connected with the service as follows: Three languages were used, English, Chinese and Tibetan; five nationalities were present, American, Brit-

ish, French (the French Catholics have a priest here), Chinese and Tibetans; seven men took part in the service. These seven were Mr. Duncan, who had charge of the English service; the native pastor, who conducted the services in Chinese and Tibetan; the assistant pastor, who led in prayer; the Chinese teacher, who read the scripture, and the Tibetan teacher, who read from the Tibetan Scripture; another Chinese teacher who read a memorial address and resolutions of sympathy drafted by Chinese friends of Dr. Shelton, and Mr. Morse, who conducted the service at the grave."

Batang, 22 February, 1922.

DEAR DORRIS AND DOROTHY:

This letter will find you very sad and heart broken, but I feel that I must write you. Not that I can comfort you—no man can do that—but that I may tell you some things that I would like you to know. Your good father was like a big brother to me, and I know how dear he was to you, because he showed me the precious and exceedingly good letters that you wrote him. These letters he reread many times. They were among his goods that were taken by the robbers. He was taking them as company to Gartok.

Since your father came to Batang, all of us have been as kind and good to him as we possibly could be, for he was very dear to us all. He was regaining his former health rapidly; and was always cheerful and in good spirits.

On the morning of the 15th inst., he started to Gartok to make preparations for his trip to Lassa. When he reached Drubalong, he met a messenger from the Teji who asked him to write to the Galon Lama for permission to enter Tibet; because all foreigners entering Tibet now must first state what their business is to some one of the high officials. On receiving the

Teji's letter, your father wrote a reply; and returned to Batang. On the way back about six miles from Batang, a short distance on the other side of Kuila, while he, his cook, Gweitsenchi and Gezangwangdu were turning a bend in the road, someone fired from ambush, and hit your father as he came around the turn in the road. Gezangwangdu and the others were a little behind and could not see on account of the bend in the road. They heard the shot, rushed on, and found your father lying in the road. He was able to dress the wounds and take some medicine. Then he sent Gweitsenchi on to Batang to notify us. We went at once; but were too late to be of any use. We reached Batang at 10:10 and your father "went home" at 12:48. When conscious he was in great pain, and did not talk much except to ask for water, and to pray to God for help. We could not help him; and so God took him to be with himself, where there is no pain, no sorrow.

The funeral service was held on Saturday the 17th. There was a very large crowd, and the service was sad, but beautiful. We fixed everything as beautiful as we could. The church members sent two scrolls which we are keeping to send to you.

We made a list of all your father's goods and you will receive the list shortly. There are some things that your father got for you, a paper knife and a lot of Tibetan rings. These and other things that you wish to have, I shall be so glad to bring to you when I go home on furlough in 1924, perhaps sooner. Please don't be timid in asking me to do anything for you. If you want some Tibetan things, just let me know.

I am so glad that you are such good girls. Your father will be so proud of you when we all get home.

Esther joins me in every good wish.

Very sincerely yours,

Roderick A. MacLeod.

Batang, 25 February, 1922.

DEAR MRS. SHELTON:

On the nineteenth of the first month Dr. Shelton and I left for Gartok. At Druwanong we met a messenger from the Geji with a letter which said that he must not come to Gartok now. On the way from Druwanong robbers shot Dr. Shelton. You know all about that now, so I shall say nothing about it.

You and Dr. Shelton were like a mother and father to me, and helped me so much. A great sorrow has come to you and your two daughters. Please try and not worry, or you will become ill. Try and make yourselves happy.

If you come to Yunnanfu or anywhere and you want me to help you please let me know. I am sure that Dr. Shelton is at peace now. Every morning and evening I think of him. I pray for the three of you, Dorris and Dorothy and yourself, morning and evening that you may be happy and well.

Your loving son,

GWAYSENGI.

Batang, W. China, 21 February, 1922.

DEAR MRS. SHELTON:

I do not know just what I am going to say, or just how I will say it. My heart is too full, but I will try to tell you as best as I can, about Dr. Shelton's leaving us. I am going to tell you the things the way I should want you to tell me if you were in my place, and I wish there was some way in which I could help you bear this sorrow, but I know it is impossible. Only, as you know you have our love at this time and also the assurance that we did everything we could for Doctor, but human help was useless, and only God knows His purposes.

Doctor left here Wednesday morning for Gartok. Just before he left he came into our house, he had left

his mule tied to our gate and while he was down to MacLeods the children had tied a valentine on his saddle, and when he found it he came up "To kiss the one who did it," he said, but they had gone on to Morses and Duncans. We knew there were robbers down at Sa Sheu Shan, but didn't think a great deal about it as they had never shown any disposition to molest a foreigner and as Doctor had notified the yamen we supposed he had proper escort. That night we said, "Well Dr. Shelton has gotten over the pass all right or we would have heard something."

The next day, Mrs. MacLeod and the Duncans were at our house for tea, when Mr. MacLeod came rushing up the steps and said "I have bad news. Dr. Shelton was coming back and the robbers have shot and wounded him." Gway Sen Gi brought the news. He said Doctor was shot in the arm and leg and wanted a tourniquet to stop the bleeding. Will got a few first aids together and getting on Gway Sen Gi's horse went as fast as he could and reached Dr. Shelton in a little over an hour, as he was quite a way the other side of the pass. When Will reached him he had swabbed out his wounds with iodine, had made a tourniquet with his whip and a handkerchief and had taken some morphine and strychnine, but was unconscious. Will got him on a stretcher and started for Batang, meeting Mr. MacLeod, Morse, and Duncan with a better stretcher in a few minutes. Will left the scene of the tragedy with him at six o'clock and they arrived at our house at 10:20. Fully a hundred people went out from Batang to help carry the stretcher and light the way with pine torches. After they got here he was in a good deal of pain, so Will only did what he could temporarily for wounds and gave him something to relieve the pain. Instead of being wounded in the leg the bullet had gone through his elbow and into the abdomen, and at 12:48 A. M. he left us.

When Dr. Shelton reached Dru-ba-long he received a letter from the Tigi asking him his business, and also asking him to wait until the Galon Lama should give him permission to cross the border, so Doctor sent him a letter and was returning to Batang to wait for his answer. With Doctor was Gway Sen Gi, his cook, and Gezongongdü. Dr. Shelton was riding ahead and the very first shot the robbers fired hit him. When Gezongongdü heard the shooting and saw what it was he began yelling to them that it was a foreigner. A great many more shots were fired, but no one else was hit. About ten of the robbers came down and drove off four of the Doctor's loads, but didn't take any of the riding animals.

Friday we buried him beside Dr. Loftis and made the same kind of a grave. We had the funeral in our front yard. Gway Gwang preached, a beautiful sermon in both Chinese and Tibetan, and numbers of the Batang people who knew and loved him were here. Gway Gwang especially mentioned you and Dorris and Dorothy. They sang "There Is a Happy Land" and "Sweet By and By." The coffin was draped in the Chinese and American flags. Mr. Duncan led a short prayer service for the foreigners, just before the service.

At the cemetery Mr. Morse read the Masonic Committal service and Gway Gwang prayed and the Christians sang. I forgot to tell you that besides the four foreign men, Gezongongdü, Sam den, and Andru were with him, when he left us, and all his old servants helped carry him to his last resting place.

We don't know why this had to be and all we can say is, His will be done, and feel that the Tibetan robbers were more merciful than the Chinese robbers under Yang Tien Fu.

We sent telegrams to the Legation in Peking also to the Consul in Chungking, and to the Board at home, asking them to tell Dorris and Dorothy and his father

and mother. Also a telegram was sent to the China Mission and to Mr. Graham at Yunnanfu.

Will wrote a letter giving the details of the accident to Mr. S. J. Corey.

If there is anything we can do for you or the girls *please* let us know. We all loved Doctor and we love you, and want to help you all we can, so write us when you are able and we will carry out any of your wishes we can.

With a heart full of love and sympathy—I am yours,

NINA P. HARDY.

Batang, 26 February, 1922.

DEAR MRS. SHELTON:

My heart goes out so to you and to Dorris and Dorothy at this time, that I must write to you, although I have been thinking that perhaps I wouldn't, fearing many letters might be too painful for you and that I should wait a while. You can put my letter aside if that is the case, and read it later.

It has been eleven days now since Dr. Shelton stopped in to tell us good-by as he was starting, on a Wednesday morning, for Gartok. I remember so clearly the impression he made on me at that time. He looked so fit for the road and for life in general. He wore his big sheepskin-lined khaki coat, his corduroy trousers with leather leggins and strong shoes and big hat. He looked so large and handsome, and so pleased to be starting out on a trip. His two dogs, Jack and Spot, were with him. They and the two children and Dr. Shelton had a romp together; he talking to the pups and the children in the way he always did and that they always liked and understood. Soon, he was off. The details of all that followed, you know, so I shall not repeat.

When Dr. Shelton first came back, he seemed tired and not very well, I suppose from the long trip in which he had to manage for everybody, and that before

he had completely regained his strength after his operation. But in the seven weeks or so, there was such a change. He was feeling fine or at least he seemed to be. He looked well, and he was so jolly and, as always, the life of all our gatherings together. We had him at our house as much as we could keep him. He was always bragging on the food, especially the milk and cream and fresh eggs, and we cooked so many good dinners in his pressure cooker. Once, Wangse made "hot-te-molies" according to his direction. I don't think he scarcely talked to any of us five minutes without mentioning you and the girls. He told us how well the girls were doing in school and of Dorris's work with children, and about your camp experiences with the young folks and even about your nice, new clothes.

We had dinner with him the Sunday before he left, at the Duncans. Mrs. Duncan opened a can from M. W. & Co. marked tea and found in it not tea but limburger cheese. We all thought that funny, of course. Dr. Shelton thought it was fine and had a lot of fun out of it, and he got the cheese, and thought it the best he ever tasted. It was good. Mrs. Hardy and I were the only others who would eat it. He told us about the time you cleaned out Mrs. Ogden's cupboard looking for something rotten, when he had left the cheese in it.

A month or more ago, we decided that if our little baby, whom we are expecting now in a few weeks, were a boy, we would name him Shelton. Dr. Shelton was pleased with the idea. He thought so much of Duncan and Duncan would run excited and happy to the door when he heard Dr. Shelton's voice. Of course, he was that way with all the Batang babies. I am so glad we have the picture of him with them all.

I hope I have not been writing things that you would not like to hear. I know that he wrote you often, so that you know all about him since he has been in

Batang. But I thought that if it were me, I should like to hear from some one who had seen him and loved him, as we all do here, and as we love you all, and to hear some things connected with his happy, energetic life.

When you can, will you write to us. We are all sad and very anxious about you and the girls. If there is anything here at all that we could do, which would help you in any way, we would be so happy to do it. With love and sympathy,

ESTHER MACLEOD.

Batang, West China,
March 15, 1922.

MY DEAR GRANDMA AND GRANDPA SHELTON:

If only I could put my arms around you and talk to you instead of writing! May our Master do this for me! We have been praying that God would comfort your aching hearts. I know that you will have received the sad news before you get this. I expect you will have already received the details of it all, too.

My dear ones, I am going to tell you some of the things which have helped me and perhaps they will help you. I just can't realize it even yet. It just seems to me that he has gone off on his trip and will soon be back. On Monday he ate dinner at our house and was as jolly and happy as ever. That afternoon we had the monthly mission business meeting at the Hardy home. Afterwards we had tea and then played tennis. That was the last that I saw of him before he left.

It seems to me that our dear Doctor was the center of fun and the center of inspiration as well. He always made such good talks at our prayer meetings. I was always so glad to hear him and received so much help and inspiration from him. The people here love him so very much.

They also say that is, the Christians, that his death is the "seed of the Gospel in Tibet." One of the scrolls which hung up during his funeral service read thus: "He gave his life to save others." What more could be said! I know it is very hard now. Oh, I have thought of you so very much! I love you very much. May Jesus Christ Himself comfort you both. You have given and suffered much! Dear Doctor gave up land, home, parents, wife and children—everything, that he might help to bring the world to Jesus Christ. Our Master will reward him richly. If he is with God, we have nothing to regret, so I know you will rest in God.

"He careth for you.—When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee—The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

With much love,

GERTRUDE MORSE.

P. S. I have felt so very bad about this that it just seemed I couldn't write to you. All of us here miss him more than we can ever tell! It just seemed our own father or brother had left us.

G. H. M.

Appendix III

DR. A. L. SHELTON, MARTYR FOR TIBET

From *The World Call,* May, 1922

In 1903 Dr. Albert Leroy Shelton and Mrs. Shelton went forth as missionaries to Tibet under the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. The challenge of that far, closed land had come to them through Dr. Susie C. Rijnhart who had lost both her baby and her husband in Tibet. Two years later, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ogden from Kentucky went out to reënforce the mission. Probably the Ogdens and Sheltons would have become good friends if thrown together anywhere, but being alone together at the most remote mission station in the world, made them comrades of the most intimate sort. The men were more than brothers. Their devotion to each other was like that of David and Jonathan.

As Dr. Shelton returned to the field last fall with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan and Mr. and Mrs. Morse and their baby, the Ogdens were coming out for their second furlough. The two parties met two days west of Yunnanfu which is the end of the railroad line, and right at the place where two years before, Chinese bandits had captured Dr. Shelton. After one night spent together and a farewell in which neither could say a word, Shelton went on to Batang to get ready for the long cherished journey to Lhasa, and the Ogdens continued homeward.

After resting for a while in southern California, the Ogdens started overland for headquarters in St. Louis and their home in Kentucky. Sunday night, March 5,

they were in Raton, New Mexico, and slipped quietly into the Christian Church without making themselves known. In the course of his sermon, the minister, John H. Swift, spoke of the death of Dr. Shelton. At the close of the service Mr. Ogden asked him on what authority he had made the statement and was told that the death was reported in a Denver newspaper. Confident that it was only a rumor and could not be true, they continued their journey to Garden City, Kansas. There Mr. Ogden went to the telegraph office to send a message to the United Society. When the operator saw his signature, he asked him if he had not been associated with Dr. Shelton in Tibet, and then told him of the cablegram announcing the murder of the latter by a band of robbers February 17. Overcome by the shock Ogden staggered back to the hotel and was not able to leave his bed for two days.

"He was my pal, my brother, my big chief. Knowing that he would have to take his life in his hands we asked him to undertake the journey to Lhasa, because no one else could do it so well. Any of us could have been spared better than Shelton."

Immediately upon receipt of the cablegram reporting the murder of Dr. Shelton, the officers of the United Christian Missionary Society gave the information to the State Department at Washington, which in turn, cabled the United States minister at Peking to give the facts to the Chinese government and urge them to use their utmost efforts to secure complete information and to bring those guilty of the murder to justice.

Appendix IV

TRIBUTES TO DR. SHELTON FROM FRIENDS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD

United Christian Missionary Society,
St. Louis, Missouri.
4 April, 1922.

Mrs. A. L. Shelton,
c/o S. S. *Caledonia,*
P & O Line, London.

My dear Mrs. Shelton:

I am writing you this letter, hoping it will reach you at the steamer as you land. How our hearts have ached for you during these weeks since Dr. Shelton's death! Your many friends will be so anxious to see you and their prayers have been constantly following you as you have crossed the sea. The girls are bearing up well and Mrs. Dye and the other friends have been a great comfort to them in their loneliness. We are very anxious to have you come to St. Louis and see us as you pass through. As soon as you know the boat on which you will sail from England to New York, please cable me so that we can make arrangements to have friends meet you there.

This blow is difficult to understand, but even through this great sorrow and loss God will somehow work out His providence for Tibet. The death of no missionary since the day of Livingstone has so moved the Christian world as that of Dr. Shelton. If any letters come giving the particulars in time for us to forward them to London, we will get them to you. So

far we have no further word except a cable received by our government from China, copy of which I am enclosing. Mr. Ogden, who has been here, feels that the Chinese official is trying to make the best case possible for himself, and that of course Dr. Shelton would not have left Batang had he received orders not to do so. Mr. Ogden feels that the death of Dr. Shelton was in the nature of an accident, for even the robbers would not have attacked him personally. It is a deep satisfaction to know that since he had to go he was in the hands of the missionaries at the hospital when the end came.

I want you to know how the whole staff here at the office has thought of you and how we have daily borne your name to the Throne of Grace. May the everlasting arms undergird you and the Unseen Friend be your companion across the sea.

With affectionate regards, I am,
Sincerely yours,
STEPHEN J. COREY.

United Christian Missionary, Society,
St. Louis, Missouri.
9 March, 1922.

MISSES DORRIS AND DOROTHY SHELTON,
381 N. GIBBS ST.,
POMONA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR DORRIS AND DOROTHY:

I have been away from the office for many days and this is my first opportunity to write you. I believe that I have thought of both of you every waking hour since we learned of your father's death. I want you to know how thousands of friends are praying for you daily and expressing their love for you and your mother in this difficult hour. We know that you are trusting in God and believe that he will bring peace into your hearts in the midst of your great sorrow.

I suppose there is no missionary since David Livingstone who has been so widely known as your father. People will be thinking of him all over the Christian world and they will also be thinking of you and your mother. Although your father's life has not been as long as that of some, he has done more to bring the Gospel of Christ to the world than many men have done in a long lifetime. Even in his death which we all mourn people will be inspired to give their lives more freely for the Master and to take the Gospel throughout the world, even into Tibet where he so longed to take it.

We have received some beautiful messages here. I am enclosing a copy of some of them with this letter. We have cabled your mother and notified the other relatives. Many of our churches held memorial services last Sunday and others will be holding them in the near future. I am also enclosing a copy of a letter which we have sent out to all the churches.

I wish I could sit down and talk to you, for it is so difficult to express one's deepest sympathy and feelings in a letter. May our living Christ be very close to both of you dear girls during these days.

With affectionate regard I am,
Sincerely yours,
STEPHEN J. COREY.

Letter sent out to the Churches by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society (Disciples), later merged in the Missionary Society

THE WAY OPEN TO LASSA

The December *Missionary Intelligencer* contained an article from our missionaries in Tibet asking for new workers to open up a mission at Chiamdo, the halfway station to Lassa. It also stated that the Tibetan general had forwarded a letter of Dr. Shelton to the Dalai

Lama at Lassa, asking permission to visit that city and do some medical work there.

A letter has just been received from Dr. Shelton under date of August 31, which says: "I received a reply to the letter I sent to the Dalai Lama in March, stating that if there is nothing in existing treaties to keep me from coming to Lassa he will put no hindrance in my way."

So far as the officers of the Foreign Society know, there is no treaty that would stand in the way of an American missionary traveling anywhere in Tibet. This being true, the last obstacle in the way of entering Lassa is removed. The supposed opposition of the Tibetans themselves has been the stumbling block. Now, with many officials inviting the missionaries to enter, and others raising no objection, the time has surely come for the Disciples of Christ to go up and possess the land.

What a thrill and a challenge this situation presents! Tibet, a belated nation, without a railroad, without street cars or electricity. So far as is known, even without an automobile. No good roads, no modern cities. Not a church, nor a school, nor a hospital, except at Batang on the eastern border. Everything that stands for progress is yet to be done in Tibet. Every Lord's Day the little Tibetan church of not more than twenty-five members sits around the Lord's table breaking the loaf and partaking of the cup, "Shewing forth the Lord's death till He come again." With faith and vision we can see in the next quarter of a century a host of little Christian churches scattered all over the land.

"Separate me Barnabas and Saul. And when they had fasted and prayed and laid their hands on them they sent them away." The strongest and the best were sent out into the fields beyond. Our people are facing such a time to-day. Surely the Holy Spirit is urging even now some of our finest and biggest

men to leave places of prominence and leadership and answer this call of Tibet. Men with the spirit of Paul, with the pioneer daring of Livingstone, with the untiring energy and heroic devotion of Carey, are needed for this task.

Let there be no misunderstanding about the proposed undertaking. There is a strange romanticism in this appeal from that far-off highest table land in the world. But to those who go it will not be romantic. It is without doubt the most difficult field in the world. There will be months and years of unending study of an intricate language. There will be the cold indifference of centuries of passive Buddhism. There will be the imbedded suspicion of all foreigners. There will be the blighting influence of hundreds and thousands of Buddhist priests. There will be the very instincts of the people themselves for religion, but a religion without a moral uplift and entirely without the idea of a divine Saviour. How heart-breaking it will be for enthusiastic, consecrated Americans to try to get results under such almost insurmountable difficulties!

But the way is now open! He who has told us to go has said, "Lo I am with you." And it will be a great day when at least four well equipped families are ready to depart for that long journey. It will take many men and women, but some should start soon. Others should complete their preparations and be ready for the advance movements as they present themselves. May the Holy Spirit hold us steady, and commit us unreservedly to this great, unfinished task which is now so definitely before us.

China Inland Mission,
Yunnanfu, Yunnan, S. China,
3 March, 1922.

DEAR MRS. SHELTON,

The shocking news of Dr. Shelton being killed by brigands has just reached us. We can only begin to

imagine the shock and grief which the dreadful message would bring to you, nor less to your two dear daughters at home. The mysterious Providence, which permitted the removal of such a pioneer worker, experienced missionary, and far-known and well-loved healer, demands the profoundest trust and hope. We ask for the healing touch of the Comforter, who alone can give balm for such an awful wound. As you know, all of us loved and respected Dr. Shelton.

We are quite at a loss to know what the Mission will do without him, a mission so far off and isolated and he so well known and respected as he was in all that region. God makes no mistakes, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

The news was broken to us as a meeting of the Yunnan Missionary Association was just gathering. A resolution of sympathy was passed and the above letter ordered written, expressing the deep sympathy of the whole missionary community here.

On behalf of the above association,
I remain,
Yours in Christian sympathy,
H. A. C. Allen,
Chairman.

China Inland Mission,
Yunnanfu, Yunnan, China,
3 March, 1922.

Secretary, Foreign Christian Mission Society,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sir:

I am instructed by the Yunnan Missionary Association to convey to you our sincerest sympathy in the loss of Dr. Shelton who, as we have learnt by wire was killed by brigands on the borders of Tibet, on 17 February.

He was well known to us here. First, because of

his being captured by brigands two years ago when nearing this city and held for hostage for three months, during which time fruitless negotiations were carried on between the Government and the outlaws. Then again, he has but recently passed through here, staying some time in this city, escorting a new band of workers to Batang.

His geniality, interesting experiences, and love for the Tibetans won him a large place in all our hearts. His unfailing kindness to all Orientals awakened affection and opened the door to many hearts. Only yesterday I heard of a young evangelist of ours who received kindness from him halfway between here and Batang, who when he heard of his death gave vent to his feeling through tears and refused to take his food.

The blow to you as a Mission will be very severe. His experience and his skill, his wide range of friends, and his sudden removal from an isolated and important mission station, will make his loss very hard to fill and be felt most keenly. We had Mrs. Shelton and her two daughters living with us here during the time that Dr. Shelton was held captive by the brigands, which gives us another link with him. I have been asked to address a letter of sympathy to her in India. Her two daughters at home will be crushed by the terrible news. We are witnesses of their more than ordinary attachment to their father.

On behalf of the whole missionary community of this city, I wish to express our sympathy and our keen sense of your loss in this trial. God is able, however, to use this disaster for His own glory, and to the creating of a new and widespread sympathy with foreign mission work in general and this field in particular.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
(signed) H. A. C. Allen,
Chairman.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST CONGO MISSION

L. F. JAGGARD, M. D.

Monieka, D. C. C. M., Coquilhatville
Congo Belge, West Africa
10 May, 1922.

My dear Mrs. Shelton.

Just this week we received the cable from the office telling of the great loss you and your daughters have been suffering. I greatly feel the loss of a friend. I know a little of what you are passing through. I sympathize with you. How or why Doctor had to give his life thus will probably never be known in this world. He had given a great deal for Tibet and now he had finished with his all. Now it is left for you and the girls to give in sorrow and loneliness. And I think your giving now is even greater than his gift. As he himself expressed it about Bro. McLean, being now with Bro. Rains, he is with them both now and all of God's saints.

Since when I was with the Dr. and Pres. McLain in the rallies in 1911 I have always dreamed of a trip home via Palestine and India and Tibet and down the river way out to Nankin. But I don't know that I want to now that he is not there to be with.

But Mrs. Shelton, all I can say are cold, cold words, and so pitiably weak. The Lord bless you and make up to you in some way or other for this awful loss. Heaven is a little nearer for all those who knew the Doctor, now that he has gone. All of us here are grieved and sympathize with you. The Lord bless you and your girls.

Sincerely yours,
Louis F. Jaggard.

Foreign Missionary Department, Australia.
Melbourne, 14 May, 1922.

Mrs. A. L. Shelton & Family,
c/o U. C. M. S.,
St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

Dear Mrs. Shelton and Family:

On behalf of the Victorian (Australia) F. M. Department and the churches of the State I desire to express their deepest sympathy and Christian love to you in your season of sore trouble and tears.

We in this Southland feel the poorer because of the call to higher service of your beloved husband and father. Although it was not our privilege to meet the heroic Doctor face to face, yet we of the Victorian Brotherhood felt he belonged to us; we loved him for his marvelous and unique ministry as a hero of the highest type. He was a leader of the Carey stamp, an explorer and pathfinder of the Livingstone spirit and daring, a lover of suffering and lost humanity like unto Mackenzie of China, an ambassador of the glorious Gospel like the indomitable Paul, and above all, a true man among men like the Man of Galilee, Jesus Christ.

During the annual conference of the churches (Easter-tide) at the Monater F. M. Session, a resolution of loving sympathy was unanimously carried, the resolution commended you and yours, also the U. C. M. S. to the care and love of the Eternal Comforter. May the Eternal God the Father throw His loving arms round and about you.

The members of my committee join in this expression of Christian sympathy to you all.

I am,
Yours in His Service,
J. Ernest Allan,
Secretary.

Foreign Missions Committee of the Churches of Christ in South Australia.
26 May, 1922.

DEAR SISTER SHELTON:

Please forgive the lateness of this letter, but it is a far cry from Australia to U. S. A., and our Committee feels that it cannot allow the passing of your noble husband to go without a word of sympathy from us. At the last committee meeting I was directed to write you assuring you of our prayers and our sorrow in the passing from us of such a noble servant of God. Brother A. C. Garnett of Australia had hardly returned from Yunnanfu, China, and his thrilling message telling of the plan of Dr. Shelton to enter Lassa was still ringing in our ears when word came of his death. We feel that we have sustained a great loss as well as you. For a number of years we here in Australia have been watching the progress of the work at Batang. Ever since Dr. Rijnhart told us her story in the book, "Tibetans in Tent and Temple," we have been watching and praying. What her great sufferings and devotion did for Tibet in inspiring Dr. Shelton and yourself to go out, we are sure your husband's death will do in greater measure, and although the price that you, personally, have had to pay, is so great, we believe that our God will give you some measure of consolation and strength in the fulfillment of his hopes, and the prospect of the glad reunion. May the Lord bless you and your family is the prayer of our Committee.

Yours "in the Gospel,"
F. COLLINS,
Secretary.

74 Edmund Avenue,
Unley, South Australia,
3 June, 1922.

FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
1501 LOCUST STREET,
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

DEAR BRETHREN,

I am directed by the Federal Committee of our Foreign Missionary Society in Australia to convey to you their sympathy at the loss of such a worker as Dr. Shelton. In his journeyings from Batang to the sea coast, he would call at Yunnanfu, where our Australian missionaries are, and they had delightful intercourse, and sat together round the table of the Lord. Our missionaries spoke of how much they admired and loved Dr. Shelton, and what a season of spiritual refreshment it was to be in his company. You have lost one of your greatest of missionaries, but who can say we have lost him!

I am sure that since his death his name has become a greater houseword than ever before in scores of our churches, and at all our recent conferences his name became an inspiration to larger missionary enterprises, and I notice in some of the articles received for our Foreign Mission Day number of *The Christian* the name of Dr. Shelton often occurs. Dr. Shelton's death will give a stimulus to our own missionary work, and I am sure a greater stimulus still to your larger enterprises.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE WALDEN.

74 Edmund Avenue,
Unley, South Australia,
3rd June, 1922.

MRS. SHELTON,
C/O UNITED CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
UNITED STATES AMERICA.

DEAR SISTER SHELTON,

We were all very grieved to hear of the death of your husband Dr. Shelton. He had come to be quite a familiar name to us in Australia, as in passing to and from Batang he passed through our Australian station at Yunnanfu, and our missionaries told of the delight they had in visiting him, and the story of his work has been told and retold in hundreds of our churches until we think we surely know him.

We extend to you our sincere sympathy at your incomparable loss. We pray that God's blessing of comfort may be given to you and your children in abundant measure. Though his bodily presence is away from the earthly battlefield, his spirit is alive beckoning us to "come on" to greater victories for the Lord that he loved and so devotedly and self-sacrificingly served.

On behalf of the Federal Committee,
Yours faithfully,
GEORGE WALDEN.

THE COLLEGE OF MISSIONS

CHARLES T. PAUL, M. A., R. G. S.
President

WALLACE C. PAYNE, M. A., B. D.
Registrar

Indianapolis, Ind., 26 July, 1922.

MRS. A. L. SHELTON,
POMONA, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR MRS. SHELTON:

In reply to your favor of the 7th I beg to say that the College of Missions will be glad and honored to receive the Doctor's desk and chair to go into the Memorial Library room. You have doubtless heard that the College is creating the Shelton Memorial Library and Professorship. The total investment is to be $65,000, of which $50,000 is to endow a Tibetan Professorship and $15,000 to be invested in the Library. Of the latter $5000 is to be expended immediately in available books on Tibet, and $10,000 is to be invested as library endowment yielding about $600 per year for further purchases. We have already secured a large range of the most valuable material regarding Tibet.

The Memorial Library is being established in a separate room. It is in this that we propose to place the desk and chair and to have as fine a portrait of the Doctor as we can secure. It is our intention in connection with college opening this year to have a special dedication service for the Library. Will you be in the East around September 20? We should so much like to have you present for this dedication.

Will you please ship by freight, as soon as convenient, the desk and chair, charges to be paid at this end? And, of course, the College will also pay the expenses of packing.

We are all thinking of you these days with loving sympathy.

Very sincerely yours,
CHARLES T. PAUL.

P. S. I am deeply interested in your proposed book on Dr. Shelton.

PHILLIPS UNIVERSITY
Enid, Oklahoma

I. N. MC CASH, President

31 July, 1922.

MRS. A. L. SHELTON,
381 N. GIBBS STREET,
POMONA, CALIFORNIA.

MY DEAR SISTER SHELTON:

I owe you an explanation for the delay in acknowledging personally the splendid collection of photographs you sent for Phillips University. Those photographs will preserve the memory and incidents of the life of your beloved husband. I am having them mounted so the young people, numbering about eighty, in conference here now, shall have an opportunity to see them. I expect to mount them permanently for the Bible College of Phillips University. Slides will be made from some of those pictures and used in our campaign for the enlisting of young people in the service of Christ.

You have been made acquainted with the results of our efforts at Phillips University to persuade young people to give themselves to the holy calling of missions. When the news first came of Dr. Shelton's death it made a profound impression upon the student body of Phillips University. At the church services in the weeks that followed forty volunteered for either home or foreign field. Among them were some of

the strongest students in school. Your husband ranked with Livingstone and Moffat and others who have been given by Christendom wide recognition for service.

I hope you and the girls are well. You have our prayers for the Lord's preservation over you and them. We shall be glad to have you come to Phillips University any time. The door of welcome is open to you.

Very sincerely yours,

I. N. McCash,

President.

KANSAS WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

608 Topeka Boulevard, Topeka, Kansas

21 September, 1922.

Dear Mrs. Shelton:

The State Convention of the Kansas churches is here in Topeka, October 2-5. On Thursday evening, the 5th, we will have a Shelton-Tibet service. We have asked Miss Naomi Shelton to lead the devotional service, Miss Trout will speak on the Shelton Memorial, and Mr. Yocum will give an illustrated lecture on yours and Dr. Shelton's work in Tibet. It is our thought at this time to have Miss Trout announce the Kansas memorial work for Dr. Shelton. We are undertaking the $25,000 orphanage building in Batang in his memory. I have thought the friends here in Kansas would appreciate very much a letter from you to be read at this time.

I need not even attempt to tell you of the feeling of our people regarding the work that you and Dr. Shelton have done. It has been such a monumental work. The loss is that of all Christendom and not merely of our people, and anything we do or say seems very small. But there are in Kansas a great many church people who are remembering you and the girls in their

prayers and who think of you all with the deepest love. If you could send us a letter to be read at the State Convention when our first announcements are made concerning the Shelton Memorial and also sent out in our first letters to the churches, we will be very grateful.

Sincerely yours,
ALMA EVELYN MOORE.

MRS. A. L. SHELTON,
c/o FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH,
POMONA, CALIFORNIA.

COPY

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH, ATHENS, ALABAMA, APRIL 17, 1922.

WHEREAS, it has pleased God that Dr. Albert Leroy Shelton complete the matchless trinity of heroes of the Cross with Petrus Rijnhart and Zenas Sanford Loftis of Texas who have been justly awarded the loftiest niches in the temple of Christian achievement in the present century; and

WHEREAS, the latest champion of the faith for which his Divine Master suffered a cruel death, and made us "more than conquerors through Him who loved us"; and as His ambassador has written "Resurgam" on the heaven-kissed peaks of the Himalayas;

Therefore, Be it Resolved by the Women's Missionary Society of the First Christian Church, Athens, Alabama, assembled in regular meeting to appeal to its worthy Brotherhood of which he was a faithful messenger, to designate a day for commemorative services in memory of Dr. Albert Leroy Shelton:

Resolved—That his prophecy that "The land of Tibet would become a part of the kingdom of Jesus

Christ," be fulfilled in supplying the vacancy created by his tragic death:

Resolved further, that his dreams have been realized through the power of Him who broke the blade which pierced his side, and at His Command the King of Terrors yielded, and in his place gave the immortal Soul a peaceful sleep.

Resolved that the prayerful sympathy of this church be extended his wife and daughters through the press of our Brotherhood.

Committee (Mrs. W. L. Martin)
" (Mrs. P. H. Mears)
Chairman, Mrs. Aurora P. McClellan.
Apr. 17th, 1922, Athens, Ala.

UNDER THE STARS

In memory of Dr. A. L. Shelton

Under the stars he slept, but his spirit was waking.
Often his body fatigued, o'erwearied with travel,
His soul, impatient of rest, aroused from its slumber.
Round him he saw the forms of his sleeping companions;
Standing apart, his comrade in many a journey,
Rested his mule adoze, one foot slightly lifted.
Farther away the yak, the bearers of burdens,
Uncouth silhouettes and indistinct in the star-light,
Browsed and drowsed till dawn should bring them new labor.
Round the camp arose the great Himalayas;
Eager, the traveler lifted his eyes to their summits
Where, 'twixt the peaks, he traced the far snowy passes,
Roads of desire that led to the goal of his vision.
For at the end of the way lay Lhasa the Sacred,

Lhasa the suffering, knowing no trace of a healer,
Lhasa the sinful, and hopeless without a Redeemer.
Up from the peaks he looked to the heavenly spaces,
Up to the great calm stars, that travel unwearied,
Keeping their steadfast course to the end of the ages.
Farther than mountains or stars, yet nearer than heart's blood,
Felt he the Spirit Divine, the Ineffable Presence.
No road too high or too hard if his Master went with him;
No goal too distant and dim if Jehovah revealed it!
Secure in His love, secure in His guard and His guidance,
Under the stars he slept.

Under the stars he sleeps, but his spirit is waking.
Low lies the grave of the man who died for his vision,
Died for the truth that he lived and the dream of his duty,
For his compassion for men and his love for Jehovah.
Still at the end of the way lies Lhasa the Sacred,
Lhasa whose pain still knows no touch of the healer,
Lhasa whose sin still knows no hope of redeemer.
And 'twixt the peaks still stretch the far snowy passes,
Waiting the foot of the man who dares to go forward.
Difficult roads that lead to the City Forbidden,
You shall not wait for long the coming of promise;
For, as it ever has been, the martyr is victor;
His spirit is waking.

[1] Francesca Bellamy Taylor.

November 17, 1922.

[1] Written a few days before she, too, passed to the "other country."

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